Dec. 25, 1971

THE NEW YORKER

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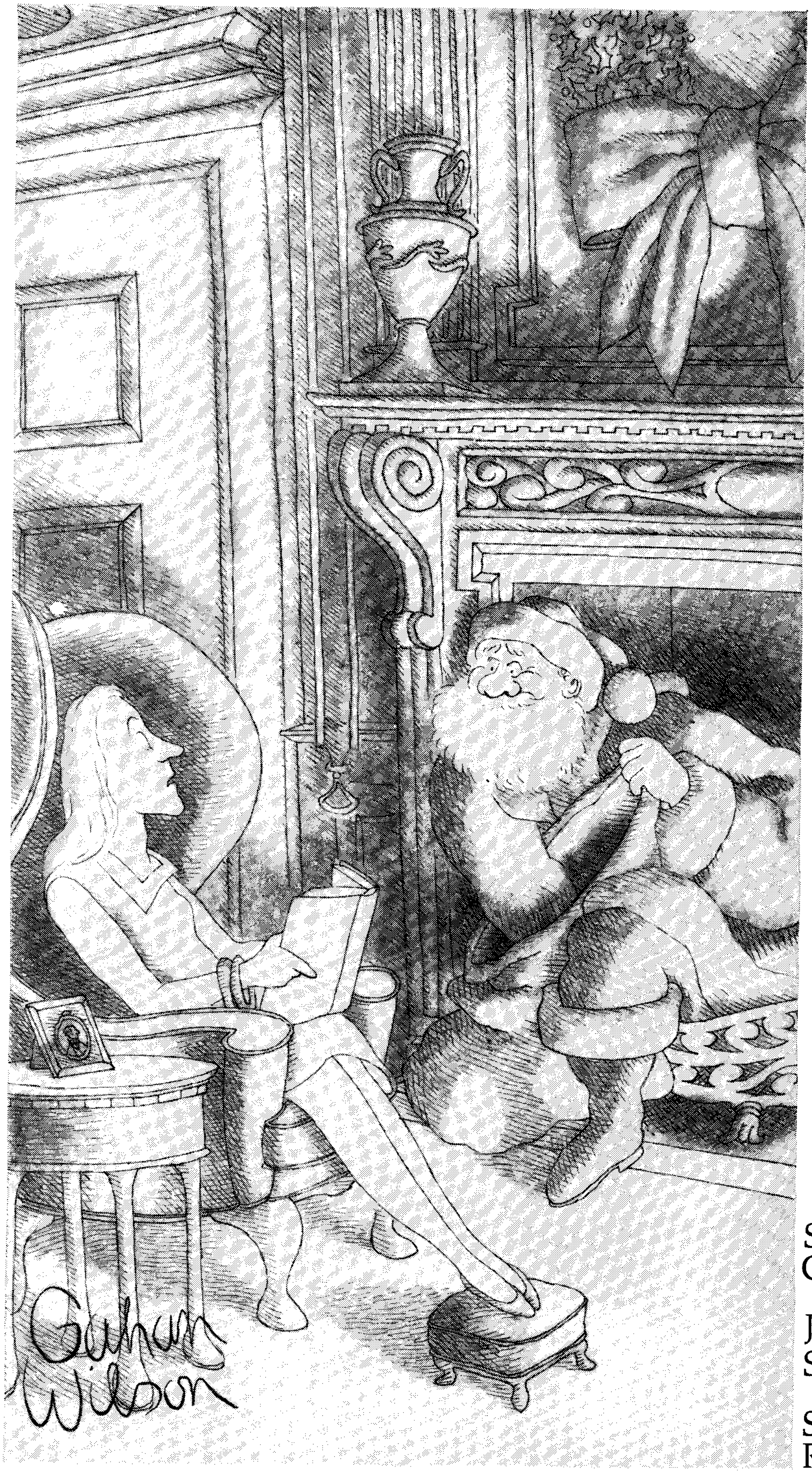
Gahan Wilson

Season's
Greetings
from
Jerry
Silverman
and
Shannon
Rodgers

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Aint Supposed to Die a Natural Death—A great shout by Melvin Van Peebles, mingling social protest with the usual difficulties of people falling in and out of love. A musical with an all-black, all-wonderful cast. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Anne of Green Gables—A Canadian musical adapted by Donald Harron from Lucy Maud Montgomery's novel of the same name. The music is by Norman Campbell, the lyrics are by the Messrs. Harron and Campbell, and Gracie Finley is Anne. The director is Alan Lund. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 7:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 5:15; Christmas at 2 and 7:30; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1:30 and 5:30; Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, at 2:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2 and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Jan. 2, at 1:30 and 5:30.)

The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel—This play by David Rabe, about the progress of a young soldier through training camp to combat (and death) in Vietnam, is a remarkable achievement indeed, and it is matched by Jeff Bleckner's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Black Girl—J. E. Franklin's short, rich play, which is both poignant and funny, about a seventeen-year-old who, faced with many obstacles, manages to leave her bickering black family in Texas and go North to college. Kishasha gives a superior performance in the title role, and she receives strong support from, among others, Esther Rolle, Leonard Parker, and Louise Stubbs. Shauneille Perry directed. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Special performance New Year's Eve at 10:30.)

Black Nativity—A revival of Langston Hughes' gospel-song play, directed and narrated by Vinnette Carroll, with Professor Alex Bradford and his Bradford Singers. Opens Wednesday, Dec. 22. (Church of the Holy Communion, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays, except Christmas, at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 924-7820.)

The Black Terror—The hero of this very interesting play by Richard Wesley about a group of black revolutionaries is their chosen assassin, who argues in favor of strategy over zeal, and of life over death and martyrdom. A wonderful young actor named Kain makes his début in the role. Nathan George directed the lively production. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Fingernails Blue as Flowers and **Lake of the Woods**—These two plays, the first by Ronald Ribman (with Albert Paulsen) and the second by Steven Tesich (with Hal Holbrook), make up the opening bill in the American Place Theatre's new theatre. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

Follies—An ambitious attempt to tell some home truths, marred by a pedestrian book. Several very good songs by Stephen Sondheim and, as usual, a superlative production by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Fun City—A comedy by Lester Colodny, Joan Rivers, and Edgar Rosenberg. The cast, directed by Jerry Adler, is headed by Miss Rivers, Gabriel Dell, Rose Marie, and Paul Ford. Previews through Monday, Dec. 27. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 28. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Godspell—A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. The troupe is young, refreshing, and versatile. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2:30.)

El Hajj Malik—A series of scenes that illustrate, in a non-literal way, the life and death of Malcolm X. They are performed with spirit and skill by the Afro-American Studio, a group of black singers and dancers, under the direction of Ernie McClintock. Many of the words are Malcolm's own. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

Inner City—A musical with a libretto by Eve Merriam and Tom O'Horgan, based on Miss Merriam's book "Inner City Mother Goose." Helen Miller wrote the music, Miss Merriam did the lyrics, and the cast includes Florence Tarlow and Paulette Ellen Jones. Mr. O'Horgan directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Jesus Christ Superstar—A musical extravaganza with some pleasing songs and performers, adrift in a storm of Tom O'Horgan stage effects. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre—This import from Los Angeles is more calisthenic than dramatic, and considerable participation of one kind or another is expected from

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 23

"JESUS ON HONSHU" . . . . *John Updike* 29

"GREETINGS, FRIENDS!" (POEM) . . . . . . *Frank Sullivan* 31

"MARIE" . . . . *L. Woiwode* 32

HOMAGE (VIRGIL THOMSON) 39

A REPORTER AT LARGE (HOUSE AND HIGHWAY) . . . . *Whitney Balliett* 40

THE AIR . . . . *Renata Adler* 46

AROUND CITY HALL . . . . *Andy Logan* 50

THE THEATRE (OFF BROADWAY) . . . . *Edith Oliver* 57

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 58

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 63

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 64

BOOKS . . . . *Brendan Gill* 66

  BRIEFLY NOTED 68

COVER: *Ronald Searle*

DRAWINGS: *Charles Saxon, Lee Lorenz, Frank Modell, Donald Reilly, Mischa Richter, Alan Dunn, Al Ross, Peter Porges, William Hamilton, Edward Frascino, Charles E. Martin, Robert Weber, James Stevenson, Dana Fradon, Barney Tobey, Richard Oldden*

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—Charles Revson

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'Ultima' II—Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the audience. The show has nothing whatever to do with James Joyce. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. 348-9254. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 7:30; Christmas at 9:30; and Sunday, Dec. 26, and Friday and Saturday, Dec. 31-Jan. 1, at 7 and 11.)

LENNY—Cliff Gorman as the late night-club comedian Lenny Bruce, surrounded by extraordinary visual and auditory metaphors of the society he reviled and longed to make over, and whose legal representatives helped to destroy him. Directed by Tom O'Horgan. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LOVE ME, LOVE MY CHILDREN—This musical from Canada has a lively and stylish score by Robert Swerdlow, and it is performed with snap and sparkle by an especially engaging young company. The words, also by Mr. Swerdlow, are unobtrusive. (The theme is tribal youth again.) Setting by Jo Mielziner. Reopens Tuesday, Dec. 28. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MURDEROUS ANGELS—Jean Pierre Aumont and Lou Gossett in a play by Conor Cruise O'Brien. Directed by Gordon Davidson. (Playhouse, 48th St., W. 541-9820. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHTRIDE—A trashy melodrama about a homosexual middle-aged playwright. (Vandam, 15 Vandam St. 243-8900. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OLD TIMES—The latest Pinter ghost story, full of scary silences. With Robert Shaw, Mary Ure, and Rosemary Harris. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ONLY FOOLS ARE SAD—An English-language version of an Israeli musical by Dan Almagor. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE TOWN—A musical that sounds even older than its twenty-seven years. Bernadette Peters, Donna McKechnie, Phyllis Newman, Remak Ramsay, and Ron Husmann work terribly hard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE PRISONER OF SECOND AVENUE—Peter Falk and Lee Grant in Neil Simon's latest comedy, in which we are made to laugh all evening long at how miserable we are (and deserve to be) as resident New Yorkers. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE SCREENS—Julie Bovasso, Despo, Grayson Hall, and Robert Jackson in Jean Genet's play, translated and directed by Minos Volanakis. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Wednesday through Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 26.)

STICKS AND BONES—David Rabe, author of "Pavlo Hummel," has pulled off the impressive feat of writing a highly stylized comedy about the suffering of a young veteran of Vietnam and his family. The acting, under Jeff Bleckner's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE STY OF THE BLIND PIG—The Negro Ensemble Company offers us its strongest cast to date in Phillip Hayes Dean's sad (and funny) play about the brief, abrupt love affair of a blind, wandering street singer and a spinster in her late thirties, and about much else besides. Moses Gunn and Frances Foster give splendid performances in the leading roles, and they are well supported by Clarice Taylor and Adolph Caesar. Shauneille Perry directed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 9.)

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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

TO LIVE ANOTHER SUMMER—Surely this was put together by the Chamber of Commerce of Tel Aviv? Enough yet. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TWIGS—Four loosely linked playlets about married life. Sada Thompson plays four women, to surprisingly witty effect, and is surrounded by an exceptionally good cast. The author is George Furth. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA—A musical by John Guare, Galt MacDermot, and Mel Shapiro, directed by Mr. Shapiro, in which the Bard receives an amusing roughing-up at the hands of some remarkably attractive actors. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE WEDDING OF IPHIGENIA PLUS IPHIGENIA IN CONCERT—This musical adaptation doesn't do much for the Euripides originals ("Iph. in Aulis" and "Iph. in Tauris"), but there is charm here as well as foolishness, and Peter Link's rock score is a delight. The performances are fine, too. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8.)

LONG RUNS—**APPLAUSE:** Anne Baxter, Janice Lynde, and Brandon Maggart in a rip-roaring musical version of the movie "All About Eve." (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Gloria Swanson, David Huffman, and Pamella Bellwood are now in this little comedy that may make you laugh in spite of yourself. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** A musical with Larry Kert, Carol Richards, Vivian Blaine, and lots of others romping their sweet/sour way through Stephen Sondheim's music and lyrics. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother (Joan Blondell) of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.).. **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** 1,629 performances so far. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 4,847 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** 3,026 performances so far. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HAIR:** 1,533 performances so far. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** 1,273 performances so far. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NO, NO, NANETTE:** A revival of the Youmans musical of 1925, with Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and with sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. Burt Shevelove directed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST:** Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel set in an insane asylum. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 7; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin, Judy Kahan, and Paul Kreppel provide a few bright spots of mimicry, and Danny Troob provides an enchanting musical accompaniment at the piano. (Mercer-Shaw, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE ROTHSCHILDS:** One man's family, with music. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)... **1776:** A musical about the laborious debates of the Continental Congress. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **SLEUTH:** A witty games-playing mystery by Anthony Shaffer about games-playing, with Paul Rogers and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

BALLET

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Performances of **THE NUTCRACKER** are being presented through Sunday, Jan. 9. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 6; Friday, Dec. 24, at 1 and 5; Christmas at 5; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1 and 5; Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 2; Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 1 and 5; Thursday, Dec. 30, at 2; and Friday, Dec. 31, at 2 and 8.)

MISCELLANY

WORLD FESTIVAL OF MAGIC AND OCCULT—A three-week engagement by magicians, illusionists, and occult practitioners. Not for children. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Nightly, except Friday, Dec. 24, at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 2.)

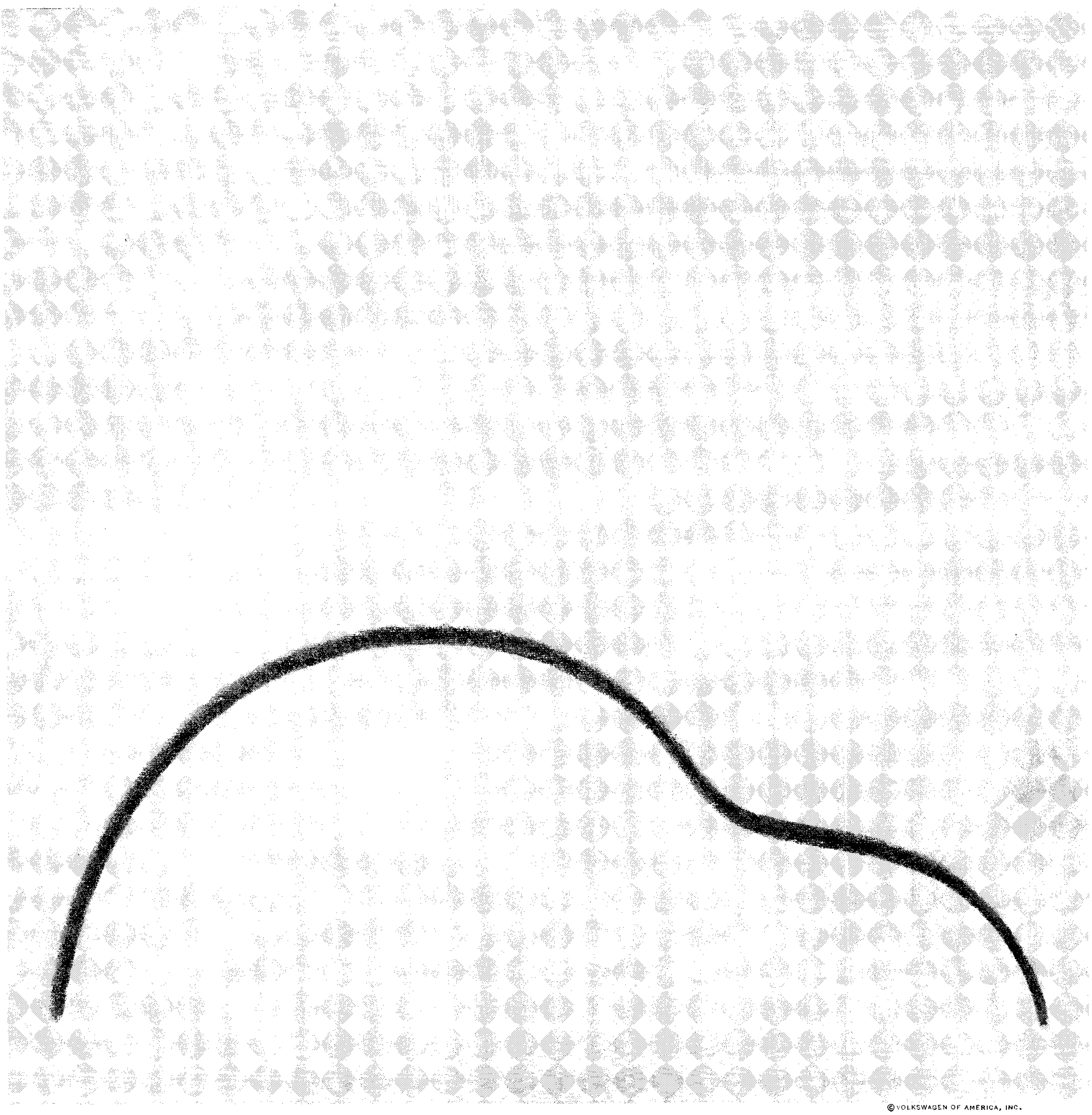
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

BITTER END, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Comic George Carlin shares the stage with Gun Hill Road beginning Friday, Dec. 24. Coffee and tea are available. Tuesdays are reserved for



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The Volkswagen Beetle will be around for years to come.

Prediction
Someone else somewhere will introduce a new economy car and there will be lots of excitement.

Prediction
The excitement will die down.

Prediction
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Prediction
Our engineers will continue to improve the way the car works and our stylists will continue to be frustrated.

Prediction
Sometime in 1972, the Beetle will become the most popular single model automobile ever made in the world, bypassing the Model T Ford with production of over 15 million vehicles.

Prediction
We won't let that last prediction go to our heads.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

visiting performers. Closed Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Jazz, soul food, red tablecloths—a formula that works well these days. Wednesday, Dec. 22, Major Holley's duo plays. Thursdays through Sundays, Dec. 23-26, and Dec. 30-Jan. 2, the Bobby Timmons trio is up. Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 28-29, the Cedar Walton trio takes over. Music from nine-thirty to three. A jam session is held each Monday from eight to twelve.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—A wood-panelled bar and restaurant where people come for a cocktail and, sometimes, stay the evening. The music is quietly lively, and it runs from nine-thirty to one-thirty. Through Friday, Dec. 24, a trio consisting of guitarist Steve Khan, vibist David Friedman, and bassist John Miller will perform. Pianist Michael Abene and bassist Lyn Christie start Tuesday, Dec. 28. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner. Closed Sundays and Christmas.

Cellar, 70 W. 95th St. (866-1200)—A new, polished restaurant whose only anomaly is the acoustics: loud and clear in the bar but faint and obscure in the dining area. Bassist Earl May leads a quartet in some inventive if standard jazz Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from ten to four.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Madrigal and fugue, fantasy and fun put their heads together when Marian McPartland sits down at her piano in the sort of surroundings in which all jazz should be heard. Eight to one is her stint; on Sundays, Sammy Price, whose long roots go back as far as boogie-woogie, is on piano from seven to midnight. Miss McPartland will skip Christmas, when Teddi King, that ever so gentle and beguiling proper Bostonian, will sing in her stead. Miss King will do a reprise New Year's Eve, along with the McPartland piano, the long-lost Eddie Heywood's piano, and Anita Sheer's flamenco guitar.

Gaslight, 152 Bleecker St. (674-2580)—Brick walls, wooden benches, coffee, tea, and cider. Through Thursday, Dec. 23, Exuma and Rockin' Foo will be around. On Wednesday, Dec. 29, two groups that can trace their histories to the roots of today's music will turn up—Pearls Before Swine, and the revivified Blues Project, which still has two of its original members. Sweetpie will arrive with them. Dancing New Year's Eve. Music nightly, but Tuesdays are given over to visiting entertainers. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas.

Gaslight II, 116 Macdougal St. (260-0380)—Physical discomfort and occasional auditory gratification in this dim old coffee establishment. Mimi Baez Fariña, who used to sing with her late husband, Richard, has a new partner, Tom Jans, and the two of them arrive with guitars and warm voices Wednesday, Dec. 29.

Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—Home (and a sweet one) for the six-stringed instrument. Through Sunday, Dec. 26, Chuck Wayne's duo will be here. Then, on Wednesday, Dec. 29, Shazam! Guitarist Jim Hall and bassist Ron Carter will return for a short but mind-bending gig. Music Wednesdays through Sundays, except Christmas, from nine-thirty until two-thirty. Soul food.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Sax man James Moody leads a quartet through Sunday, Dec. 26. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 24-25, Eddie Jefferson will sing along. On Tuesday, Dec. 28, the venerable Zoot Sims quartet returns. Mondays, Clark Terry's seventeen-piece band has the stage to itself. Light Italian dishes are served.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Pianist Eddie Thompson and a bassist are collaborating in this bar whose chief virtue (other than the music) is its freshly popped popcorn. They play Fridays through Sundays. Mr. Thompson plays alone Tuesdays through Thursdays. On Mondays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Nine until closing.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland turned out by a group that includes Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, Chuck Folds, and Eddie Locke. Closed Sundays, Christmas Eve, Christmas, and New Year's Day.

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26	27	28	29	30	31	1

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A dim, funky bar that is run by, for, and because of the people, who are responding by filling the house. The house isn't much to look at, but the jazz is potent and often technically complex. Thursdays, from eight until two-thirty, Nina Sheldon sits at the piano and sings. Friday through Sunday, Dec. 24-26, Dee Dee Bridgewater sings with a trio. Sunday afternoons, from four to eight, the scene switches to folk. Soul-food dinners. Music from nine until closing. N.B.: Not for beginners.

Rafiki, 170 Ave A, at 11th St. (674-9522)—Musically provocative and gastronomically soulful. Rita Da Costa sings with the Don Pullen trio through Sunday, Dec. 26. Vibraharpist Roy Ayers brings in his Ubiquity Wednesday, Dec. 29. Music from nine-thirty until two.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A banjo band smiles and makes music from the back of an old fire engine. Beer and peanuts. Polar bears and occasional old flicks. Closed Mondays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Saxophonist Archie Shepp, who has both a historical and an African outlook, is here with his quintet through Sunday, Dec. 26. On Tuesday, Dec. 28, Yusef Lateef, a thoughtful eclectic who plays flute, oboe, and various other reeds, brings in his foursome. The room is a bit tired around the edges, and so is the neighborhood, but the sound draws a crowd. Closed Mondays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Pianist Junior Mance leads his quartet in some senior jazz explorations every night but Monday, when new talent is auditioned. On Tuesdays, a trio led by Daphne Hellman, whose harp sings, takes turns with the regulars. Limited dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Rahsaan Roland Kirk, who scores high on both originality and musicality, is leading his power-packed sixsome. Mondays are reserved for the mighty seventeen-piece Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music begins at nine-thirty, in theory.

MADISN
FIRE DEPT.
EICKE

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments: Nat Jones and Herbie Lewis play Mondays through Wednesdays, and Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt play Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (675-4630)—Balaban & Cats, a six-man outfit, produces some pretty hot Dixieland every Sunday from six-thirty to eleven. On Sunday, Dec. 26, Buddy Morrow will sit in on trombone. The other nights of the week, this anachronous place offers a banjo band and some red-nosed reindeer.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

C'est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—Underneath the arches, I will keep a rendezvous with you, etc. Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. The upstairs arched room is open for dancing to discs from nine until three-thirty every night.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—Urbanity is the mood: glass, metal, and carpeting help create it. Dinner and supper are presided over by an experienced chef. Dancing, to recorded music, on Saturdays only, from eleven to three.

Grape, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—The old Yellowfingers has reopened in purple splendor, the motif being the fruit of the vine, along with cheese and things. The sound system is as good as ever, as are the drinks. Dancing from three on Sundays, from five other days. Closed Mondays, Christmas Eve, and Christmas.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—One of those ego-gratifying pleasure domes, where you are supposed to feel glad they let you in. The décor is British-in-India. Dancing to records from nine-thirty. An ample menu every night but Sunday, when only snacks are served. Reservations are required for dining.

Nico's, *in the Hotel Delmonico, Park Ave. at* 59th St. (355-2500)—For people who are not locked into one epoch or another, the Mixed Feelings, a quartet with two accomplished girl vocalists—Randy Crawford and Mary Ellen Tanner—swings, sways, blows, and rocks with equal mastery. When it isn't on the stand, records spin. Supper. Music from eight-thirty to two every night but Sunday. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Little Egypt. People dance in this sphinx-filled restaurant to an assortment of records, some fast, some slow. Three times a night, five people called Bourbon N' Spice sing and play popular songs. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—Round-the-clock action is the idea, but this insomniac principle is operative only on Fridays and Saturdays, when the doors stay open all day and all night. There are two restaurant floors, two bars, and a dance floor situated on a kind of floating mezzanine. Dancing to tapes. A fairly full menu.

Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—By gum and oh wow, the good old times are often used as backdrops for the good new times, which may explain why hot pants can be seen shaking beneath Tiffany-type lamps. Upstairs is for fancy hamburgers and such. Downstairs is for dancing to records from eight until three.

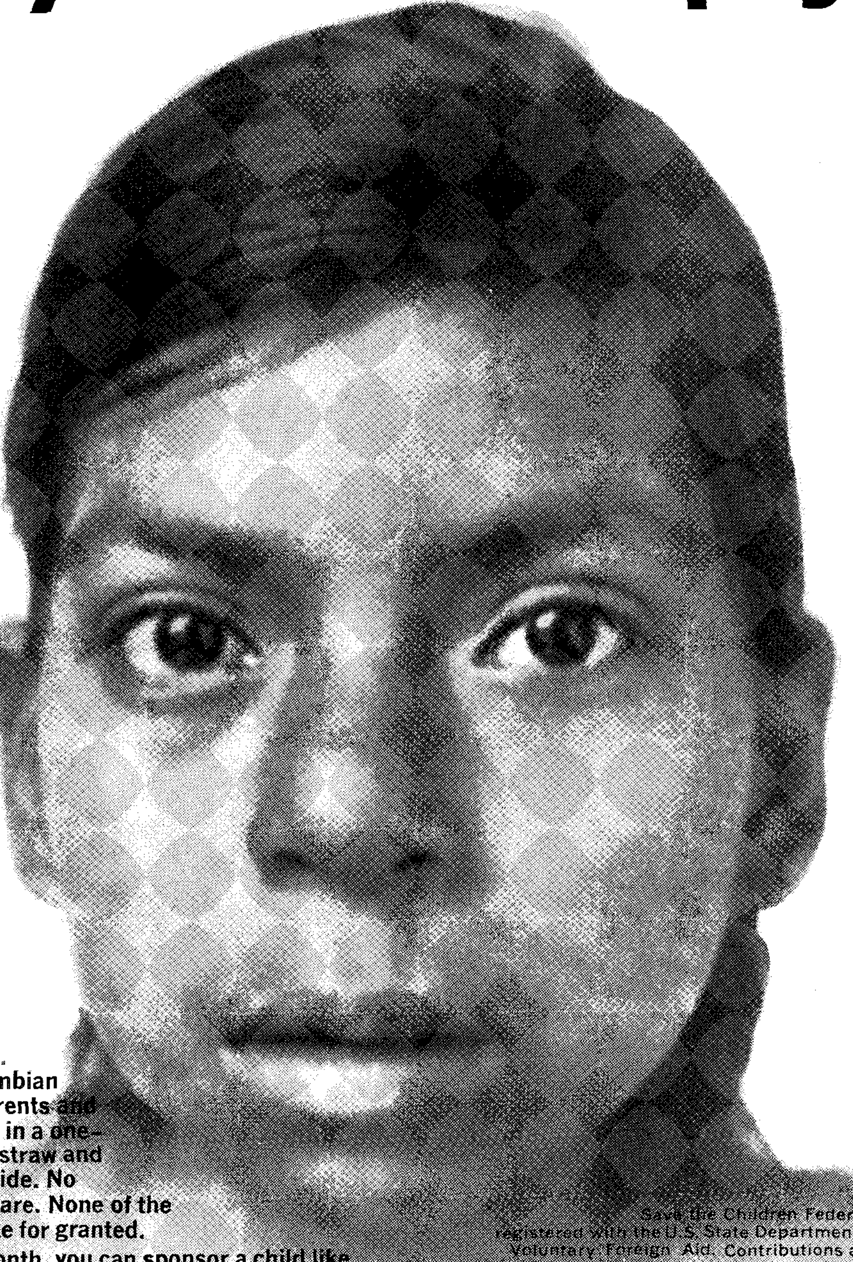
BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—A bit of the Corn Belt, but a bit of the Rhine Belt, too (*schuhplattler* dancers and a sort of brass band), and the two get along famously and cacophonously. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th. (752-8080)—Spanish cats with nine lives and the ability always to land on their feet. Through Wednesday, Dec. 22, it is the troupe called La Zambra; thereafter, it is Marcelo and his Spanish Ballet. Roberto Ledesma, orotund and Latin-American, is also solo and tenor. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **flamenco room**,

You can save Luz Marina for $15.00 a month. Or you can turn the page.



Luz Marina Jacanamijoy. An eleven year old Colombian child. Living with her parents and five brothers and sisters in a one-room house. The roof is straw and the kitchen is a fire outside. No electricity. No medical care. None of the things so many of us take for granted.

Yet for only $15.00 a month, you can sponsor a child like Luz Marina and really give meaning to those last three letters in her last name—joy. The joy she will know when she learns she can continue her schooling and not have to work in the fields full time. The joy her parents will receive, through an interest-free loan that will enable them to start their own self-help project. Like raising chickens to help raise their standard of living.

That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Helping people—indeed, helping entire communities—to help themselves.

And for you, there are many rewards. The chance to correspond with a child. To receive his or her photograph. And progress reports. And, knowing too, that your hard earned money is helping one child, one family, one community.

That's how Save the Children works. But without you, it can't work. So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

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- ☐ Europe
- ☐ Latin America
- ☐ Vietnam
- ☐ India
- ☐ Middle East
- ☐ Korea
- ☐ Southern U.S.

Enclosed is my first payment

- ☐ $15.00 monthly
- ☐ $45.00 quarterly
- ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
- ☐ $180.00 annually
- ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $____.
- ☐ Please send me more information.

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SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852

NY 12/25/1

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there is activity, well along in the evening, by vocal and physical athletes who are Madrileños in every respect, performing in a casually formless format until early morn. No Sundays.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—City-slicker fare, such as the Golddiggers, which is an all-girl chorus, and Rick Daniels, boy tenor, but it's designed, really, to catch the home-for-Christmas city young. No silent nights. . . . ¶ In the ground-floor lounge, one can still evoke the illusion that he is in typical, tropical, topical Las Vegas surroundings. The music, just voice and piano, begins at ten. No quiet nights here, either.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**LA FORÊT**, where every prospect pleases, remains serene even when a set of Peter Duchin undergraduates suddenly go Dixie on the bandstand, for no harm can come within this magic circle—a French magic circle, all the way from chef to sommelier. Eight-thirty until two-thirty, but, alas, only on a five-day week—Tuesday through Saturday, except Christmas. . . . ¶ Phil Wayne, who carried off the prize for the best dance music of the past season, spends Sundays and Mondays in the **CAFÉ** with a smaller crew (just three), seven-thirty until quite late; Herb Winner's triad is on duty all the other nights.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, Enzo Stuarti, whose tenor, *appassionato* and *paisano*, is uncorked at ten, finishes up on Wednesday, Dec. 22. Signs of life again on Wednesday, Dec. 29, when Roger Williams, the sort of musician for whom the appellation "society pianist" was forged, moves in. Burt Farber and Mark Monte are on the bandstand, heading up their crews. New Year's Eve, black tie. In the **GREEN TULIP**, a brace of new characters, Sig and Gary, who are strolling musicians, disport themselves from dinner through supper, but only for dinner on Sundays. (On Christmas, the music will run from three to nine, and on New Year's Eve dancing will begin at ten.) In **PLAZA 9** are thirteen new young people in a sort of revue whose music is carry-me-back-to-the-nineteen-twenties; this is done at eight and eleven every night but Monday. In the **PALM COURT** at night (except Sundays), a pair of old family retainers (Ernest Schoen and Jules Kuti) commune on fiddle and piano; Sandu Marcu, a violin man of long standing, is still on hand from four-thirty until seven-thirty. Dancing here, too, on New Year's Eve, from ten until two. **PLAZA 9**, by the way, has a telephone of its own: PL 9-3933.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Ellington on piano, Harry Carney and Paul Gonsalves at cornerback, and the rest—nine in all, and enough to beat any pro eleven in the country. Because there is more Ellington piano than usual, this is a perfect spectacle. Closed Sundays.

RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444)—Sy Oliver's playbook brims with the complex arrangements that made him famous in the days when the path of music was not as rocky and rolly, and in the hands of his current orchestra they still sound like little works of art. Never mind about the other music. Six until two, but no Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE** will interrupt its holiday hibernation to present, solely on New Year's Eve, a celebration commencing, at ten, with George Cort's orchestra and carrying on to a midnight words-and-music recitation by Gordon MacRae. . . . **LA BOITE**, the prepossessing little chamber across the way, is exactly the setting for the chamber music that issues from the violin plied by that midtown landmark Gunnar Hansen. A better man for the job would be hard to find. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ And what a fine idea to pair guitarists as puissant as George Barnes and Bucky Pizzarelli, then to station them, at half past nine every evening but Sunday and Monday, in the minute **ST. REGIS ROOM**! No dining, no dancing, but who needs it here?

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WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Invincible custom dictates that on New Year's Eve the Grand Ballroom house the orchestra of Guy Lombardo, the sweetest music this side of Devon, Pa. The principal oriole will be Shani Wallis. Black tie.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

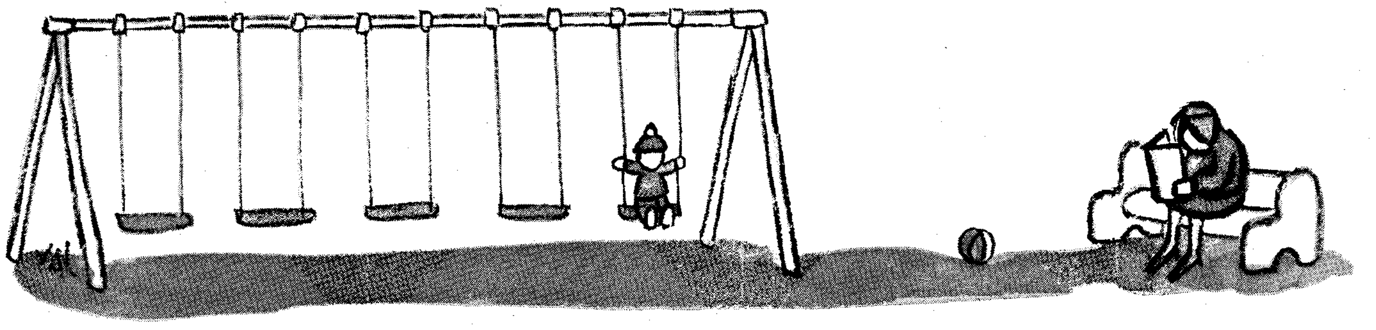
(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The *pied-à-terre* of Bobby Short, his songs of the world's worldliest world, and his men-at-arms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. It amounts to a quite elaborate literacy test. Usually not before ten. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and Christmas. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S**, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): Less tongue in cheek and more tongue *and* cheek is Rodney Dangerfield, the narrator here; whichever, the conversation is both brusque and bright. Steaks and what goes with them. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, Will Jordan, a wit trenchant in another fashion, will take over while Mr. D. takes a small sabbatical. Closed Sundays. . . . **DIONYSOS**, 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): The *son-et-lumière* festival that brings the Acropolis to life every night is easily matched right in this spot. Eat, dance (sometimes to rock), and be merry from nine until very, very late, and admire the scenery. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS**, 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): More Greek Games, more Aegean scenery, more song, dance, and bouzouki—and thereby more fun, from eight-thirty until four, though (in the Greek fashion) never on Sunday. . . . **AL MOUNIA**, in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): One of the seven wonders of the Moroccan world, and something to be seen by everyone at least once—thus, a great place to start restaging the Arabian Nights. There's piano in one corner from six until whenever (after nine-thirty, it's by Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **CHEZ VITO**, 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Sort of a New World *café chantant*, what with Leyna Gabriele and her chorus singing away from a midway table and a set of fiddlers in almost constant motion. Closes after Thursday, Dec. 23, for a week. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER**, belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): A bumper-to-bumper traffic jam that bothers none of the guests, who have no intention of moving on. Bubber Johnson plays piano from nine-thirty until three Tuesdays through Saturdays. Closed Christmas and New Year's Day. . . . **MYKONOS**, 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): Greek meets Greek in an inn on the well-known island, dines *à la grecque*, and nods with the beat of an agile Athenian trio. All quite jovial, and every night but Sunday. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE**, 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): *En famille* with Rita Dimitri, a fine figure of a soubrette who, surveying her small domain from the top of a piano, sings, or talks-sings, during dinner and supper, in a manner distinctly not women's lib. Dancing, too, in this neat pocket park. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI**, 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Anyone—be he waiter, busboy, or barkeep—who can carry a tray is required to carry a tune in this not especially disguised or especially sedate school of the opera. Closed Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Whether Bette Midler is singing straight out, or being a mockingbird, or just talking inside-track to ringsiders, the whole bit has the air of being completely impromptu; i.e., a rare occasion. The Barry Manilow threesome, her background, is all that a girl could wish. Closed Sundays. . . . **IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268): One guess is as good as another about which newcomers will try out on a given night. One guest is *not* as good as another, but some of these neophytes have something to say, or sing, for themselves, so patience can be rewarded. Minimum internal nourishment. No Sundays.

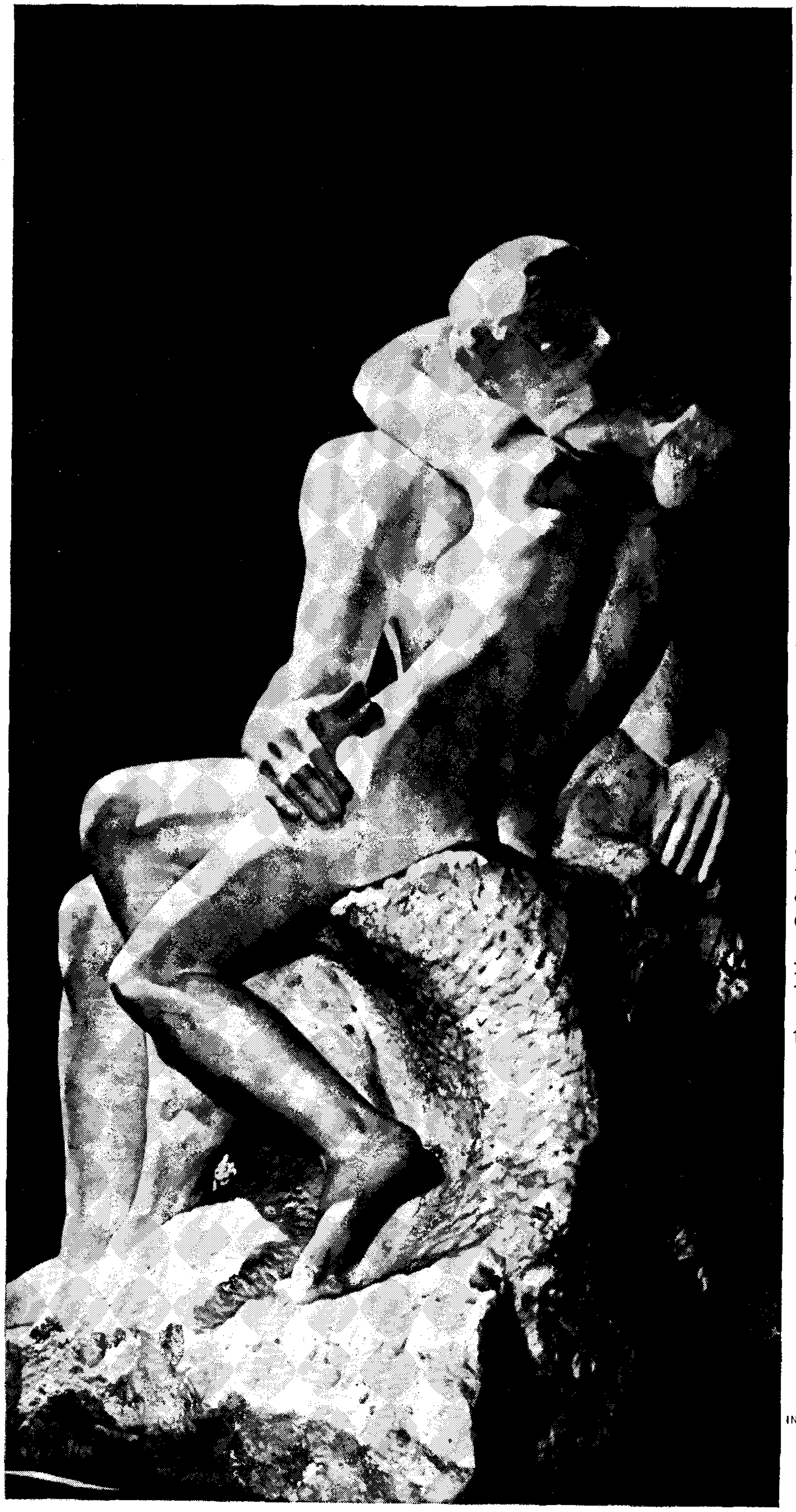
SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): In the well-ordered Roman way of life, dining becomes a career instead of a wee pause for refreshments. The setting is circa 1975, but the music (the voice and guitar of Dino Palermo, a genuine exponent of *la dolce vita*) belongs to a fine Old World. Seven until one. Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . ¶ Belowstairs, in an equally ornamented, compartmented grotto, dance music flows from a dulcet threesome, seven-thirty to one-thirty, though not on Sundays. Closed Christmas. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): No difficulty about living like kings, for the appurtenances—moat, armor, medieval architecture—were left behind intact when Henri IV moved into a modern co-op. The travelling violin plied by George Cardini and the retrospective piano plied by Herman Arminski are in service Tuesdays through Saturdays. Another pianist fills in on Mondays; no music Sundays. The restaurant is pastoral; the bar can be rambunctious. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): As handsome as a townhouse can possibly be, and as formal, too. George Feyer, last of the Hapsburgs, gives his piano (and occasional lyrics) the flavor that has always been a secret ingredient of Vienna. No sound on Sundays, Mondays, Christmas Eve, or Christmas. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A proper perspective on life after dark is afforded by the bar-and-grill, where one's prandial career is ad-lib and at-leisure. Every night except Sunday and Monday, Tony Gorody plays good, worldly piano from around six until as late as necessary. . . . **THE GRIFFIN**, 313 E. 46th St. (371-4542): The dinner piano (seven-thirty to eleven) is the work of Ray Onley, and it is such a quiet searching out of the possibilities in today's American music that one is tempted to stay on and on in this pleasurable and polite refectory. Closed Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St.



Remember what it felt like to see this for the first time? If you don't, pretend you're going to see it for the last time.



"The Kiss."

Auguste Rodin's honest expression of love between a man and a woman that makes you feel a kind of grandeur for being a human being.

At least that's what you felt the first time you saw it.

But time has passed.

You're older now.

And faced with so many problems that you get exhausted just thinking about them. The war. Crime. Drugs. City squalor. Riots. Pollution.

So you close your eyes and ears. And as you turn off your senses, you turn off your ability to care deeply about anything.

If coping with the practical demands of your life drains you of energy and emotion, how can you replenish yourself?

By taking the time to look at, listen to and understand what painters, writers and musicians have revealed as good, true and beautiful.

By finding the joy that comes from exploring your skills, whether it's playing clarinet in a community orchestra, building a bookcase or learning to use a camera.

All these experiences can help overcome the emotional apathy which characterizes a large part of our reactions to the pressures of day-to-day living.

For Rodin's timeless statement of human love to somehow be taken from us would be tragic.

But for you to lose the ability to understand it would be far worse.

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FOR MAN'S SAKE

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1270 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10020

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(EL 5-2070): Invasions of privacy are not unheard of, for a troupe of serenaders can pop up beside one's butter plate on short notice, or none at all, and until fairly late at night. Well, when in Rome . . . Closed Sundays and Christmas. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE,** 341 E. 43rd St. (689-5445): A hill town (pop. 70) at the very cul-de-sac end of the street, high above First Avenue, wherefore the view is as good as the ambience and the ease. Norman Rollings, voice-over-piano, sits midway between bar and restaurant from eight until one Mondays through Thursdays, from nine until two Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **LA BIBLIOTHÈQUE VERTE,** 308 E. 59th St. (832-3814): It's run by the same librarians, and it looks more outdoors than bookworm. It sounds that way, too, when Jerry Scott applies easy voice and piano to songs that don't often come our way. His work week: from nine until two through the week, ten to three Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, a country cousin from down South, gives the piano in the bar an air of being very well educated and extremely good-natured. He is in session from six until one, though not on Mondays. Closed Christmas Eve and Christmas. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The old standby. From cocktails until after-the-theatre supper, there is piano by Dick Hankinson, who cedes the piano to other hands on Sundays. . . . **BARCLAY HOTEL,** 111 E. 48th St. (PL 5-5900): A brace of Lester Lanin's boys go plink-plink on the Barclay Terrace during the cocktail session in the King's Inn from seven to nine, and in the Gold Room from nine to eleven. Monday through Friday is the extent of this pleasant idea. . . . **JOHNNY ANGEL'S,** 232 E. 58th St. (758-5665): In remembrance of Goldie's New York, one of the city's best playgrounds, Wayne Sanders (long a part of that enterprise) does piano, nine to two, in a spot rather reminiscent of the original. Closed Sundays. . . . **JACK DELANEY,** 72 Grove St. (AL 5-7905): Like Johnny Angel's (*vide supra*), a recollection of the disused supper clubs whose piano men set a mood that kept one ear alert for conversation and the other alert for the music. The practitioners in the extremely matter-of-fact Village grill are Charles De Forest (Monday and Tuesday) and Murray Grand (the rest of the nights). Eight to two. Closed Christmas.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Christmas and New Year's Day. Some are likely to close early on Friday, Dec. 24, and Friday, Dec. 31.)

GALLERIES

JOSEF ALBERS—A show of paintings, some of them early ones, which is running concurrently with his exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

DOMINGO ALVAREZ—Illuminated glass and mirrored forms of architectural scale; through Jan. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24, noon to 6.)

ARMAN—Frozen garbage in plastic and accumulations in concrete; through Jan. 4. (Rubin, 49 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Twenty figurative bronzes and twenty-five drawings; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings, drawings, and graphics; through Jan. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SYDNEY CASH—Small abstract glass sculptures; through Jan. 8. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Two photographic paintings of heads, each nine feet by eight; through Jan. 5. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT CROWL—Figure studies in pencil; through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

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JAMES H. DAUGHERTY—Oils, pastels, watercolors, and drawings from 1914 to the present by this eighty-two-year-old artist who was an early painter of abstractions in New York; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JAMES DENMARK—Welded-steel sculptures, along with related paintings and drawings, by an Afro-American; through Jan. 4. (Acts of Art, 15 Charles St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 8.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent abstractions in the "Ocean Park" series by the prominent West Coast painter; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

DON EDDY—Photo-realistic paintings of automobiles in parking lots, wrecking lots, or on isolated streets; first one-man show here by this California artist. Through Jan. 20. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Fridays.)

JACOB EPSTEIN (1880-1959)—A retrospective of sculptures, watercolors, drawings, and one oil by this New Yorker knighted in England and renowned for his monuments and portrait sculptures; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Danenberg, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG (1877-1960)—A hundred and fifty drawings covering the career of this famous illustrator; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

RED GROOMS—A Groomsian tableau of Rembrandt and his wife, plastic landscapes with cows, and other figures and scenes; through Jan. 6. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT GWATHMEY—Figurative paintings and still-lifes; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GARY HUDSON AND MICHAEL TODD—Floating areas of color against a background of squares by the first, and tall brushed-aluminum abstract sculptures by the second; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Palley, 93 Prince St.)

JIM HUNTINGTON—Abstract constructions in various kinds of wood; through Jan. 5. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

MASHIKO KIMURA—Sculptures in wood, alabaster, and marble; her first one-man show in New York. Through Jan. 9. (Green Mountain, 17 Perry St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

JOYCE KOZLOFF—Color paintings composed of diagonal and horizontal structures; through Jan. 4. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAROLD LEWIS (1918-71)—Constructions in various materials, including wood, copper, and nails; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARIO MERZ—A simultaneous showing at two galleries of sculptures with neon lights; through Jan. 5. (Weber and Sonnabend, both at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

MARY MISS—Two constructions in wood, one in chicken wire; through Jan. 7. (55 Mercer Street. Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GEORGE MITTENDORF—Twenty-five lightweight aluminum sculptures drawn into the shapes of "S" and "U" by wires; through Jan. 8. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GRANDMA MOSES—Her things; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RAY PARKER—A selection covering four years of painting by this abstract colorist; through Jan. 24. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9.)

STEPHEN PORTER—Geometric sculptures in steel, aluminum, and copper; through Thursday, Dec. 30. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Fridays.)

PAUL REED—Landscapes on unstretched canvas divided in two parts and fastened to the wall; through Jan. 6. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

JAY ROBINSON—Large abstract paintings with streaks of gold leaf; through Tuesday, Dec. 28. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

REUVEN RUBIN—Oils, watercolors, drawings, and graphics by this popular Israeli artist; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

DIANNE NELSON TULLIS—Still-lifes, interiors, and portraits in collage; through Jan. 15. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

PAUL VAN HOEYDONCK—Chrome-plated figures representing the theme of the astronaut, also collages of women; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Waddell, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN WESLEY—More paintings of everyday objects with a comic-book slant; through Jan. 7. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

OSSIP ZADKINE (1890-1967) **AND VALENTINE PRAX (MRS. OSSIP ZADKINE)**—More than seventy sculptures and a number of drawings by the former, and thirty paintings by the latter; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **COOPER,** 100 Prince St.: Watercolors by Joseph P. White and objects and correspondence by Luis Camnitzer, plus a work apiece by Forakis, Quaytman, Kuehn, and others; through Jan. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DANENBERG,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American artists, among them Benton, Archipenko, Marsh, Max Weber, and Zorach; starting Tuesday, Dec. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **EMMERICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Pre-Columbian art and Navajo blankets, Sioux beadwork, and other art of Indians of the United States; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GORDON,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An educational exhibit dealing with various aspects of printmaking, using examples going back to the fifteenth century; through Jan. 15. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American still-lifes of the nineteenth century by, for example, William Mason Brown, Harnett, and Peto; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **HUTTON,** 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: More than a hundred Russian avant-garde paintings, sculptures, and constructions from 1908 to 1922 by Goncharova, Larionov, Lissitzky, Malevich, Popova, Rodchenko, Jawlensky, Kandinsky, and the like; through Feb. 29. (Closed Mondays and Fridays.) A complement to this exhibit is the Russian avant-garde show (ending Friday) at the New York Cultural Center. . . . **KNOEDLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings on the theme of the American Indian; through Friday, Dec. 31. . . . **LERNER-MISRACHI,** 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Twentieth-century paintings by D'Arcangelo, Bellmer, Berman, Chagall, Dali, de Chirico, Ernst, Kandinsky, and de Kooning (to name several); through Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **O.K. HARRIS,** 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Abstract paintings on paper by Manny Farber, photo-realist paintings by Robert Bechtle, enamel paintings on glass by Richard

Roth, and cartoon drawings by John Fawcett; through Jan. 8. (Closed Mondays.). . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: Works by important Europeans and Americans, including Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Miró, Rothko, Arp, and Nevelson; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ROKO,** 90 E. 10th St.: A homage to the Tanager Gallery, which occupied this address from 1953 to 1962. The works shown are by its artists, who included Perle Fine, E. de Kooning, Alfred Jensen, Lester Johnson, and Alex Katz. Through Friday, Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.). . . **SACHS,** 29 W. 57th St.: American landscapes done in the twentieth century by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Demuth, Dove, Hartley, Kline, O'Keeffe, Pollock, and a number of others; through Jan. 5. (Closed Mondays and Fridays.). . . **ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings by four contemporary Yugoslav primitives; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.) . . . **SHEPHERD,** 21 E. 84th St.: British and European paintings and drawings; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **WESTBETH,** 155 Bank St.: One-man shows by six painters, a sculptor, and a printmaker, who are residents of this West Side artists' community; through Friday, Dec. 24. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.). . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.: American folk art consisting of carvings, decoys, trade signs, and weather vanes; through Friday, Dec. 31. (Closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24.)

NOTE—During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, are exhibiting special selections of small paintings and sculptures, prints, and drawings: **ACA,** 25 E. 73rd St. . . . **ADAM,** 21 E. 73rd St.: closed Mondays, open Tuesday evenings until 7:30. . . . **FRUMKIN,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **MELTZER,** 783 Madison Ave., at 67th St.: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, from 2 to 6. . . . **ODYSSIA,** 41 E. 57th St.; closed Mondays and Friday, Dec. 24. . . . **SAIDENBERG,** 1037 Madison Ave., at 70th St.; closed Mondays. . . . **SPECTRUM,** 464 West Broadway; closed Mondays.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred paintings and a hundred prints by Josef Albers, exemplifying the work of this leading abstractionist from 1920 to the present; through Jan. 11. A complement to this show is his exhibit (ending Friday) at the Goldowsky Gallery, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. . . . ¶ The new Costume Institute showing comprises thirty complete costumes representing a variety of high-fashion clothing for women during the past two hundred years. . . . ¶ The European Paintings Galleries, just reopened, house about seven hundred paintings arranged by national schools. . . . ¶ Five new galleries highlight the Museum's collection of American paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the early twentieth. . . . ¶ The André Mertens Galleries for Musical Instruments hold eight hundred instruments, the west wing devoted to the European examples and the east wing given over to the Far and Near East, Oceania, Africa, and the Americas. . . . ¶ Eighty paintings, sculptures, and pieces of jewelry from Tibet, Nepal, and Kashmir, done between the seventh century and the nineteenth; through Jan. 30. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the paintings and sculptures of Barnett Newman (1905-70), including his much-discussed series, "Stations of the Cross;" through Jan. 10. . . . ¶ An extended structure of four-foot tetrahedral modules by Tony Smith, whose Minimal constructions carry overtones of reference; through Jan. 31. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays—except Christmas—11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. Closes Friday, Dec. 24, at 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—About eighty sculptures and ten paintings by John Chamberlain, best known for constructions made of crushed automobile parts; through Feb. 27. . . . ¶ Twenty-five shaped canvases, monochromes, reliefs, and serial compositions by Robert Mangold, a Minimalist; through Jan. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 6; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Three hundred and fourteen art objects produced in fifty-seven North American Indian tribes during the past two hundred years. The works include masks, headdresses, tobacco pipes, totem poles, war clubs, knives, shields, chests, and bowls. Through Jan. 9. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and New Year's Day, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Forty-three paintings, most of them religious in theme, done in colonial Peru by unknown Indians in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through Jan. 23. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, 15 W. 77th St.—Approximately a hundred costumes collected from areas extending from the Balkans to Siberia and from Vietnam to Lapland, representing both regal and peasant dress worn by men and women. (Weekdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—More than a hundred Chinese objects in gold and silver that go back as far as 1500 B.C.; through Jan. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

THE CLOISTERS, Fort Tryon Park—Seventy-five pieces of stained glass ranging in size from small panels to windows more than sixteen feet high, from the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Works by Michael Mazur and Paul Gedeohn concerned with problems of visual perception; through Jan. 15. (Daily, except Mondays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Photographs and films by Roman Vishniac, plus a slide presentation, with a taped narration by Dr. Vishniac, on the life of the no longer existing Jewish communities of Eastern Europe; through Jan. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibition of William Blake's art and writings, centering on five books done in illuminated text; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Six drawings by Albrecht Dürer, saluting the five hundredth anniversary of his birth and accompanied by a small group of sixteenth-century drawings; through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ A dozen watercolor illustrations by Blake for Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso;" through Jan. 22. . . . ¶ Medieval jewelled bindings and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 29. (Weekdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, 9:30 to 5. Closes Fridays, Dec. 24 and 31, at 3.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Seventy-five examples of pre-Columbian Mexican art from 1200 B.C. to 1500 A.D. (Wednesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, except Christmas and New Year's Day, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Twenty dolls of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including German Kewpies, French *bébés*, and early American rubber dolls; through Jan. 9. . . . ¶ Thirty Currier & Ives prints of farm and country life and sporting scenes, plus a sleighing tableau of the late eighteen-sixties; through Feb. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Christmas, 10 to 5; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—The exhibit of post-Revolutionary Soviet art organized by the British Arts Council and displayed earlier this year in London. It focusses on Constructivism, the dominant avant-garde movement in Russia in the early twenties, and incorporates a small sampling of paintings and sculptures. The emphasis is on more than three hundred architectural models, reconstructions of theatrical design, furnishings, artifacts, films, photographs, and posters. Through Friday, Dec. 24. A complement to this show is the Russian avant-garde exhibit at Hutton Galleries, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. . . . ¶ Five years of work by the European conceptual artist Benar Venet, who has promised to retire; through Jan. 2. (Daily, except Mondays and Christmas, 11 to 8.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Sculptures from the Society's collection, mainly marble or plaster portrait busts but also bronze and wood carvings and furniture. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures and prints by Elizabeth Catlett, a veteran artist who draws on African, American, and Mexican cultural traditions; through Jan. 9. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. . . . ¶ Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Dominic Cossa, and Robert Schmorr. . . . ¶ Friday, Dec. 24, at 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Judith Forst, Ion Buzea, Robert Merrill, Jerome Hines, and Andrij Dobriansky. . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 2:30: "Hansel and Gretel," with Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Richard Tucker, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 7:15:

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Die Meistersinger," with Pilar Lorengar, Shirley Love, James King, Giorgio Tozzi, Ezio Flagello, Benno Kusche, Loren Driscoll, and Donald Gramm.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 27, at 8: "Così Fan Tutte," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, Pietro Bottazzo, Theodor Uppman, and Walter Berry.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 7: "Hansel and Gretel," with Joy Clements, Judith Forst, Lili Chookasian, Andrea Velis, and William Walker.... ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Franco Tagliavini, and Matteo Manuguerra; and "Pagliacci," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, James McCracken, Sherrill Milnes, Theodor Uppman, and Robert Schmorr.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2: "Samson et Dalila," with Grace Bumbry, Jon Vickers, Gabriel Bacquier, John Macurdy, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Ruza Baldani, Lucine Amara, Richard Tucker, and Robert Merrill.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—Following a brief vacation, the orchestra will resume its concerts next week, with Karel Ancerl conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, and Saturday, Jan. 1, both at 8:30, with John Browning, piano.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 31, at 2; and Monday, Jan. 3, at 7:30, all with Dagmar Ledlova-Kopecky, organ.)

New York String Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Alexander Schneider conducting—Friday, Dec. 24, at midnight, and Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3: With Isaac Stern, violin, and Pinchas Zukerman, viola.... ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 7:30: With Benita Valente, soprano, and others.

Vienna Choir Boys—Uwe Theimer directing a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, and Saturday, Jan. 1, at 2, and Sunday, Jan. 2, at 2 and 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing the last in a series of performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Sandra Darling, soprano, and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 7:30.)

Benefit Concert—Leopold Stokowski conducting the American Symphony Orchestra in a program of Christmas music, with John Grady and Donald Dumler, organ, and the Choir of St. Patrick's Cathedral. (St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Ave. at 50th St. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8. Tickets are on sale at the rectory, 460 Madison Ave.)

RECITALS

E. Power Biggs—Organ, in a program of works by the Bach family. (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Laura Nyro—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 24, at 7:30.

Modern Jazz Quartet—With Paul Desmond. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Dec. 25, at 7:30.)

Shanana—With Cheech and Chong. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 8 and 11:30.)

It's a Beautiful Day and the Mahavishnu Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 8.

Chuck Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis—With the Bobby Comstock Band. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Dec. 30, at 7:30 and 11.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, Dec. 25, at 8: Knicks vs. Golden State Warriors.... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 1:30: Knicks vs. Baltimore.... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 8: Knicks vs. Cincinnati.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Pittsburgh.... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 26, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Canadiens.... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Philadelphia.

Racing—At **liberty bell**, Philadelphia: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Feb. 5. Post time will be 11 on Friday, Dec. 24.... **laurel**, Md.: Weekdays, except Friday, Dec. 24, and Christmas, at 12:30; through Friday, Dec. 31.... **bowie**, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Jan. 1, through Saturday, March 11.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **light opera of manhattan**: "Iolanthe," Sunday, Dec. 26, at 4.... ¶ "H.M.S. Pinafore," Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)... **vienna choir boys**: Uwe Theimer directing a holiday program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 1-2, at 2.)

Stage Shows—By the **actors studio**: Free performances of "The Masque of St. George and the Dragon." (432 W. 44th St. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 29-30, at 2 and 4. For reservations, call PL 7-0857.)... **bil baird marionettes**: "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 23-25, at 2:30; Sunday through Friday, Dec. 26-31, at 1 and 3:30; and New Year's Day at 2:30.)... **salvatore guida**: "A Very Special Clown." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Sunday, Dec. 26, at 2:30.)... **king's players**: "The Wizard of Oz." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Sunday, Dec. 26, and Tuesday through Thursday, Dec. 28-30, at 2.)... **rose lynch productions**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.)... **pickwick puppets**: "Sleeping Beauty." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Friday, Dec. 31, at 1.)... **prince street players**: "Alice in Wonderland." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at noon and 2:30.)... **traveling playhouse**: "Rumpelstiltskin," Monday, Dec. 27, at 1.... ¶ "Rip van Winkle," Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 1.... ¶ "Snow White," Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 11 and 1.... ¶ "Mr. Popper's Penguins," Thursday, Dec. 30, at 1.... ¶ "Pied Piper of Hamelin," Friday, Dec. 31, at 1. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Children under five not admitted.)... **young world foundation**: "Who Am I?" (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2993. Fridays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30, plus Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, and Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at 2.)

Movies—At the **new york cultural center**, 2 Columbus Circle.—Wednesday, Dec. 22: "The Big Bad Wolf."... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 23-24: "Scrooge."... ¶ Sunday, Dec. 26, and Wednesday, Dec. 29: "Heidi." ... ¶ Thursday and Friday, Dec. 30-31: "Escapade in Japan."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1: "Willy McBean and His Magic Machine." (Afternoons at 4 and 6. For information about tickets, call LT 1-2311.)... **alice tully hall** (362-1911)—Sunday, Dec. 26, at 3: "Stowaway in the Sky."... ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 11: "And Now Miguel."... ¶ Monday, Dec. 27, at 3: "The Magic Horse."... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 11: "Mr. Hulot's Holiday." ... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 3: "Tiki-Tiki."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 11: "Run Wild, Run Free."... ¶ Wednesday, Dec. 29, at 3: "Fantastic Voyage."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 11: "The Point."... ¶ Thursday, Dec. 30, at 3: "Yellow Submarine."... ¶ Friday, Dec. 31, at 11: "The General."... ¶ Saturday, Jan. 1, at 3: "Ring of Bright Water."... **trans-lux 85th street theatre**, Madison Ave. at 85th St. (BU 8-3180)—A benefit performance of "Yellow Submarine," with the Beatles. (Tuesday, Dec. 28, at 10.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Why I Want Peace," a showing of fifty-nine paintings, chosen from entries in an international children's contest. Through Sunday, Jan. 9. (Tuesdays and Fridays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, Christmas, and New Year's Day, 11 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st

St. (873-1300)—The current show in the Sky Theatre is called "Star of Stars;" through Jan. 3. (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 2 and 3:30; Friday, Dec. 24, at 1, 2:30, and 4; Sunday, Dec. 26, at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Thursday, Dec. 27-30, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; Friday, Dec. 31, at 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and New Year's Day at 1, 2:30 and 4. Children under five not admitted.)...¶ An hour before the shows, the new Guggenheim Space Theatre presents a projection of the story of astronomy—from man's earliest concepts of the universe to the achievements of the Space Age.

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Friday, Dec. 24, and Monday through Saturday, Dec. 27-31, from 8 to 10.

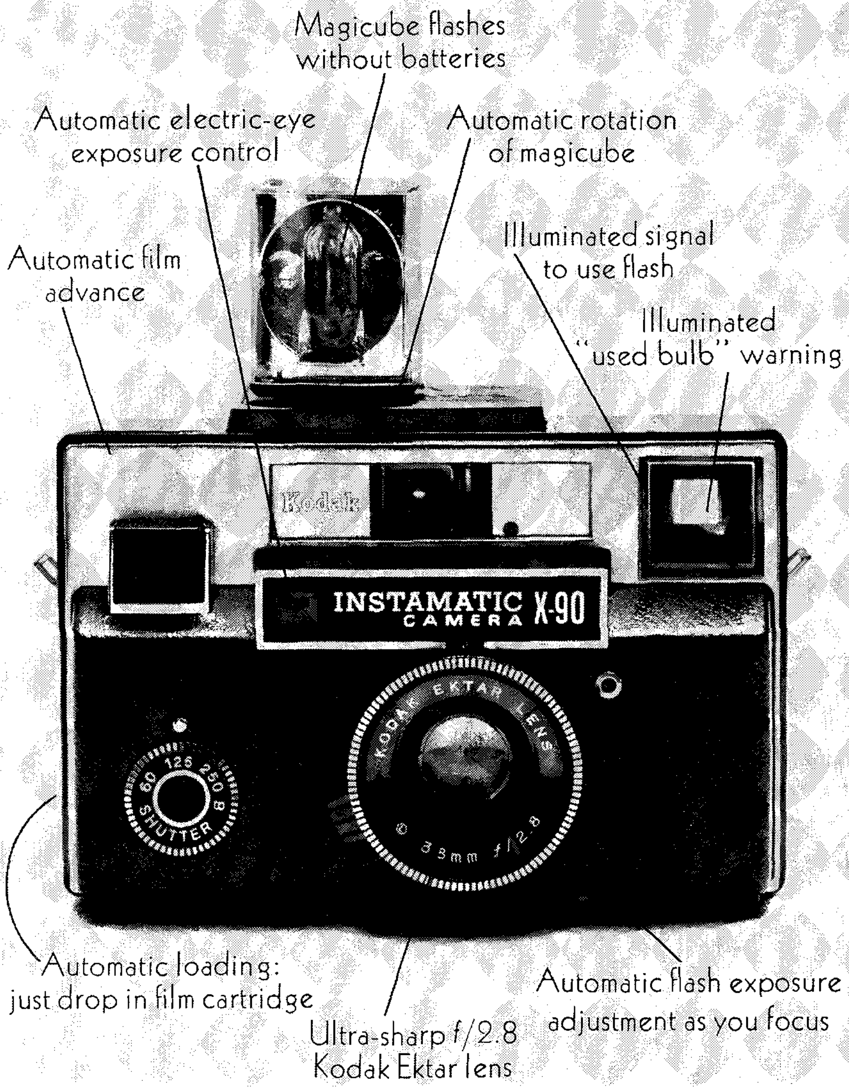
ET ALIA

(The number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no sessions Friday, Dec. 24. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily, except Friday through Sunday, Dec. 24-26, and New Year's Day.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Dec. 22 at 2: "Hurry Sundown" (1967), directed by Otto Preminger, with Michael Caine and Jane Fonda....¶ Dec. 22 at 5:30: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965), directed by Otto Preminger, with Laurence Olivier and Carol Lynley....¶ Dec. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon" (1970), directed by Otto Preminger, with Liza Minnelli....¶ Dec. 23 at 8: "Centennial Summer" (1946), directed by Otto Preminger, with Jeanne Crain and Cornel Wilde....¶ Dec. 24 at 2: "Killer's Kiss" (1955), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Frank Silvera and Jamie Smith...¶ Dec. 26 at 2: "The Killing" (1956), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sterling Hayden and Coleen Gray....¶ Dec. 26 at 5:30: "Killer's Kiss" (1955)....¶ Dec. 27 at 1: "The Killing" (1956)....¶ Dec. 27 at 6 and Dec. 28 at 2: "Safety Last" (1923), directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd and Mildred Davis....¶ Dec. 28 at 5:30 and Dec. 29 at 2: "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Ralph Meeker....¶ Dec. 29 at 5:30 and Dec. 30 at 2: "Spartacus" (1960), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas and Laurence Olivier....¶ Dec. 30 at 7: "Lolita" (1961), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon and James Mason. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)...**ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES**, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197)—Films by Dovzhenko, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Epstein, Flaherty, Frampton, Hanoun, and others. Showings at 6, 8, and (except Dec. 20) at 10. Closed Mondays and Christmas....**WHITNEY MUSEUM**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100)—A series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show. No screenings Wednesday, Dec. 22, and Christmas.

CHRISTMAS AND HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR LIVING—Sundays, from 2 to 5:30, Fifth Avenue between 34th and 59th Streets, in all its Christmas splendor, is closed to traffic and open as a pedestrian mall....¶ On New Year's Eve, from 11 P.M. to 1 A.M., a free party will be given by the Parks Administration at Bethesda Fountain in Central Park; music, lights, refreshments, gift exchanges, and fireworks are on the agenda.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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
"Show Boat" and "Till the Clouds Roll By."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Dec. 24: "King of Hearts" and "Gimme Shelter."
From Dec. 25: "Rosemary's Baby" and "The Fearless Vampire Killers."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Stewardesses."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Fantasia."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The French Connection."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murmur of the Heart."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Hospital."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Targets."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Trojan Women."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Such Good Friends."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Harold and Maude."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Boy Friend."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Stewardesses."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Minnie and Moskowitz."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Last Picture Show."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Happy Birthday, Wanda June."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Made for Each Other."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Le Boucher."

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"$."

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Star Spangled Girl."

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The French Connection."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Lady and the Tramp" and "The Barefoot Executive."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Dirty Harry."

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"$."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Dec. 22: "Soul to Soul" and "Reggae."
From Dec. 23: To be announced.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (533-8270)
Dec. 22: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg."
Dec. 23: "Tender Scoundrel."
Dec. 24: "Bluebeard."
Dec. 25: "Rider on the Rain."
Dec. 26: "Cartouche."
Dec. 27: "La Prisonnière."
Dec. 28: "Contempt."
Dec. 29: "Gervaise."
Dec. 30: "My Uncle."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"WR—Mysteries of the Organism."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Desperate Characters" and "A New Leaf."

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Dec. 23: "Mr. Arkadin" and "Journey Into Fear."
Dec. 24-25: "The Stranger" and "The Third Man."
Dec. 26-27: "Touch of Evil" and "Macbeth."
Dec. 28-30: "Citizen Kane" and "The Magnificent Ambersons."

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Nicholas and Alexandra."

Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6792)
"The Samurai Trilogy."

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"El Topo."

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
"Kidnapped."

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Fiddler on the Roof."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Doctor Zhivago."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bedknobs and Broomsticks."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Star Spangled Girl."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"The Decameron."

Playboy (formerly Cinema 57 Rendezvous), 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Macbeth."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Sunday Bloody Sunday."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Raga."

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Modern Times."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"King Lear."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Made for Each Other."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Diamonds Are Forever."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Lady and the Tramp" and "The Barefoot Executive."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Dec. 28: "Death in Venice" and "Wait Until Dark."
From Dec. 29: "Gone with the Wind."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Dec. 22: "Calcutta," "The Fire Within," "Zazie," and "Viva Maria!"
Dec. 23-29: "The Adventures of Robin Hood."
From Dec. 30: "Before the Revolution" and "The Conformist."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"Carnal Knowledge."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Dec. 22: "Lola Montès" and "The Threepenny Opera."
From Dec. 23: "War and Peace."

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Sacco and Vanzetti."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Dec. 22: "Easter Parade" and "Words and Music."
From Dec. 23: Buster Keaton Festival.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films; stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. With Errol Flynn slinging a deer across his shoulders, almost improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, and, for villainy, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains. Michael Curtiz and William Keighley directed; Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score. (New Yorker; Dec. 23-29.)

The Barefoot Executive—With Kurt Russell, directed by Robert Butler. (Juliet 2 and Regency.)

Bedknobs and Broomsticks—Angela Lansbury as an apprentice witch, in a mixture of wizardry and ineptitude from the Disney studios; the picture is as uncertain of itself as the title indicates. Moderately enjoyable, though there are moments of patriotic sentimentality circa "Mrs. Miniver." (Music Hall.)

Before the Revolution (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 30.)

Bluebeard ("Landru;" 1963)—Claude Chabrol directed this gifted, rather lip-smacking account of the French mass-murderer, from a script by Françoise Sagan. Short roles, necessarily, for Danielle Darrieux, Michèle Morgan, Hildegarde Neff. The points sometimes seem cheaply made; the cut-in newsreel footage about the war makes the surrounding film lightweight, but it is worth seeing if you are interested in Chabrol. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 24.)

Le Boucher—With Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boy Friend—With Twiggy and Christopher Gable, directed by Ken Russell. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2.)

Calcutta—The famous documentary film, directed and narrated by Louis Malle. (New Yorker; Dec. 22.)

Carnal Knowledge—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects, and, in Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Gramercy, U. A. East, R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, and Symphony.)

Cartouche (1963)—Philippe de Broca's spoof of cape-and-sword romance almost makes up in high spirits and occasional beauty what it lacks in wit and apparent purpose. Jean-Paul Belmondo is admirable as the leader of a band of thieves in eighteenth-century Paris. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 26.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (Elgin; Dec. 28-30.)

A Clockwork Orange—With Malcolm McDowell and Patrick Magee, directed by Stanley Kubrick. (Cinema I.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (New Yorker; starting Dec. 30.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, sometimes maddening film about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey." With Brigitte Bardot, Michel Piccoli, and Jack Palance. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 28.)

Death in Venice—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carry-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though, especially in the rendering of Aschenbach's self-amused spinsterishness, in the look of the picture (photographed by Pasquale de Santis, with costumes by Piero Tosi), and in the larger feeling of history on the turn that Visconti can uniquely impart, as he did in "The Leopard" and "Senso." (Embassy 72nd St.: through Dec. 28.)

The Decameron—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Festival.)

Desperate Characters—One of the best American films for months, gifted with insight and speed. The story is bang-on about a certain kind of New York middle-class self-hatred and wit. Its core is a hungry, sophisticated married dialogue between Shirley MacLaine and Kenneth Mars. Adapted and directed by Frank D. Gilroy. (Greenwich.)

Diamonds Are Forever—With Sean Connery as 007, directed by Guy Hamilton. (86th St. East, Waverly, and Cinema Studio.)

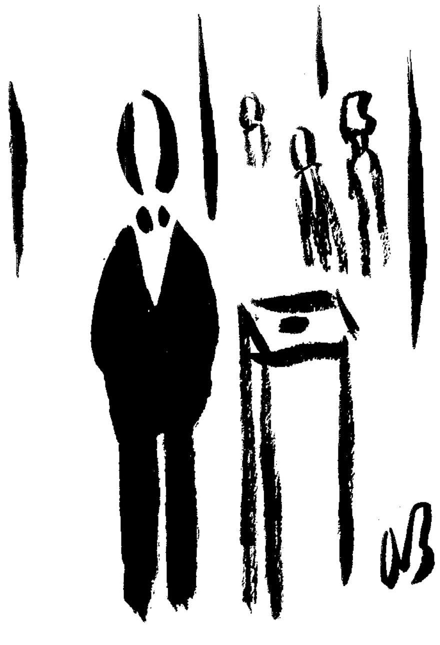
Dirty Harry—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Don Siegel. (Orpheum.)

Doctor Zhivago (1965)—The poet-doctor (Omar Sharif) isn't a strong enough protagonist to bind together the events of the Russian Revolution, and so one seems to be on the sidelines watching an enormous, romantic, historical pageant. David Lean put it all together (or tried to) from Robert Bolt's adaptation of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Alec Guinness, Tom Courtenay, and Rod Steiger milling about. (Art and Guild.)

$—Bank heist in Hamburg, masterminded by Warren Beatty, assisted by Goldie Hawn as a kook hooker. For the first twenty minutes, it's impossible to know what's going on; after that, there are so many camera setups and such noisy, overextended chases that the whole thing becomes hectic and exhausting. Brutality and tension are a poor substitute for pleasurable suspense. Overwritten and overdirected by Richard Brooks. (Tower East and Loew's Ciné.)

Easter Parade (1948)—There's not much comedy and not much invention in this oversize M-G-M musical, but Fred Astaire and Judy Garland finally get to their great number, "A Couple of Swells." With Ann Miller and Peter Lawford; Lola Albright may be glimpsed as a hat model. Charles Walters directed; the score, by Irving Berlin, includes "It Only Happens When I Dance with You." (Olympia; Dec. 22.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (Stokowski and Stravinsky, among others) and the film—a grab bag of animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. It failed commercially, and has recently been revived



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

as a head film for Mickey Mouse heads. (Kips Bay.)

The Fearless Vampire Killers (1967)—Directed, written, acted in, and disowned by Roman Polanski, in an imaginative exile's comprehensible convulsion to find his feet again. The film flails, but you can see the talent somewhere. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Dec. 25.)

Fiddler on the Roof—A demonstration that square can be beautiful, too. Directed by Norman Jewison and starring Topol, the movie is a joyous, powerful musical epic. (Rivoli. Wednesday and Thursday, Dec. 22-23, at 1:30 and 8; Friday, Dec. 24, at 8:30; and Saturday through Thursday, Dec. 25-30, at 1, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Fire Within (1963)—A Scott-Fitzgerald-like young man in Paris seeks out a variety of old friends before putting a bullet in his heart. A beautiful picture, thanks to the acting of Maurice Ronet and the direction of Louis Malle. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 22.)

The French Connection—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slam-bang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the lowlifer police detective who cracks the case as a mixture of Joe and Archie; William Friedkin directed. (Murray Hill and Juliet 1.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happens to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis—With Dominique Sanda and Helmut Berger, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Plaza.)

Gervaise (1957)—A painstaking and rich creation of mid-nineteenth-century Paris, photographed to suggest Daguerre. René Clément's rather heavy-going film deals with the spiritual destruction of Gervaise (Maria Schell)—a destruction accomplished by her lover, who deserts her, and her gentle husband, who becomes an uncontrollable drunkard (a memorable performance by François Périer). Gervaise Macquart, for those who find Zola overpoweringly uninviting, is the heroine of "L'Assommoir," one of the twenty novels in the Rougon-Macquart series, and the mother of that corrupt little Nana who figures in a later volume (and many a movie). With Suzy Delair as Virginie, except for the scene in which Virginie gets paddled; at that moment, a lady known as Rita Cadillac offers her bottom to the camera. Music by Georges Auric. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 29.)

Gimme Shelter (1970)—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29	30		

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Dec. 29.)

Happy Birthday, Wanda June—Rod Steiger as the sexist big-game hunter, in Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.'s, screen adaptation of his attempt at a Shavian play of ideas about the end of the bullish dominating male. Steiger's tragedy is that he sounds like Rod Steiger; his disastrously familiar paranoid rhythms push Vonnegut's florid lines over a cliff, and they splash when they land. Badly misdirected by Mark Robson, who tried for a theatrically stylized tone that doesn't work, though the miscast Susannah York comes through as an able farceur and Pamelyn Ferdin has a few funny moments as Wanda June. Most of the time, it's like seeing a bad production of a synthetic, trying-to-be-clever Broadway play—and is reminiscent of forties movies of pseudo-clever Broadway plays. (Columbia II.)

Harold and Maude—With Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet.)

The Hospital—With George C. Scott and Diana Rigg, directed by Arthur Hiller. (Sutton.)

Journey Into Fear (1943)—Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dolores Del Rio, and Agnes Moorehead in a spy story about smuggling munitions into Turkey. Directed by Norman Foster, but Welles had a large hand in the script and supervised the production, and his command of film vocabulary gleams through. (Elgin; through Dec. 23.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features, each accompanied by two shorts. Dec. 23-24: "The Three Ages." Dec. 25-27: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." Dec. 28-29: "Our Hospitality." Dec. 30-Jan. 1: "The Navigator." (Olympia.)

Kidnapped—With Michael Caine and Trevor Howard, directed by Delbert Mann. (Penthouse.)

King Lear—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. You may feel dead while you watch. (Paris.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; through Dec. 24.)

Lady and the Tramp (1955)—A Walt Disney full-length cartoon. (Juliet 2 and Regency.)

The Last Picture Show—Peter Bogdanovich's fine, straightforward, involving narrative picture about boys trying to reach manhood, without much in the way of models. The setting is small-town Texas in the early fifties. From Larry McMurtry's novel. With Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges. (Columbia I.)

Macbeth (1948)—Orson Welles' outrageous but lively version, shot on a shoestring in twenty-three days. With Jeanette Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy, and Roddy McDowall. (Elgin; Dec. 26-27.)

Macbeth—The latest version, directed by Roman Polanski. (Playboy.)

Made for Each Other—With Renée Taylor and Joseph Bologna, directed by Robert B. Bean. (Beekman and Paramount.)

The Magnificent Ambersons (1942)—Orson Welles' second film has greater depth than "Citizen Kane," though it lacks the satirical dimensions and doesn't have the driving force that might hold it together. Working from the Booth Tarkington novel, Welles achieved some great sequences of family life. Tim Holt plays the mother-fixated son who falls from the American aristocracy to the working class; Dolores Costello is his mother; Agnes Moorehead is his nervous old-maid aunt. With Richard Bennett as the family patriarch, Joseph Cotten, Anne Baxter, and Ray Collins. (Elgin; Dec. 28-30.)

Minnie and Moskowitz—With Gena Rowlands and Seymour Cassel, directed by John Cassavetes. (Cinema II.)

Mr. Arkadin (1955)—Orson Welles directed and starred in this story of a fabulously wealthy dope smuggler who hires a man to trace his past. Ambitious and flamboyant but, whether because of technical problems or script problems or both, a fiasco. With Michael Redgrave, Akim Tamiroff, Mischa Auer, and Katina Paxinou. (Elgin; through Dec. 23.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (Lincoln Art.)

Lola Montès (1955)—Max Ophuls' masterpiece, shown in its full form. His command of baroque style and of comic detail transforms the real-life story of a courtesan's decline into a circus-trapeze artist—a story fairly trite in itself—into a work of amazing and moving density. With Martine Carroll, Anton Walbrook, Peter Ustinov. In French. (Thalia; Dec. 22.)

Murmur of the Heart—Louis Malle's portrait of the artist as a young dog. An exhilarating high comedy by the least known of the major French directors. In French. (34th St. East.)

My Uncle (1958)—Jacques Tati's gentle satire about depersonalization, plastics, and modern design. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 30.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Greenwich.)

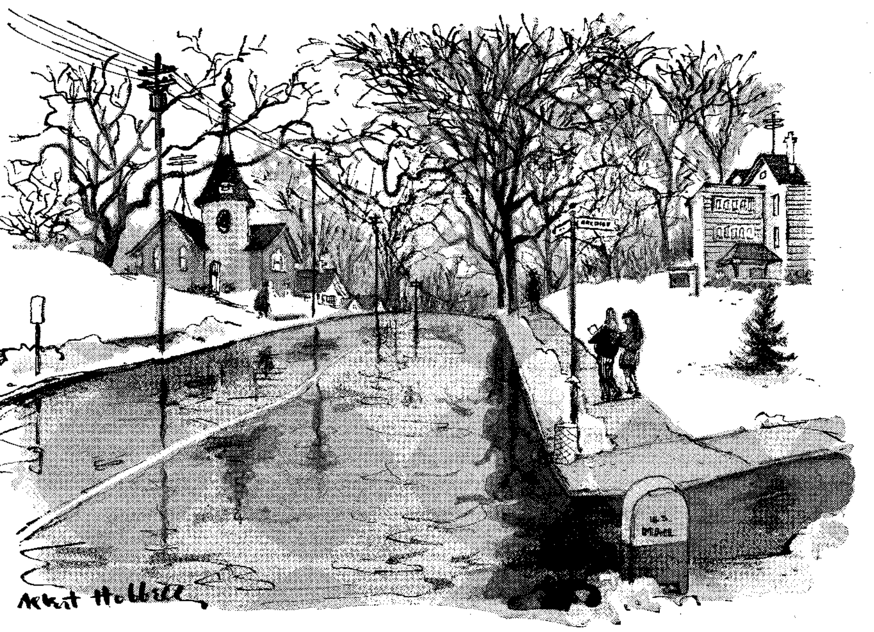
Nicholas and Alexandra—With Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman in the title roles. Directed by Franklin J. Schaffner. (Criterion. Wednesday, Dec. 22, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Dec. 23, at 8; Friday, Dec. 24, at 2 and 8:30; and Saturday through Thursday, Dec. 25-30, at 1, 5, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Prisonnière (1969)—Henri-Georges Clouzot, of "The Wages of Fear," wrote and directed this story about sadomasochism, set in a Paris of frighteningly offhand lovers and phenomenally successful Op Art. A very brilliant, erotic film that takes the risk that some might laugh at it; it stares you out. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 27.)

Raga—A documentary on Ravi Shankar, directed by Howard Worth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema.)

Reggae—A film of the Caribbean Music Festival at Wembley, in London, last year. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Rider on the Rain (1970)—René Clément's thriller has a beautiful heroine called Mélancolie. The picture is as much about that state of mind as about the plot, in which she mur-



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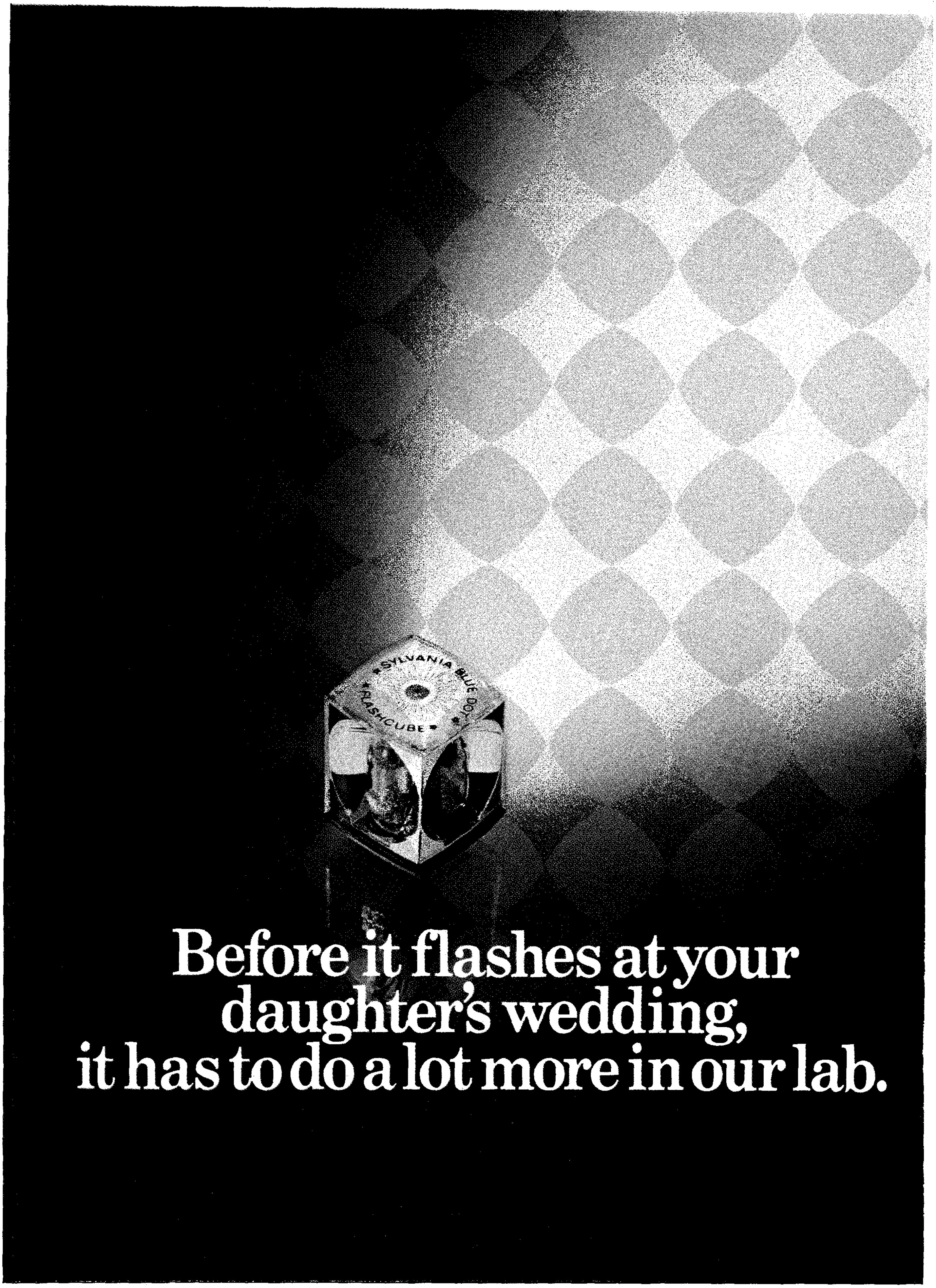
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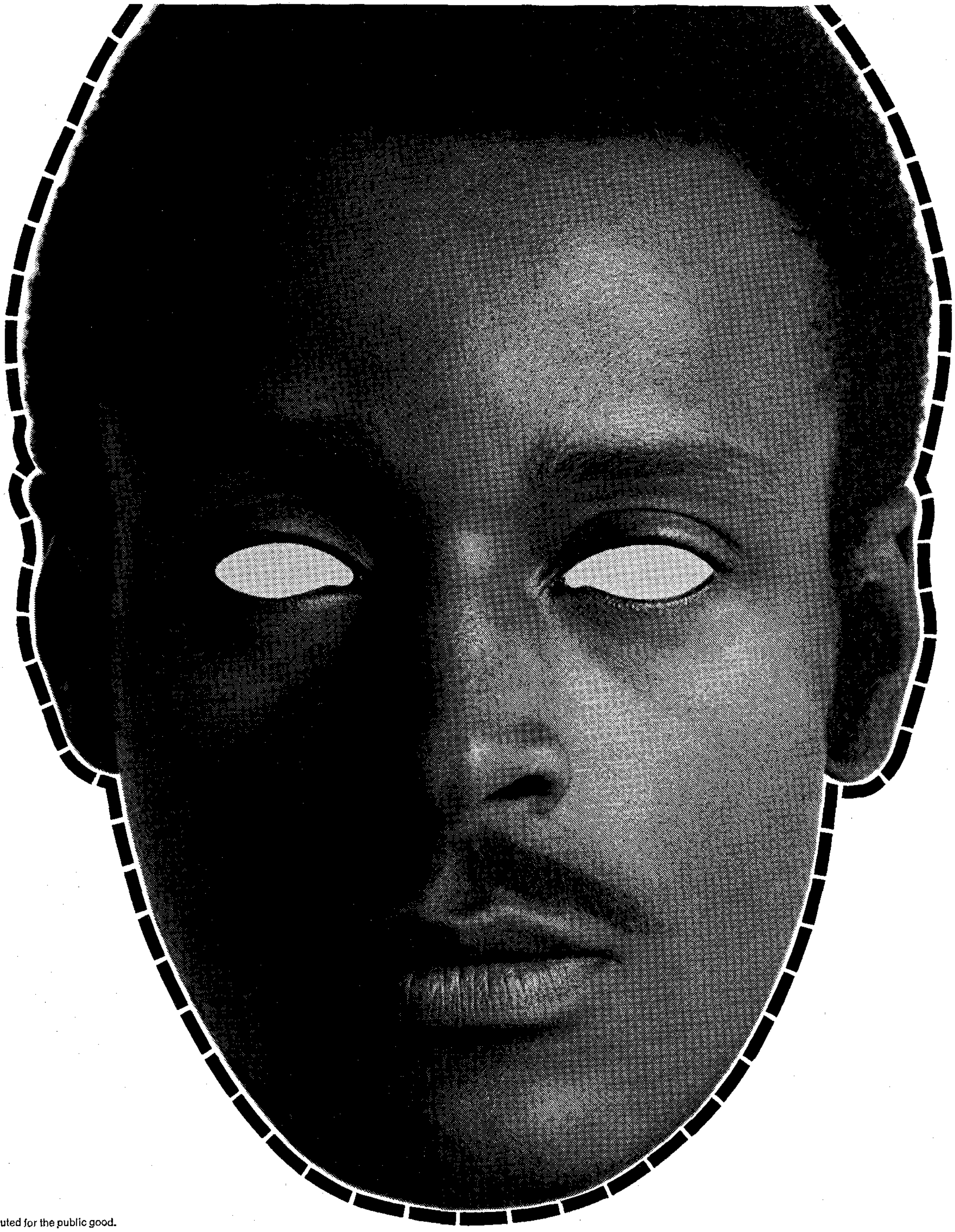

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ders a rapist and dares not tell her husband. Some of the details are gentle and ironic, but there are too many mechanical thriller ploys. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 25.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller-twinges. The exiled Polanski expends a lot of seriousness on transcribing a book that is a piece of daredevil local trivia. (St. Marks Cinema: starting Dec. 25.)

Sacco and Vanzetti—Would that it were better. With Riccardo Cucciolla and Gian Maria Volonte in the title roles. Directed by Giuliano Montaldo. (Trans-Lux 85th St., 8th St. Playhouse, and Midtown.)

The Samurai Trilogy—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Hiroshi Inagaki. In Japanese. Part I: "The Legend of Musashi" (1954); Part II: "Duel at Ichijoji Temple" (1956); Part III: "Musachi and Kojiro" (1956). (Bijou Cinema.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks.)

Soul to Soul—Filmed in Ghana last March during the fourteenth anniversary of the country's independence, with Wilson Pickett, Ike and Tina Turner, and other American and African performers. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Dec. 22.)

Star Spangled Girl—Sandy Duncan's comic talent shines through—she has a troll-like spark of genius in her timing—and Tony Roberts' and Todd Susman's talents almost shine through, too, but the material is atrocious Neil Simon. The situations are so contrived that the wisecracks aren't funny even when they're funny. But when they're sour they're certainly sour. Directed at breakneck speed by Jerry Paris; maybe he was hoping that if it all went by fast enough, people wouldn't notice how utterly vacuous it is. (72nd St. Playhouse and Ziegfeld.)

The Stewardesses (1970)—One of the half-dozen top box-office successes of the year—maybe because men have shifted their fantasies from nurses to stewardesses. Written and directed by Alf Silliman, Jr. In 3-D. (Cinema Village and Ciné Malibu.)

The Stranger (1946)—Directed by Orson Welles and starring Welles as a Nazi in New England who comes to perhaps the most garish of all bad ends. A well-made thriller, though somewhat poky, with Edward G. Robinson and Loretta Young. (Elgin; Dec. 24-25.)

Such Good Friends—With Dyan Cannon and James Coco, directed by Otto Preminger. (Baronet.)

Sunday Bloody Sunday—John Schlesinger directed this complex, remarkably modulated study of the breakup of two love affairs, from a screenplay by Penelope Gilliatt. An unusual film—perhaps a classic. With Glenda Jackson, Peter Finch, and Murray Head. (Little Carnegie.)

Targets (1968)—Peter Bogdanovich wrote, directed, and appears in this lame melodrama about a clean-cut all-American boy (Tim O'Kelly) who turns sniper. The picture is rather naïvely made, and one begins to wait for the sniper to hit his targets, because there's nothing else of interest going on. Boris Karloff, in one of his last screen appearances, plays a veteran horror-film actor. (Trans-Lux East.)

Tender Scoundrel (1967)—A waste of talent. Belmondo as a gigolo exhausted by the demands beautiful women make on him. The cast may sound fabulous (Geneviève Page, Stefania Sandrelli, Robert Morley, Nadja Tiller, Philippe Noiret, etc.), but the director, Jean Becker, doesn't do anything with them. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 23.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (Elgin; Dec. 24-25.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G.W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Berrolt Brecht-Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Thalia; Dec. 22.)

Till the Clouds Roll By (1946)—This monster thing, spawned at M-G-M, was meant to be the life of Jerome Kern. Robert Walker was the actor given the role (unlucky Walker was also miscast as Brahms), and he was surrounded by an all-star troupe that included Judy Garland, Lena Horne, Van Johnson, Dinah Shore, Tony Martin, June Allyson, and Frank Sinatra, who, in perhaps the most ill-conceived sequence in this staggeringly ill-conceived venture, sings "Ol' Man River" in white tie and white tails. There are twenty-two songs by Kern, most of them reasonably well performed, but not one performed memorably. Richard Whorf directed; Vincente Minnelli staged some of the sequences. (Theatre 80 St. Marks.)

El Topo—Bloody head movie. Directed by, and with, Alexandro Jodorowsky. (Forum.)

Touch of Evil (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; Dec. 26-27.)

The Trojan Women—Despite the makeshift style of the film, the great play catches one by the throat, and by the most legitimate of all means—its simplicity. With Katharine Hepburn, Vanessa Redgrave, Geneviève Bujold, and Irene Papas, directed by Michael Cacoyannis. (Fine Arts.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Garrick; Dec. 22.)

Viva Maria! (1965)—Brigitte Bardot demonstrates that in movies youth and beauty can sometimes triumph over skill; she takes the picture clean away from the great Jeanne Moreau. This imaginative though erratic spoof of revolutionary politics in Mexico was directed by the brilliant Louis Malle and superbly photographed by Henri Decaë. (New Yorker; Dec. 22.)

Wait Until Dark (1967)—A thriller about a blind girl who gets involved with a gang of crooks. Audrey Hepburn is the heroine and makes the picture worth seeing. Directed by Terence Young. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Dec. 28.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, crassly doomed to be shown to us in a dubbed version, but most of it survives. A dancer (Ludmila Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Thalia. Part I: Dec. 23, 25, 27, and 29. Part II: Dec. 24, 26, 28, and 30.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet that he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson, whose "Thou Swell" with the Blackburn Twins is a bright spot in her career. Norman Taurog directed. (Olympia; Dec. 22.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism—A Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Zazie (1960)—A foul-mouthed, demonic little girl's view of Paris. Louis Malle directed this extraordinarily inventive, maybe too brilliant slapstick comedy taken from the Raymond Queneau novel. In French. (New Yorker; Dec. 22.)

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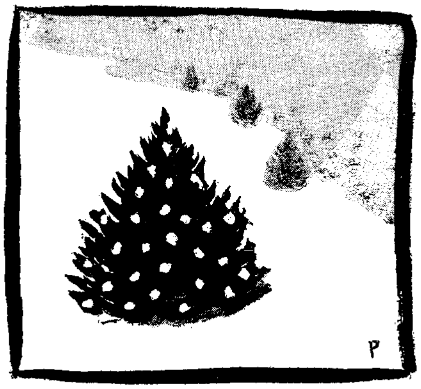
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DURING the last eight months or so, the world has watched the United States create, from scratch, a new enemy. A year ago, our relations with India were cordial; last week we were sending a naval task force, headed by the aircraft carrier U.S.S. Enterprise, into the Indian Ocean. This was no small gesture. The Enterprise, which carries almost a hundred planes and is equipped with nuclear weapons, is a compact, floating holocaust. Its presence in the Indian Ocean, together with the presence of a Soviet fleet said to have been moved there recently, threatened not only South Asians but the rest of us as well. Our alienation of India seemed to unfold with systematic efficiency, as though according to a plan. First, as so many observers have now pointed out, Henry Kissinger's famous trip from Pakistan (India's greatest enemy) to China (India's second-greatest enemy), followed by our failure, once the revolt in East Pakistan had broken out, either to condemn the murderous policies of West Pakistan or to cut off our shipments of arms to Pakistan, seemed calculated to drive India into the alliance she soon made with the Soviet Union. We seemed to have forgotten that there were great powers in the world apart from us. Then, having drawn the Soviet Union into the situation by our own policies, we seemed dumbfounded to find it there. The Indians and their problems were invisible to us, and we seemed to believe that everything that happened on the subcontinent had originated with the Soviet Union. And last week official spokesmen were going as far as to equate every military advance made by India, our friend of twenty years' standing, with an advantage to the Soviet Union: by an amazing twist, an extension of Indian influence on the subcontinent began to seem to us the same thing as an extension of Soviet influence.

The manufacture of enemies is, in fact, an old habit of ours. In many ways, our India policy has been following the pattern of Vietnam and the Dominican Republic—countries in which we were also too quick to see local people as proxies for great powers we already considered our enemies. There are few questions as important for Americans as how and why we create new enemies for ourselves. At first, perhaps, the Cold War was to blame. When we selected the North Vietnamese as foes, the blurred vision of the Cold War helped us along. In those days, we couldn't discern the difference between a member of the National Liberation Front and a North Vietnamese, or between a North Vietnamese and a Chinese, or between a Chinese and a Russian. They all looked to us like soldiers in one threatening army—the army of World Communism. But now the Cold War is supposedly over: The Chinese and the Russians are at each other's throats; soon the President will be in Peking. (It is one of the disturbing anomalies of the present moment that the Hot War continues after the Cold War has apparently ended.) One might have hoped that as the Cold War glaciers broke up, our own aims would become less grandiose and our vision more precise. Our behavior in South Asia suggests that something different is happening. New grandiose aims, even larger and vaguer than the old ones, and a new blur, even fuzzier than before, threaten to dominate policy. We are finding new reasons for making enemies.



The aims are best suggested, perhaps, by the President's claim that we are "the No. 1 nation" in the world. This claim, so comical at first hearing, is turning out to have grim implications. The collapse of Cold War thinking has left the clash between the great powers drained of ideology, let alone ideas or principles. (The confused debates over the South Asian war in the Security Council of the United Nations offer spectacular proof of this.) But it has left intact the monstrously overgrown military machines that thrived and expanded in the Cold War. The collapse robbed the armies of their missions, but it left the armies in position all over the globe. It is as though the human beings had become reconciled but the missiles still had a score to settle. The aim of being "the No. 1 nation," or of not letting ourselves become "a second-rate power," or "a pitiful helpless giant"—if you can call it an aim—can restore our machine to full life. Walt W. Rostow's phrase "We are the greatest power in the world if we behave like it" foreshadowed a new, circular policy, and could serve as a motto for it. Our new aim in wielding our power, in other words, can be to serve not our people but simply our power. The machine's new cause can be to advance not a cause, such as freedom or the "free world," but itself. Naturally, the No. 1 nation, the queen of the nations, cannot allow any form of lèse-majesté—whether it is in the form of a military challenge, as in Indo-China, or in the form of a vote, like the U.N. General Assembly vote on China—to go unpunished. And even if there are no offenses or slights, perpetual demonstrations of our "willingness" to deploy, and use, our forces are required, to head off future offenses and to make sure the world won't think that, because of Vietnam, we are becoming "isolationist." With this new aim, the questions of just where to make our demonstrations and against whom and to what end tend to fade in significance. Indeed, high officials have argued that even arbitrary demonstrations of violence can be useful. They serve to keep the entire world, including our allies, on its toes where the United States is concerned. In the new rhetoric, we are no longer “the leader of the free world” but “the leading nation;” we are in danger not of being “soft on Communism” but just of being “soft” (the Roman Empire is often mentioned in this connection); and we are in danger not of “appeasing the Communists” but of general “isolationism.” Since the aim is to prove our resolve to all comers, and not just to Communists, India became as good a place as any for us to show our toughness. So in the new scheme our list of potential enemies has actually broadened.

It is a commonplace that political leaders are hungry for power and dominion. But when one looks at our government's record in Asia over the last decade or so, it seems that if our leaders have shown any persistent failing, it has been an excessive hunger for action. They have consistently arranged their picture of the world—and, to a considerable extent, arranged the world itself (with the assistance of the Soviet Union)—in such a way that every crisis in the world becomes *our* crisis. We've claimed the globe as a stage where our passions and our obsessions are to be played out, and we haven't left room for anyone but ourselves and our enemies. Other nations are reduced to mere shadows of our obsessions. If they begin to pursue their own local crusades and vendettas, we quickly cast them, first in our imagination and then with the tremendous weight of our power, as minor characters in our grand struggle. They are visible only insofar as we can make them reflections of ourselves. And soon (who could have guessed it a year ago?) Pakistan is our loyal ally (as well as China's loyal ally), and India is our perfidious antagonist. We shape things so that when trouble starts, the adrenalin can start pounding through our veins—so that there is something for *us* to win or lose. Then the phones begin to ring in the back of the officials' limousines, lights burn late at the Pentagon, Presidential aides are interrupted at dinner parties by the beeping of their wrist radios. We have identified the enemy.

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WITH seemingly little help from the great national governments of the world, peace has come to South Asia. In a season of miracles, let us just call it a miracle.

Three Gatherings

BENGALIS: We dined at a restaurant called Nirvana on a recent evening and can report that it is a spacious, candle-lit penthouse on Central Park South which seems as thoroughly isolated from the external reality of the city as the name implies. The occasion was a party honoring Bangla Desh, the nation that, with the cease-fire, has emerged phoenix-like from the ashes of East Pakistan; the setting was a newly opened Bengali restaurant that is an offshoot of the original Nirvana, an established bistro at the corner of Lexington Avenue and Eighty-first Street. (The mind boggles at the theological implications of a Nirvana chain, on the order of, say, Schrafft's.) Our host for the evening was Shamsher Wadud, a slight, immaculately tailored Bengali who has black hair, liquid brown eyes, a flowing mustache, and a soft, melodious voice. Mr. Wadud greeted us as we emerged from the elevator, and explained that he had planned the dinner to honor several groups that had been actively promoting the cause of Bengali independence. “I have invited representatives of the Bangla Desh League, the Bangla Desh Action Coalition, and Americans for Bangla Desh,” he said, leading us into a large rectangular room with a ceiling of brilliantly colored Bengali wedding tents. Most of the guests—short, small-boned, black-haired men and women with delicate features and enormous eyes—were sitting around three long candle-lit tables drinking ice water and talking with considerable animation. The handful of Americans present—including several women wearing saris—managed to look larger and clumsier than Americans usually do. “We had expected Mr. Justice Abu Sayeed Chowdhury, the head of the Bangla Desh delegation to the United Nations, but he phoned a few minutes ago to say that the Security Council had been called into another evening meeting,” said Mr. Wadud. “I support Bangla Desh because I am Bengali, as are most of the people in this room, but I am also personally involved, because Mujib—Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, the political leader of East Pakistan—is my uncle. He has been held in a secret prison, in West Pakistan, by the Pakistanis since March 26th, and we are very much concerned about his safety. Incidentally, everyone working here is a political refugee. Most of the waiters are college students, and some of the cooks were members of a merchant-marine group that asked for asylum here after the terror began in East Pakistan last spring.”

Mr. Wadud introduced us to Dr. K. M. Alamgir, a handsome, gray-haired man, who is an internist on the staff of Coney Island Hospital, and asked him to clarify the various Bangla Desh organizations for us. “The Bangla Desh League includes Bengali restaurant owners, professional men, students, and workers,” Dr. Alamgir said. “We have fifteen chapters in the United States, and our Washington group is one of the most active. They lobby in Congress and help to operate an information center. Americans for Bangla Desh is a group of *your* concerned citizens, who organize demonstrations and poetry readings to raise money for relief. Finally, the Bangla Desh Action Coalition is an umbrella organization of sixteen groups, which puts together big rallies. After a recent demonstration in front of the United States Mission to the United Nations, we met a spokesman for the Public Affairs Office of the Mission. He told us, incredibly, that your government still considers the Mukti Bahini—the Bangla Desh Liberation Force—to be insurgents against the legitimate government of Pakistan.”

“When were you last in East Pakistan?” we asked.

“In October,” replied Dr. Alamgir. “I went inside from Calcutta and visited some of the liberated areas. Three of my brothers are fighting with the Mukti Bahini, and I was able to get in touch with two of them. I also treated as many refugees as possible. We have lost a tremendous number of children and old people in the camps. What will probably be left when the fighting ends will be mostly able-bodied men and women—farmers, tradesmen, artisans, and professional people. In the liberated areas I visited, many Bengalis had already started to rebuild their villages.”

Dr. Alamgir introduced us to one of the leaders of the New York Indian community, Mr. P. C. Mukerji, a tiny, white-haired retired metallurgist, who had round gold-rimmed spectacles and a gentle, charming smile. “When I came here with three of my friends in 1906, we were considered a curiosity,” Mr. Mukerji said. “Now there are approximately ten thousand Indians in the New York-New Jersey-Connecticut area. A great many are Bengalis—I grew up in Calcutta—and a considerable number are, like me, American citizens. Until a few months ago, we hoped for a settlement in Bangla Desh without violence. People there wanted a reasonable degree of self-government, such as we have here in New York. By this I mean power to elect local officials, power to make local laws within a federal framework. But the Pakistanis cannot tolerate democracy. I think they will go down in history as being very shortsighted."

We joined the line at the buffet table and fell into conversation with Dr. M. Dutta, an intense, bespectacled professor of economics at Rutgers and one of the few Hindus in the room. (Nearly everybody else was Muslim.) "Bangla Desh is a more viable nation than, say, Belgium," Dr. Dutta said emphatically. "There is a population base of seventy-five million people, abundant skilled and unskilled labor, and plenty of natural resources. At the moment, the main crops are rice, jute, and tea, but, with the enormous river resources available, a substantial fishing and fish-processing industry could be developed very, very rapidly. The base for a textile industry also exists, and I think this may be the key factor in attracting capital investment from abroad."

"We don't want to get *too* industrialized," remarked a stunning young woman in a red-and-green striped silk sari who was standing in front of us. Dr. Dutta introduced her as Farida Majid, a granddaughter of the famous Bengali poet Golam Mustafa, and replied to her remark that, as an economist, he was primarily interested in seeing that people had jobs. "We must organize the labor supply effectively in Bangla Desh if we are going to survive as a nation," he said.

"It will be very difficult for the American people to accept the fact that they have financed the losing side in *another* war," said Miss Majid.

"After the trouble began, on March 25th," said Dr. Dutta, "all the nations in the Aid to Pakistan Consortium except the United States stopped contributions until, as they put it in a public statement, 'a political solution should be achieved.' "

"And, at the same time, Congress received a request from the State Department for a hundred and thirty-one and a half million dollars to aid Pakistan during the next fiscal year," said Miss Majid. "The American government seems to think that if America alone cannot rule the world, power should be divided among the big nations—the United States, Russia, and China. From this point of view, the entire population of Southeast Asia is expendable. Mr. Nixon is going to have a very expensive Chinese dinner, and he wanted *us* to be the main course."

"Bengali cooking is famous, too," said Mr. Wadud, materializing at our elbow. "Try the fish curry. It has, one might say, a revolutionary aroma."

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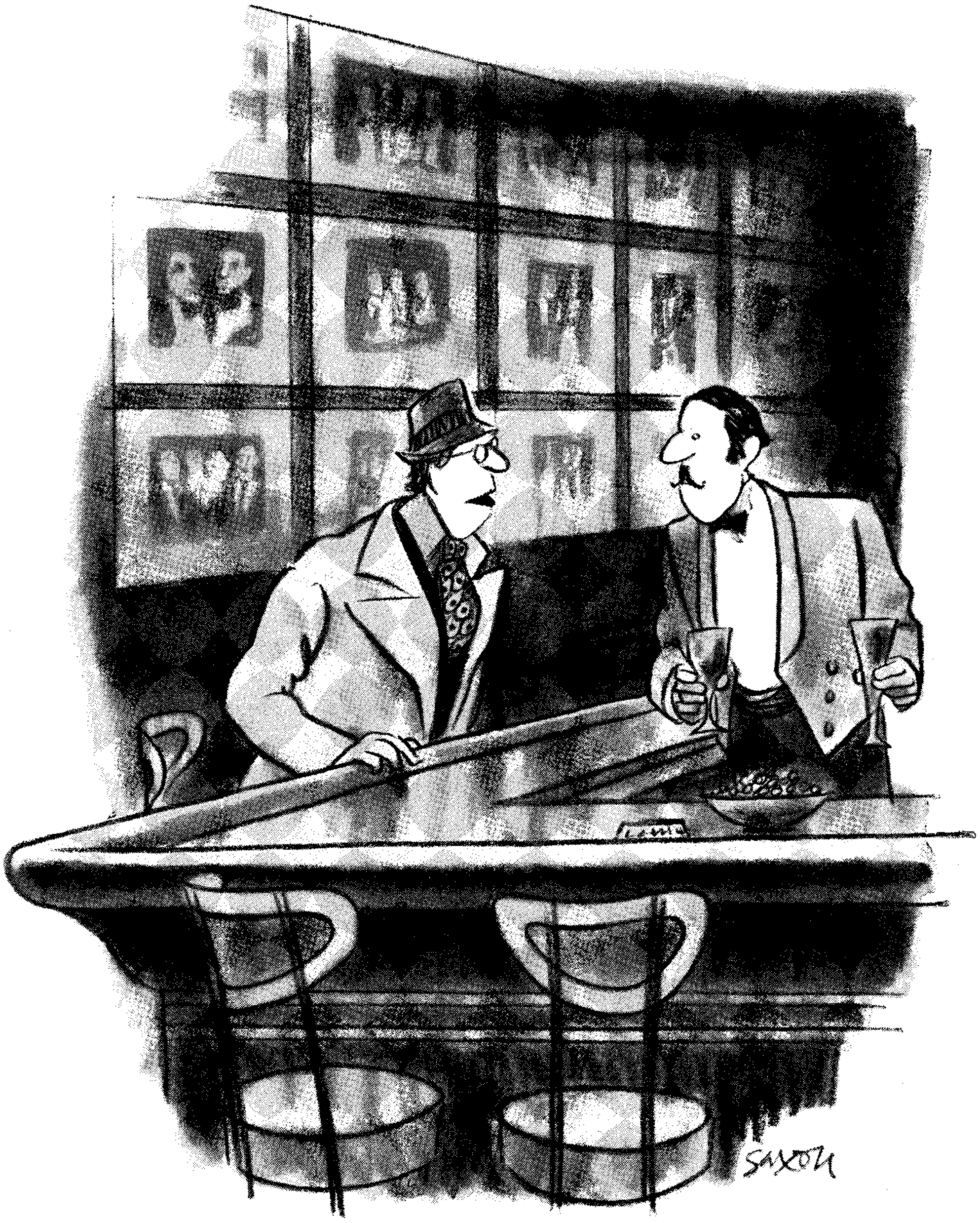
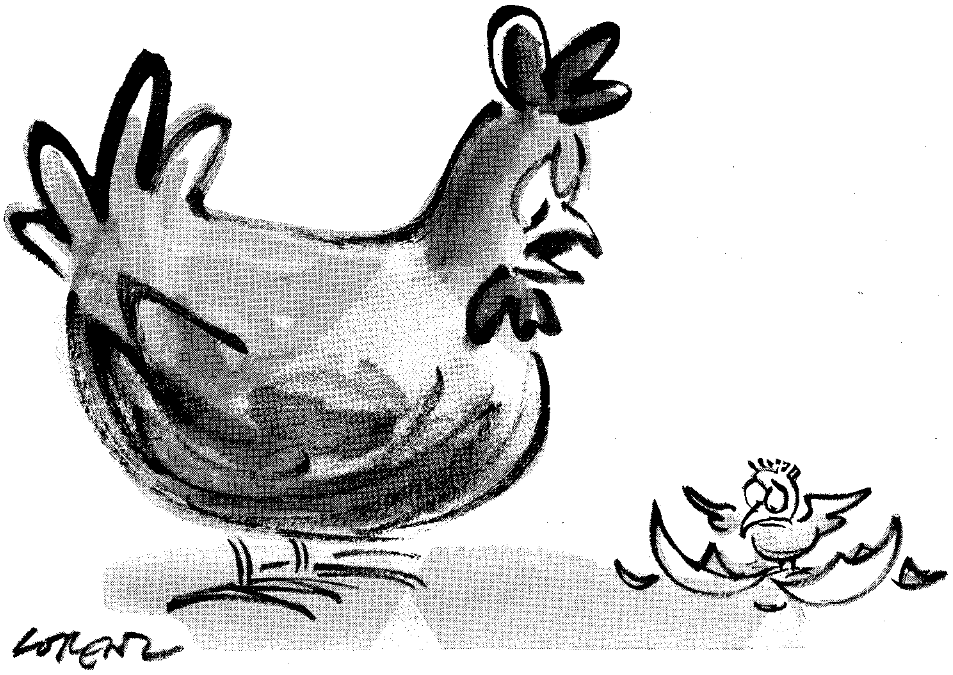
AMERICANS: We went down to Washington the other day to observe the ritual distribution of fifty thousand dollars to six civil servants. The money was venerable, as money goes—not the sort that is tossed around in packets. It had once belonged to John D. Rockefeller III and had been further aged on the books of Princeton University. Now—tax-free, and with scarcely a string attached—it was passed along to Joseph Sisco, of the Department of State; Luna Leopold, of the Geological Survey; Mary Mills, of the Public Health Service; Robert Moot, of Defense; Robert Solomon, of the Federal Reserve; and Samuel Cohn, of the Budget. Cohn and Moot shared a ten-thousand-dollar award. The others went home with ten thousand apiece.

Rockefeller and Princeton have been doing this for twenty years. Rockefeller felt so sorry for civil servants during the era of the witch hunts and the deep-freeze scandals that he sought a way to stimulate their morale, and since not even John D. Rockefeller can just hand cash to a public servant without setting off a sprinkler system somewhere, he gave Princeton stewardship of the money and asked



"Say, Frank, did I leave some boughs of holly and a little Christmas tree in here last night?"



"Now look what you've done!"

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the university to set up a program to select recipients. The Rockefeller Public Service Awards, as they are called, were first given for educational purposes—for people in mid-career to take a year off and go back to school. That idea, as much as anything, led Congress to produce the Government Employees Training Act of 1958, by which the government now does on a wide scale what Rockefeller was doing for a few people. Since then, the Rockefeller awards have been given as outright gifts in recognition of accomplishment, and although they are virtually unknown outside the government, they carry more prestige (and far more money) than any other award given to members of the Civil Service.

In addition to a jacket, the one thing a civil servant most desires to have attached to his lapel is a tiny orange-and-black rosette that marks him as the winner of a Rockefeller Public Service Award. Departments nag for them, compete like football teams. Defense will call up Princeton, flash a little first-strike capability, and ask after the chances of this or that Defenseman. Commerce buzzes analogously. State skips diplomacy. Meanwhile, hundreds of letters have gone out from the university to people in and around the government, asking for detailed nominations. Anyone at all can write a nominating letter without being asked. The result is a list of about a hundred and twenty-five nominees a year—the best among the people Franklin Roosevelt described as having "a passion for anonymity." At Rockefeller's expense (he stirs in about a quarter of a million dollars every three years), a committee of academic presidents and academic deans, ex-bureaucrats, a law professor, and so forth is drawn to Princeton from around the country, and for three days they argue and read dossiers until they have chosen (in most years) five names. Nominees can be held over from year to year. Someone nominated first by Adlai Stevenson and later by Henry Cabot Lodge and later by Dean Rusk and later by William Rogers would not be untypical, and might or might not eventually win. Each of the 1971 winners had been nominated before, some as many as seven times.

On what might be called the Day of the Civil Servant, higher functionaries—Cabinet members, directors, division chiefs—come to the Shoreham Hotel as applauding spectators, fathers at a school play. The carpets are awash with appointed leadership: Morton, this year, and Chafee, Schultz, Froehlke, Burns, Richardson (the speaker, his notes tucked away: "We honor not merely the best in civil service but civil service itself . . ."). Goldberg. Lodge. Rockefeller himself—so tall, with a smile that could sweeten salt—concerned about his program. "Stimulus is the purpose," he tells us. "Is it getting through? Is it doing what it should do? It's a way of showing appreciation to unsung heroes. More than criticism ought to reach these people. They're not names that have news value, of course. I suppose that's the point." Robert Goheen, Princeton's accomplished president, is ready with parchment scrolls, rosettes, checks, and a few asides of his own ("The concept of the ivory tower is not all nonsense . . ."). The crowd, in the main, is old winners—nearly a hundred of them this year, out of a hundred and thirty-two. They come early, where the sunlight is.

"I was sitting at home one Sunday reading the papers when the special-delivery postman came and, in effect, handed me ten thousand dollars," one of them remembered for us. "I thought that was nice. I decided to keep it." His name was John Leddy. He played for State. He won in 1966.

"To a wage-slave public servant, ten thousand dollars tax-free is welcome," said U. Alexis Johnson, State, 1965. "It's the most sought-after award in State and the Foreign Service. I paid off bank loans. I had always hoped that maybe the lightning might strike, but I never really expected it."

Cohn, of 1971, who has been framing the federal budget for twenty-five years, said he had been nominated seven times and had "kind of given up." Now what came most to his mind was all the dinners he had missed at home, the weekends away from his children. "It feels great to know that someone else cares," he said. "My wife will make the plans for the money. It's the least I can do for her."

"Surprised? Hell, no. I felt I deserved it all the way along," said Sisco, an almost perennial nominee during the past decade. "I think I know what pushed me over the top. Frankly, I've been what is known as a crisis manager—you know, floating around between the Arabs and the Israelis. For better or for worse, I got most of the credit for negotiating singlehanded the cease-fire a year ago between the Israelis and the Egyptians. It's rare in this business—foreign affairs—to be able to point back to a specific achievement, but I feel in this case that I can. The award means a great deal to me. It has gone in the past, you know, to the Chip Bohlens, the Tommy Thompsons, the Alex Johnsons, the Foy Kohlers—people you are kind of proud to be matched with. High-quality stuff. The money? I've been working seven days a week on Indo-Pakistan. I haven't had time to think what to do with it. What I want most in the world is a free weekend, and right now ten thousand dollars couldn't buy one for me."

Cocktails come quietly in the forenoon. Rockefeller is a Baptist and does not really approve, but Princeton, after all, is running the program. Like Sisco, we float—among contenders, old and new. We meet a tall woman in the uniform of a rear admiral. The name-plate on her jacket says merely "Abdellah." Beside her is Mary Mills, in the four stripes of a Navy captain. They are nurses in the Commissioned Corps of the Public Health Service. Mills, the prize-winner, has taught and practiced nursing and midwifery for sixteen years in Africa and the Middle East. A building in a hospital complex in Lebanon is named for her. Her handshake would still a jackhammer. She confesses that this event is the most important thing that has ever happened to her. "That and the day you joined the Corps," says Admiral Abdellah.

"The public image of the Defense Department is not such as leads people to pass out awards," Moot tells us. Moot is an Assistant Secretary there and was nominated for the award by Secretary Laird. "We have done things that the public equates with using funds that might be needed elsewhere, if you see what I mean. So this was a pleasant surprise. I hope it indicates a better understanding of our efforts to disengage from Southeast Asia."

Luna Leopold seems particularly to epitomize what the Rockefeller awards are about: the singling out of a government worker of no nonsense and stunning competence, the strong suggestion that he is not unique but one of a kind, the concomitant revelation that someone is noticing, even cheering, what he is doing. Leopold is a hydrologist, a world authority on river mechanics—a name from an inner page of a newspaper, if ever there at all. With a single report, though, he may have saved the Everglades. Dark, tall, a falcon, he appears to have been stolen from a wall in the Prado. He knows just why he is here. "It is a good thing Rockefeller is doing," he says. "Someone has asked me, 'For what do you think you are being cited?' No one in the middle echelon actually thinks that he himself will get the award, but the fact that someone gets it makes everyone feel his job is more important. Personally, it means that the Secretary's office has zeroed in on you and that you are the most prominent candidate the department can promote at the time. You appreciate the confidence. The public, meanwhile, has lost confidence in government and in people who work for the government. Rockefeller is saying that *somebody* thinks federal service is a good thing. There's a hell of a lot of good work done in the government."

One winner, some years ago, almost immediately changed his field from aerospace to oceanography and used his ten thousand to buy a diving bell. Some have used the money to finance the writing of books. For the most part, the funds dissipate to mortgagees and colleges (tuition for children). Mills will advance her professional education. Moot told us that he felt helpless before his teen-age children, who would do the deciding. Solomon planned to buy "a little piece of Cape Cod." A winner once went straight to the nearest dealer and bought himself an air-conditioned Cadillac. Rockefeller could not care less what happens to the money, as long as the winners keep working for the government. Before being confirmed by Princeton's trustees, they are asked to declare that they have no immediate plans to retire. That is the one string attached.

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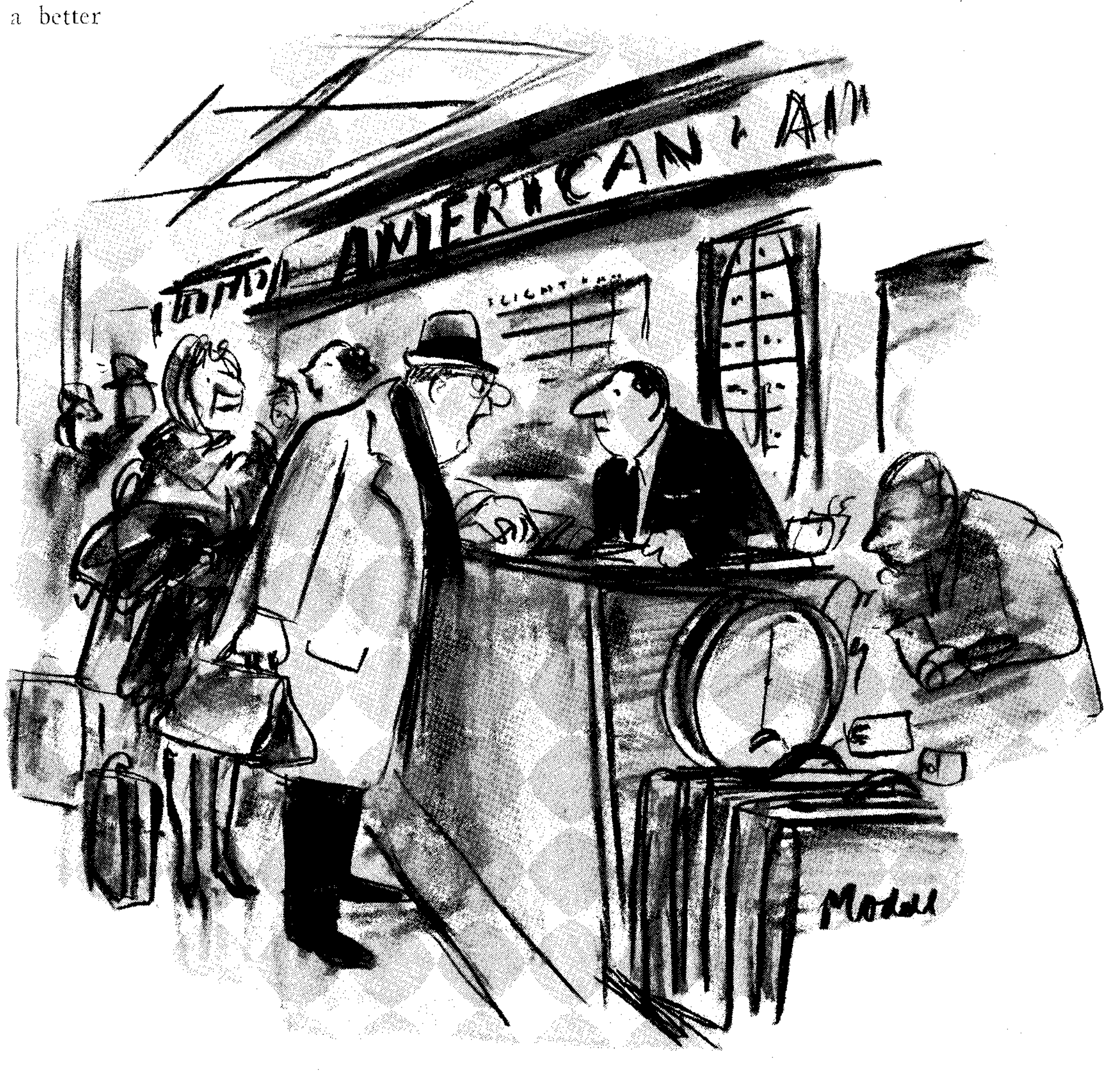
CHINESE: A few weeks ago, when a friend of ours received an invitation emblazoned with a gold-and-red seal and asking, first in Chinese characters and then in English, for the pleasure of his company at a "film reception" that the delegation of the People's Republic of China to the twenty-sixth session of the General Assembly of the United Nations was giving, he quickly accepted, and asked us if we would like to come. We accepted, too, and at six o'clock one evening late last week we went with our friend to the United Nations library auditorium, where we found the reception well under way. Cocktail hors d'oeuvres were being served, but the beverage was Chinese tea. A dozen members of the Chinese delegation were standing sin-



"Just don't stick us anywhere near the damn piano bar."

gly in a large, noisy crowd of American guests. Most of them were wearing the dark-blue or dark-gray tunics and matching trousers that are favored by the leadership in China, and black shoes, and most had the style of haircut we have also come to associate with the Chinese leadership—a sort of flat-top on the sides, forming two straight walls that go up and out from the ears, but long on top, with a part near the center, forming two springy shocks that stand up on the head. These precise haircuts, together with the tunic suits, whose expanses of dark blue or gray were unbroken by tie, shirt cuff, shirt collar, or anything else, gave the members of the delegation an air of impeccable neatness and uncluttered simplicity such as we had never seen before in our city. The simplicity of dress was matched by a simplicity of manner. The members of the delegation were alternately beaming a welcome to a guest or perfectly solemn. Conversation with guests seemed to consist primarily of expressions of good will. We heard one member of the delegation say warmly to a tall, middle-aged American man, "We must strengthen the friendship between our peoples." The American was more forthcoming. He started his answer with "Friendship is like a garden that must be watered"—a sentiment that won smiling assent from the Chinese official—and went on, "In the nineteen-fifties, when America and China went to war in Korea . . ." and proceeded to recapitulate a good deal of Cold War history, together with some theories of his about it all. The member of the delegation seemed confused by this, for he nodded all the way through and then said, "We have had a very nice welcome in New York. Please come to China sometime," terminating the discussion. We were introduced to a member of the delegation who looked about thirty, and he said to us, "We have been here such a short time, and we have so much to learn."

Many of the guests' names were unfamiliar to the Chinese, for the guests had been picked, in part, by American groups who are interested in China, such as the Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, which had a group in China recently. Often, members of the delegation would ask the guests questions and would look searchingly at them, as though seeking clues that would help them find their bearings in this crowd of strange New Yorkers. We had a strong feeling that holding a reception at the cocktail hour for a hundred gaudy, shaggy, talkative New Yorkers wasn't turning out to be the easiest of the revolutionary duties these officials had faced, although it looked as though it were an enjoyable one, for them and for the guests, too.

One of the busiest members of the delegation was Kao Liang, a tall, powerful-appearing man with a large face but small, refined features, who seemed to have taken on the role of social director. We were introduced to him, and no sooner had he clasped our hand in both of his in a warm welcome than he gently took hold of our elbow from behind and began to steer us around the room in search of a member of the delegation who was not already in conversation. We were steered in this way not once but three times, and each time Mr. Kao clasped our hand in both of his and gave us the same smile. On one of these tours, we were introduced to Chiao Kuan-hua, the chairman of the delegation, who is here for only a few weeks. He is a tall, handsome man with a big shock of slightly graying hair, and as we were introduced, he smiled the very broad smile we had seen so often in news photographs. We asked him how he found living in New York, and he said that as he walked about the city New Yorkers on the street had been kind and friendly.

We moved on to a corner of the room where two American graduate students, one with a new beard and the other with long, straggly hair, were talking with another member of the delegation, who was giving them sharp, appraising glances.

"Have you noticed our movement in America to fight war and imperialism?" the graduate student with the beard asked.

"Yes, I have," the delegate answered.

"We feel we have many things to learn from China," the student said cheerfully.

"That is your internal affair. You have your own particular situation. China's revolution can help you, but only as a reference. Countries must make their *own* revolutions," the delegate said.

"Yes, it's no good to depend on others," the student agreed.

"In America, you have the pioneer spirit," the delegate noted.

We left them at that point, and when we came back they were talking about Bengal. The graduate students were worried about China's policy, and one said he'd had "trouble explaining it to other people."

"There is a difference between internal and external affairs," the delegate noted. "In this case, India is trying to dismantle Pakistan. Don't forget, before our revolution the imperialist powers tried to dismember China, too—not just one power but all of them. This was different from Africa and Latin America. Now the Indians are using the refugees from Pakistan as a pretext. There are refugees from Tibet. Will India attack Tibet next? We doubt that India will give the so-called Bangla Desh its freedom. If its people want independence, they have to do it themselves. With outside help, it will fail. That is our principle: You have to make your own revolution. Like the Vietnamese."

A man who had just joined the group asked, "But don't the Bengali revolutionaries have some justice on their side, quite apart from what the Indians are doing?"

"That is an internal matter. It is quite another question," the delegate answered.

It was time for the film. The film was a ballet about a young girl who joins the revolution. The music was in the style of Tchaikovsky, and the dance was militarized classical ballet, with a touch of Chinese traditional dance. The dancers' fists were as often clenched in gestures of resolution as not. The scene opens in pre-revolutionary China. The girl is being beaten up by the henchmen of a landlord. When they are through, she is discovered lying on the ground by two guerrillas of the revolution, one of whom is carrying a large pistol. They take her to train with revolutionary troops, who give her a gun. She returns and, in a fit of anger, shoots the landlord, wounding him. But this emotional shooting turns out to be a breach of revolutionary discipline. Her gun is taken away and she is sent back for more training. She is then given her gun again, and a large battle ensues. The dance movements are apparently based on judo, and there are spectacular scenes of hand-to-hand combat. The girl stabs two reactionary soldiers with a knife, but the leader of her troop, a young man, is captured by the reactionaries, who are led by the landlord, and they burn the young man alive. Soon the revolutionary forces catch up with them, and the girl fights with the landlord, shooting him again. This time, it seems to be all right, for the rest of the revolutionary troop jump up on a wall and shoot together at the spot where the landlord has just fallen, out of sight. The film ends with a joyous victory celebration.

JESUS ON HONSHU

JAPANESE LEGEND SAYS
JESUS ESCAPED TO ORIENT

—Headline, and passages in italics below, from the Times.

TOKYO—*A Japanese legend has excited some curiosity here, that Jesus did not die on the cross outside Jerusalem, but lived in a remote village on the northern part of the Japanese island of Honshu until his death at 106 years of age.*

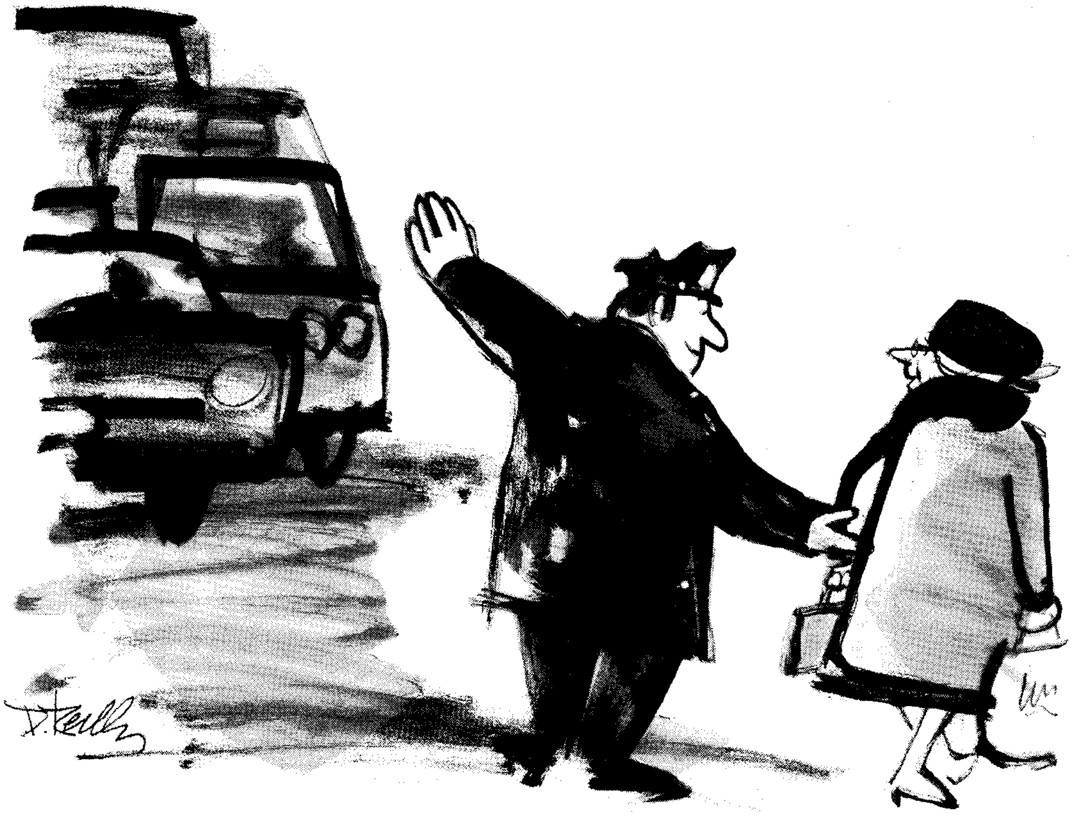
The distances within His blue eyes used to frighten the children. Though toward the end, when His age had passed eighty, His stoop and brittle movements within the kimono approximated the manner of an elderly Japanese, His face, up close, never conformed—the olive skin, the tilted nostrils sprouting hair, the lips excessive in flesh and snarling humor, the eyelids very strange, purplish and wrinkled like the armpits of a salamander. There was never much doubt in the village that He was some sort of god. Even had His eyes given on less immensity, had their blue been flawed by one fleck of amber or one weak ray of pearl, He would have been revered and abhorred by the children. His skin was abnormally porous, His voice came from too deep in His body.

Jesus, so the legend runs, first arrived in Japan at the age of 21 during the reign of the emperor Suinin in what would have been the year 27 B.C. He remained for 11 years under the tutorship of a sage of Etchu Province, the modern Toyama prefecture, from whom he learned much about the country and its customs.

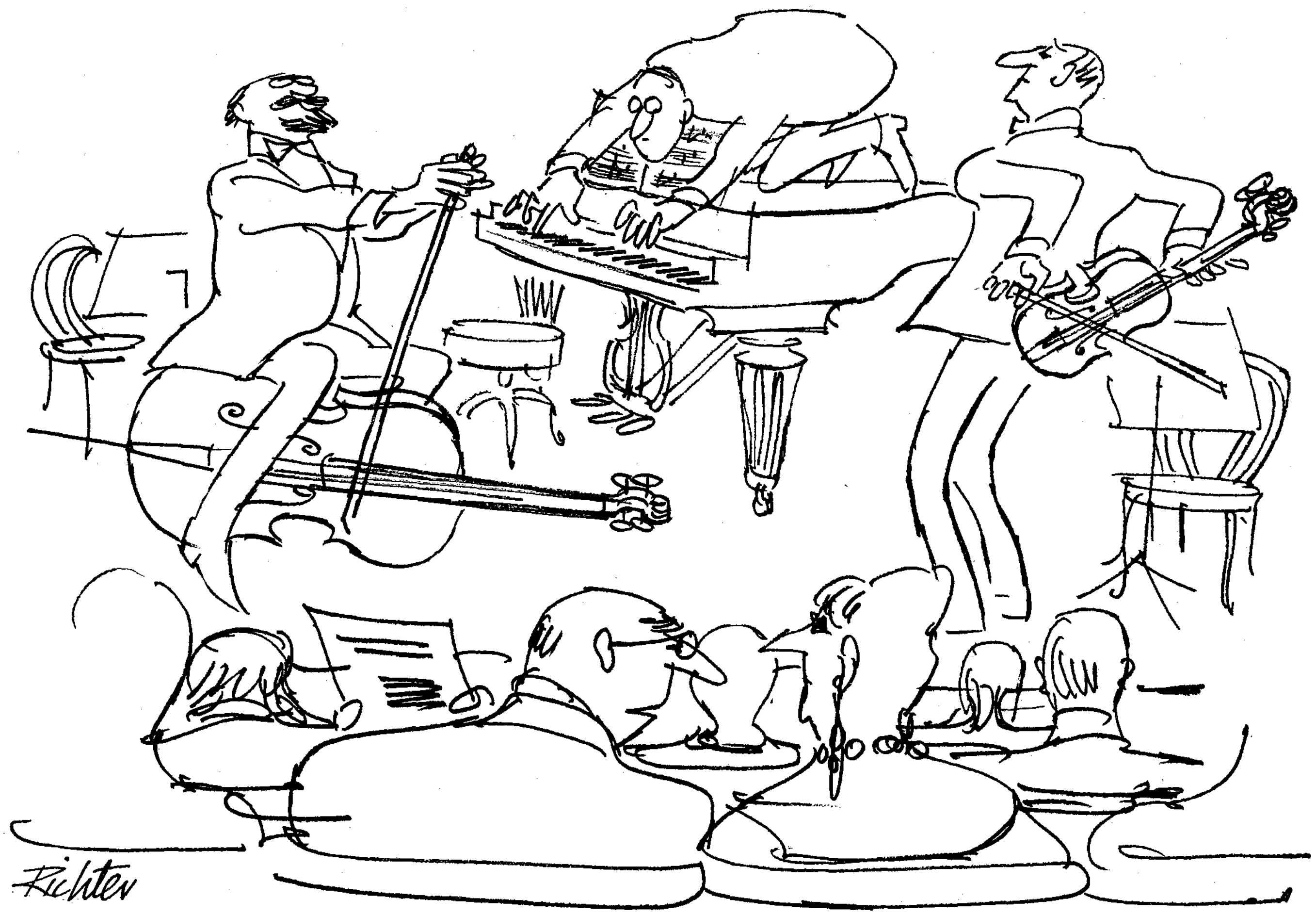
Strangely the distances had melted within Him, leaving little more trace than the ice cakes along the shore leave in spring. What a man does when young becomes a legend to himself when he is old. The straight roads through orange deserts, the goat paths winding through mauve mountains, the silver rivers whose surfaces He discovered He could walk, the distant herds like wandering lakes, the clouds of birds darkening the sun, the delegations of brown people, of yellow people, the green forests where sunlight fell in tiger stripes, the brown forests (tree trunks shaggy as bears, star-blue butterflies fluttering in glades no man had haunted before), unexpected emerald meadows, sheets of snow a month of walking did not dismiss, and in the distance always more mountains, more deserts, the whole world then tasting of vastness as of nectar, glistening, men huddling in mud nests like wasps, the spaces innocent. He had walked because, obscurely, His Father had told Him to. His Father was an imperious restlessness within Him. At last He came to the land of Wa, beyond which was only an enamelled sea without a nether edge. The sage of Etchu took Him in and taught Him many things. He taught the young Jesus that dual consciousness was not to be avoided but desired: only duality reflected the universe. That the eight hundred myriads of daemons (*yao-yorodzu-no-kami*) are false save in that they stand guard against an even more false monism. That the huntsman must bend his thought upon the prey and not upon the bow. That a faith containing fear is an imperfect faith. That the mountains wait to be moved by the touch of a child. That the motions of the mind are full of *Kami* (holy force). That the ways of the gods (*shintō*) are the ways of plants. That a seed must die to live. That the weak are the strong. And many more such things He later preached, and forgot, as the ice cake deposits pebbles and straw in melting. After eleven years, the restlessness seized Him again, and He returned. The trip returning, strangely, was the more difficult of the two; He kept searching for familiar landmarks, and there were none.

Jesus returned to Jerusalem, passing through Monaco on the way, to tell his own people of his experiences in the Orient, it is said. It was his younger brother, known in Japanese as Isukiri, who was later crucified, according to the legend.

No one ever got it quite right, and He Himself ceased trying to understand. Judas (Isukiri) had not been His brother; he had been the troublesomely sensitive disciple, the cloying adorer. Selecting the twelve, Jesus had chosen solid men, to whom a miracle was a way of affecting matter, a species of work. Judas, with his adoration and high hopes and theoretical demands on the Absolute, had attached himself hysterically. The kiss in the garden was typical—all showmanship and symbolism. Then, the priesthood proving obdurate (and why not? any Messiah at all would put them out of a job), Judas had offered to be crucified instead, as if we were dealing with some Moloch that had a simple body quota to meet. The poor Romans were out of their depth; eventually they hanged Judas,



"*Thank you very kindly, Officer, and I want you to know I've always felt most of you fellows were clean as a whistle.*"



"*This must be the scherzo.*"

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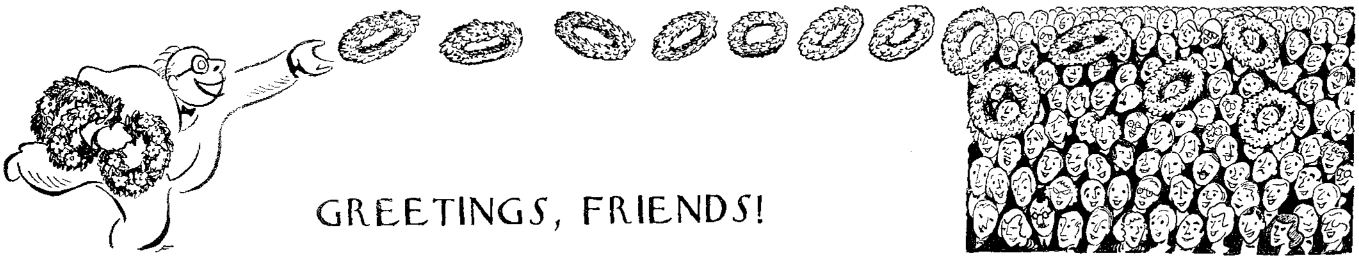
as they generally hanged informers—a straightforward policy of prudence. For Him, there had been nails in the palms, and a crying-out, and then dark coolness, a scuffle in which He overheard women's voices, and a scarlet dawn near the borders of Palestine. For the first days eastward, until the wounds in His feet healed, He had had an escort, He dimly remembered. Gruff men, officials of some sort.

Jesus is said to have escaped and come back to Japan after wandering through the wastes of Siberia. The legend has it that he landed at Hachinoe in Aomori, and settled in Herai, whose name, it has been suggested, derives from the Japanese for Hebrew (Heburai). He married and became the father of three daughters, according to the legend.

Asagao was the oldest, Oigimi the youngest; both married before the age of fifteen, and in them and their children He saw no trace of Himself, only of His wife and the smooth race that had taken Him in as a pond swallows a stone. Ukifune, the middle daughter, called Dragonfly, was tall like Him, with His wrinkled lids and big-knuckled hands and surges of restlessness and mockery. She never married; her scandals affronted the village until she was found dead in her hut, black-lipped, cold. He would have called her back to life, but her face had been monstrously slashed. Poisoned and disfigured by a lover or the wife of a lover. She left a fatherless male infant, Kaoru. Shared between the households of his aunts, the infant grew to be a man, living always in the village, as a mender of nets and thatching. Conscious only of himself as Japanese, Kaoru grew old, with white hair and warts, and Jesus, now over a hundred, would suddenly, senselessly, weep to see in this venerable grandson—hook-nosed profile bent above a chisel, his forearms as gnarled as grapevines—the very image of old Joseph of Bethlehem, seen upwards through the eyes of a child. Things return, form in circles, unravel and reravel, the sage had insisted, crouching with the young traveller on a ledge in the mauve mountains of Etchu, in view of the enamelled sea. Jesus had argued, insisting that there was also a vertical principle in the world, something thrusting, which did not repeat. Now, Himself ancient, He had come to live the sage's scorned truth. He lived in the village as a healer, and the healed kept coming back to Him, their health unravelled, and again He would lay on His hands, and the devils would flee, and the healed would depart upright and rejoicing; only to unravel again, and at last to die, even as He must. A soft heaviness sweetened His veins; His naps lengthened unaccountably. As death neared, His birth and travail far ago, in that minor desert place, among Rome's centurions, seemed more and more miraculous: a seed He had left behind, and that had died, engendering a growth perhaps as great as a mustard tree. Or perhaps His incarnation there, those youthful events, were lost in the scuffle of history, dust amid dust. Whatever the case, He never doubted that He was unique, the only son of God. In this, at least, He resembled all men.

One family in the village says it is descended from Jesus. Many of the children have the star of David sewn on their clothes, and parents sometimes mark the sign of the cross in ink on the foreheads of children to exorcise evil spirits. . . . An annual "Christ festival," held on June 10, attracts many visitors. —JOHN UPDIKE



GREETINGS, FRIENDS!

Friends of the sometimes human race,
At the close of this alleged year of grace
Accept this well-meant seasonal blast
From your durable ghost of Christmas Past.
Allow us to state that this roundelay
Is penned expressly to brighten the Day
For Birgit Nilsson, Kay Leach,
Vida Blue, and Stacy Keach.
It's meant to wish *Joyeux Noël*
To Ed Marinaro, of Cornell,
Mona Van Duyn, John Hay Whitney,
Jan Myrdal, P. Adams Sitney,
Twyla Tharp, Paul Henry Lang,
And Valéry Giscard d'Estaing!
On New Year's Eve, the undersigned gaffer
Will hold wassail with Anthony Shaffer,
And cheerfully share a holiday snort
With Burt Bacharach, Bobby Short,
Joe Frazier, Cliff Gorman,
Thalassa Cruso, and Miloš Forman.
Minstrels, kindly burst into song
For Australia's Evonne Goolagong,
For Peter Townshend, Barry Morell,
Lady Fleming, and Joan Blondell.
Let's join these Christmas waits to chant
A blithesome anthem for Lee Grant;
With Nancy Hanks and Evelyn Lear
We'll tell how it came on a midnight clear,
And yours truly and Anthony Newley
Will warble for Dr. Denton Cooley.
We'll sing glad songs in the sooty snow
In honor of Alan Sillitoe,
Red Smith, Luchino Visconti,
And Adriana Maliponte!
Encore? Bis? Then make ring the welkin
For Enid Bagnold and Stanley Elkin,
And bawl a Yule magnificat
For Lindsay, the newborn Democrat,
And give three rousing New Year cheers
For Plum Wodehouse's ninety years!
Fröhliche Weihnachten, Willy Brandt!
Grateful blessings on U Thant!
We'll loosen geriatric kinks
And do our best to hold high jinks
With Roger Grimsby, Della Reese,
And Tom and Trudy Calabrese,
And others on our Christmas list,
Like Sada Thompson, Reri Grist,
Daniel Ellsberg, Leonard Frey,
Theodore Kheel, and Chou En-lai.
God rest you merry, Grayson Hall!
God Jul to *you*, Thor Heyerdahl!
Now, Grays and Thor, come quaff the bowl
With Polly Toynbee, Anthony Powell,
Bobby Fischer, Laffit Pincay,
T-Bone Walker, and Louis Nye!
Peace to candidates and their blandishments;
Help! for '72's outlandishments.
Hark, as the baseball cognoscenti
Trumpet the feats of Roberto Clemente,
The Pirates' Murtaugh and pitcher Blass—
The Birds were their pigeons on the grass.
Mistletoe from this versifier
To Melba Moore and Roberta Pryor,
Lynn Fontanne, Virginia Dwan,
And Mrs. Persis Widermann!
Hogmanay from this poetaster
To H. H. Broun, the telecaster,
Also to Muppets Bert and Ernie,
And Whit Seymour, the Dist. Attorney.
You Met sopranos! Do your thing
As a parting salute to Rudolf Bing.
Tina Turner! Sing out, but croon your
Reprise for Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
Now, dears, let's finish up our shopping
(Before the bills of Jan. come dropping):
For Harold Aks, some velvet slacks
From Jerry Orbach and Gene Saks;
For Jennifer Licht, something lacy
From Robert Altman and Gertrude Macy.
Schoolmaster Harvey Scribner? Books!
Joe Durso? Shirts from Geraldine Brooks,
And a brilliant tie for Elgin Baylor
From Sterling Lord & Elizabeth Taylor!
We wish a fond *Buon Natale*
To Kay Mather and Terrence McNally.
Love to Father George B. Ford,
Kent McCord, and Barbara Ward.
Pile Christmas wreaths on Whitman Knapp,
Nicholas Johnson, Joseph Papp,
Sandy Duncan, Rick Barry, Ilonka
Karasz, John Guare, and Larry Csonka.
Let hautboys sound for Arthur Krock!
All hail to Harvard's Derek Bok!
Joy to Leonards Baskin and Cohen,
And to Princeton's William G. Bowen—
And will the Tiger glee club trill
For Columbia's prexy, William McGill?
Monica Dickens, come by the fire,
Call up the shade of your great-grandsire,
And read to us (in our gay apparel)
The warm staves of his "Christmas Carol"
As we hark to the wild bells' promise
(Rung by Michael Tilson Thomas)!

Friends, on this ancient holiday
Let as little as possible us dismay.
Despite the world's lugubrities
And ambient insalubrities,
And though Utopia still elude us,
Let none of this from joy preclude us!
We'll bless our friends and lift a cup
And, like the Wise Men looking up,
Fix our gaze on a distant light—
Peace to us all, and to all a good night.

—Frank Sullivan

MARIE

NOW all of the family was home for Christmas. When Marie returned from an afternoon of last-minute shopping with an aunt in Peoria, Jerome and Charles had arrived and were sitting at the kitchen table, playing a game of pinochle with Tim and her father. They were away at college and hadn't been home since Thanksgiving, and she was so happy to see them that she almost sang out "Joy to the World!" in a loud, clear voice, as she'd been singing it all the way home in the car.

"Mrs. Claus returneth," Tim said, and Marie wondered, since her hands were full of packages, how Tim pictured the name: Claws?

Charles looked up from his cards and said, "Hey, hey, Marie," and Jerome said, "How have you been?"

"Fine," she said, smiling and studying her older brothers with affection. They were wearing the sweaters she'd sent for their birthdays—it was like them to be so thoughtful—and Jerome had on a new pair of stylish, horn-rimmed glasses that made his hollow-cheeked face look fuller and more direct.

She was relieved that they didn't get up from the table to greet her. She felt awkward enough already. They were much older than their ages, it seemed, and she always felt insignificant when they were near; they were both so intelligent she was sure they'd learned things she couldn't possibly learn in her whole life. She blushed, embarrassed and at the same time comforted by the feelings they aroused in her, and put her packages down on the kitchen counter.

"Oh!" she said. She'd tracked in snow and it was melting around her shoes. She went to the sink, took a sponge from its drainboard, and blotted at the water. The house had to be perfect for Christmas, correctly arranged and immaculate, so the spirit of the season could move free and unhindered through all of the rooms. It had taken her two weeks to clean and decorate the house, and now, as usual, she was the first to track it up.

"Have you joined the Thespian Club yet?" Charles asked. He'd been the president when he was a senior in high school, and he acted at the university now; his hair was long again, halfway down his neck, and she remembered hearing that he was in another play, one by Shakespeare, something with "night" in the title. She'd often wanted to go to the university with her father to watch Charles perform, but she was afraid she wouldn't understand the play and then wouldn't know what to say to Charles afterward. He was very sensitive.

"Oh, no," she said. "I'm just a freshman."

"So? I joined when I was a freshman."

"But you're so good. I can't act."

"Sure you can."

"I'd feel too dumb standing in front of all those people."

"Get into makeup or props."

"Maybe next year."

Her father, who'd been staring at Charles, said, "Will it be necessary for her to grow her hair as long as yours in order to act?"

"Oh, for God's sake," Charles said.

"I used to act in school, too, you know," her father said, "but that doesn't mean I ran around looking like a bum. I'll give you five dollars right now if you'll run uptown the first thing in the morning and have that cut off."

"It's supposed to be long."

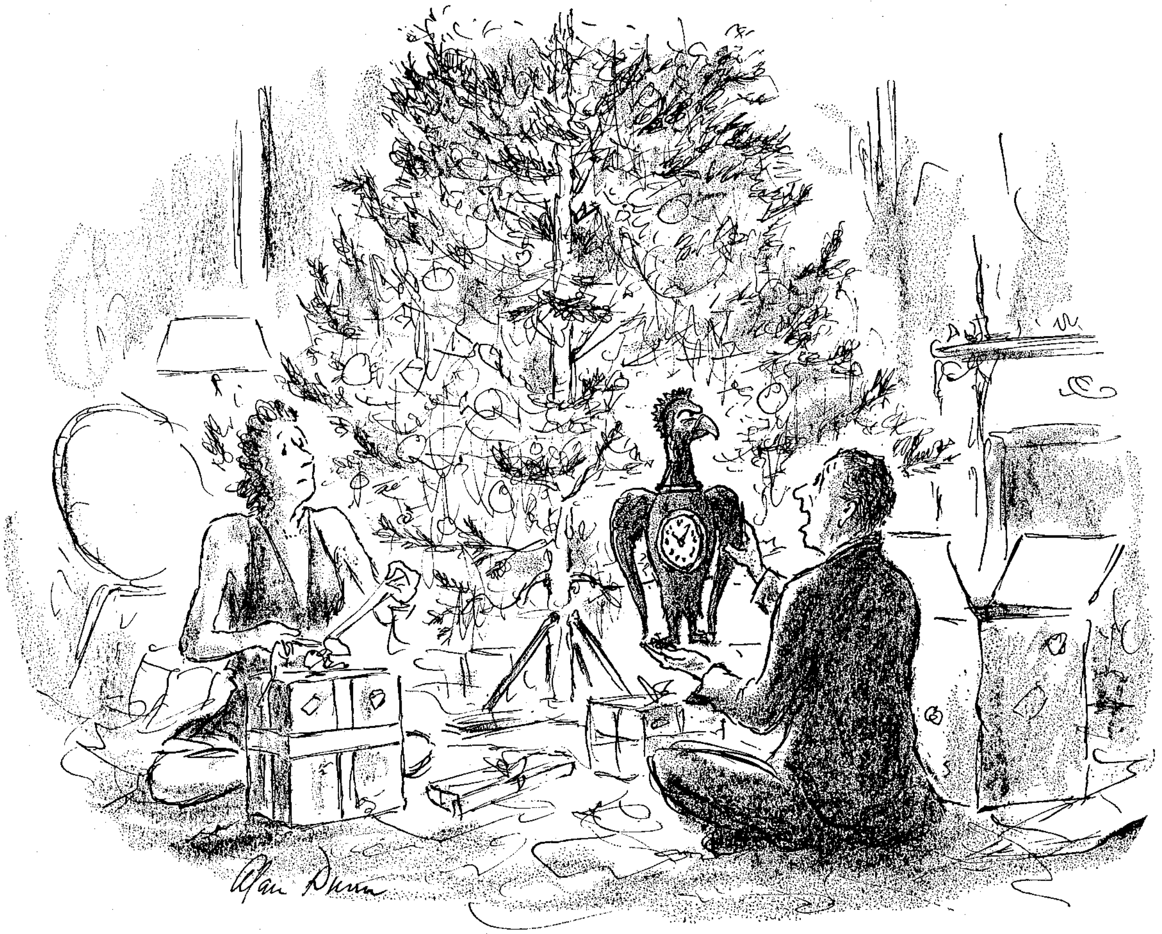
"Wear a wig!"

Charles' face flushed with color and he turned to his cards.

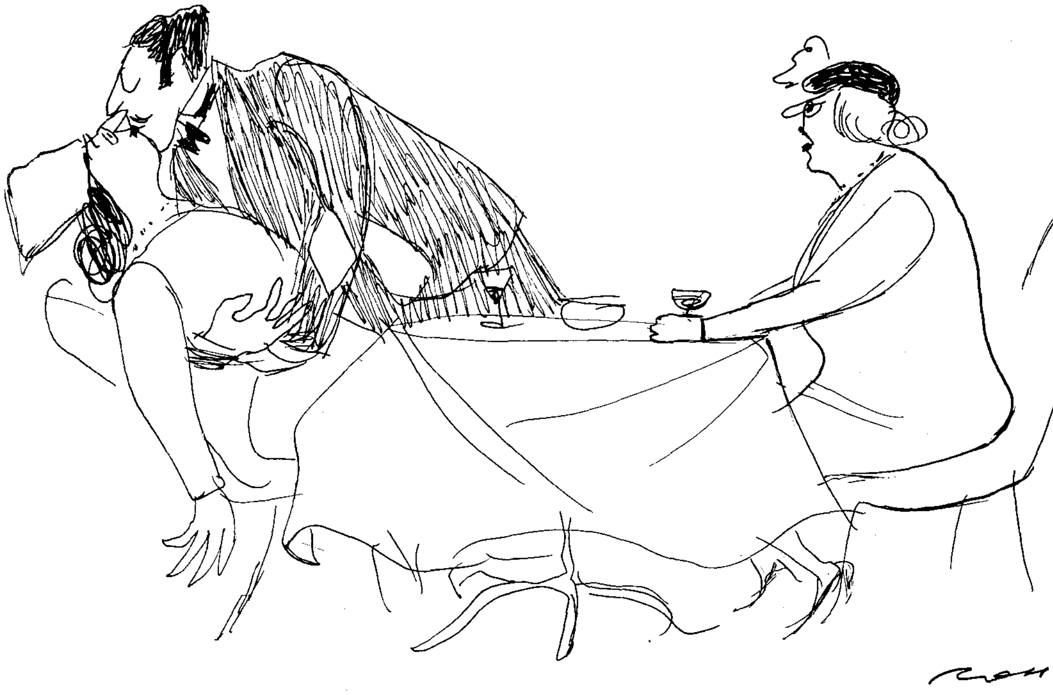
Marie put the sponge in the sink and noticed that Tim and her father, who were paired off against Jerome and Charles, were secretly passing the signals that Tim had devised over the fall. Did Jerome and Charles have their own set of signals? She hoped so.

Tim crossed his eyes and said through clenched teeth, "Rack 'em up! Wrap 'em up! Rip 'em up! Whip 'em out!"—he plucked a card from the neat fan in his hand and lifted it high in the air—"Ah, ha! Ah, ya-ha-ha! *Winny*-beat! *Winny*-beat! Whoo, whoo*ooooo!*" His eyes uncrossed. "Feast on this, fond bluver Jerbloom," he said, and flipped the card, an ace, down on the table. "Shazam! Screwdini takes trick!"

Jerome, whose play was next, kept staring at his cards and said, in his dispassionate, gravelly drawl, "You're a



"I wish our friends wouldn't strain so to give us something we didn't already have."



“See, I told you you overtip.”

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hebephrenic schizophrenic.”

“Oooo!” Tim said. “Large words stream from one so highly educated.”

“Come on, come *on*,” her father said. “Either play cards or act the fool, one of the two, or let’s just quit right now.”

“I choose the former of those, kind sire,” Tim said, and tossed down another ace.

“Hmm,” her father said, glancing at his cards. “That helps.”

“You betchum, Big M,” Tim said, referring to her father’s name, Martin.

“Play!”

At her father’s elbow was a beanbag ashtray, filled with cigarette butts, orange peels, peanut shells, and the butts and chewed bits of her father’s cigars. She’d have to remember to empty the ashtray before it gave off that awful odor of old cigars that she’d grown up with most of her life. And she’d have to remember, too, to set out more ashtrays; Jerome and Charles smoked in the house now, instead of going for a walk.

Jerome closed one eye, pushed out his lips, drew back from his cards like a farmer, and said in a farmer’s voice, “Looks like you two are gonna git trounced agin!” And then he threw down a trump.

Marie laughed. Jerome, the oldest, was solemn and reserved, and never acted in such an absurd manner (which he did very badly) unless he was embarrassed. He must be happy to see her. She smiled and the light around the edges of her eyes turned rainbow-colored from tears. She picked up her packages and went into the living room. It was dimly lit and smelled of pine pitch and the countryside from the ceiling-high tree. The television was playing, coloring the front wall and half of the ceiling gray-violet, and above the back of the easy chair she could see a half-moon of big hair curlers. Without taking her eyes from the television, without moving the curlers, Susan said, in her rapid, matter-of-fact voice, “What’d you get me, Marc?”

Her younger sister was as intelligent as the boys—a straight-A student who never had to study. Although Susan had never taken an algebra course in her life, she was able to solve Marie’s algebra problems (how could anybody add *x*’s, when they were letters?), and Marie sometimes felt that she’d been born into the family to remind the others to be grateful.

“You’ll have to wait till Christmas to find out,” Marie said.

“You *never* wait.”

“I know.”

“You see everything everybody’s got a week before they get it.”

“I know,” Marie said.

She couldn’t bear the uncertainty. She always rewrapped the packages as carefully as she could, sometimes adding touches of her own—a larger bow, an arrangement of bright tape, or a design cut from colored foil or an old Christmas card. Unless they were gifts for her father. His she had to rewrap exactly as she’d found them or he’d realize they’d been opened, and he couldn’t stand it if anybody knew what he was getting before he did. She arranged the gifts she’d brought in (she’d redo them later), along with the others already under the tree, to balance the colors and best display those that were most artistically wrapped. Then she reached to the stand at the center of the tree and put her finger into it; she’d filled it with water this morning and added a spoonful of molasses for food, and the level was still high.

She realized that she was singing “O Little Town of Bethlehem” under her breath and stopped. It irritated Tim and Charles that she was constantly singing and humming songs—Tim, especially—and when they were younger Tim had named her Hum-Hound. Lately, whenever a song unconsciously rose from her, she’d be jolted by a punch to her shoulder. “Hum-Hound! Hum-Hound!” Tim would say with eyes so angry his pupils appeared to be red. “Goddam-ass Hum-Hound!”

She rearranged a few of the foil icicles hanging from the branches. She’d used eleven packages on the tree. Instead of just draping handfuls of icicles here and there, or tossing them at the tree, as the boys did, and letting them fall where they would, she’d suspended each icicle separately, as she’d seen somebody else (a friend’s mother?) do, and now the tree looked like a waterfall of silver. The colored lights were reflected everywhere off the icicles, and so were the ornaments (she moved a blue globe with a gold sunburst in its center to another branch), if they were hung in the right places.

Something was missing. She stepped back and looked up. The star at the tip of the tree was lit, casting a red streak across the ceiling. She’d arranged cotton snow around the stand before putting down any of the packages, the manger scene was set up, and this year she’d repaired a shepherd that hadn’t been used as long as she could remember, and had included him in the group of night visitors at the stable. Every room in the house but the one she shared with Susan was clean, the floors were waxed, and the Christmas-tree lights were reflected in the sheen of the living-room linoleum like colored stars at her feet.

A miniature sleigh filled with candy and nuts sat in a circle of pine branches on the coffee table, and she could see the wreath on the front door, through the venetian blinds. An angel in an attitude of prayer kneeled among greenery on the television set. There was a candelabra behind the angel, and candles of red and green and white were standing singly and in pairs on the coffee table, the end tables, the gateleg table, the smoking stand. Candles were perfect for a celebration, much better than electric lights. With candles burning, there was room for darkness, for the emotions that arose only in subdued light, and the flames swayed as though to music that was perpetually joyful and serene. On Christmas Eve, with all of these lit, the family would be surrounded by a multitude of presences, and the moving shadows would make it seem that even the past had joined them.

Marie went into the kitchen and found four pairs of eyes fixed on her.

"Oh," she said. "Do you want coffee?"

They turned back to their cards and in different tones of voice "Sure, sure, sure, sure" went around the table, as though they were bidding. She filled the percolator with water from the faucet and took down the coffee. In this house, the smell of brewing coffee was almost constant; any of the four could empty a coffeepot in a few hours, and there were times when Jerome and Charles even took their mugs upstairs and had coffee and cigarettes just before bed. What did they talk about?

Marie realized that her father's voice was pitched as it was pitched only when he spoke to her—higher, imperative, and for some reason always impatient. She looked over her shoulder at him. "Yes?"

"I said, 'Don't you think it's about time you took off your coat?' Can't you hear?"

"Oh," Marie said. "I forgot."

She folded it and placed it over the back of a chair and went to the refrigerator. She'd also forgotten the platter of cold cuts she'd prepared for this evening. Her father and the boys were always hungry. They ate hearty meals of several helpings and they ate whenever they had the inclination between meals, but none of them ever put on weight. Why? Though she just picked at her food, she was always heavier than she wanted to be; not overweight, really, but never as slim as she'd like.

She removed the waxed paper from the platter and there lay wedges of cheese and slices of ham, corned beef, and liverwurst, rayed around a central arrangement of olives. Charles and Tim loved olives. She popped one in her mouth. She carried the platter across the room and placed it on the table, and her father glanced up at her in an abrupt, annoyed way. Was he losing at cards? He couldn't stand to lose. He'd say, "Oh, well, it's just a game," and go into the living room and sit slumped in his chair, brooding about it, pulling and punishing the hair at the back of his head. And then, suddenly, he'd be sitting at the kitchen table again, riffling the edge of the card deck and saying, "Well, is there anybody in this house brave enough to take a chance?"

Her father wasn't nearly as restless and displeased with himself since he'd gone back to teaching five years ago, and in that time he'd worked his way up from coach and P.E. instructor in the junior high to being principal of the high school. That gave him great satisfaction. And since the beginning of the summer he'd been seeing Laura, a youthful-looking and youthful-spirited widow in Chicago, and had become much happier, much more open and demonstrative than Marie had ever seen him. Though he couldn't carry a tune, he'd come into the kitchen where she was working, throw his arms out wide, and sing in the nasal voice of that old movie star Eddie Nelson, or whoever, "Oh, Marie! Ah, Marie . . ."

All through the fall, he'd been driving to Chicago nearly every weekend, and he planned to spend part of the holidays there. He slammed down a trump to take a trick, spread out his cards on the table, and said, "I've got the rest," and then tossed the cards to Jerome. He turned his annoyed look full on Marie. "I suppose you spent too much again today."

"I think the checking account might be overdrawn."

"Over*drawn*?"

"Maybe."

"Maybe? Can't you subtract?"

"Well, you know . . ." Her figures never came out right.

"That money was supposed to last you till the middle of January!"

"I know."

"What do you expect to buy groceries with?"

She blushed and lowered her eyes. "I saw some things I had to get."

"Some 'things.' *What* 'things'?"

"You'll see."

"Ach!"

He turned back to the game, shaking his head as he gathered up his dealt cards, and heaved a big sigh of anger and exasperation. Laura, who was a private secretary and a bookkeeper, planned everything months in advance, and always carried out her plans to the letter, and, from observing how she managed, Marie's father had become more intolerant than ever of the way Marie handled money. Marie realized that it wasn't right to spend so much on everybody at Christmas when they didn't have that much, but she couldn't help herself. And anyway, she knew that her father would get over his anger when he saw the gift.

She'd bought him a bedroom valet of solid maple. There was a seat where he could sit as he dressed, with a drawer beneath it filled with shoe-care equipment (she'd also bought a shoehorn with a handle of deer antler), and a shelf beneath that for shoes; maple shoe presses came with it, and its back was a hanger for suits. Her father had become careful about his dress and appearance. He was always going into the bathroom to brush his teeth, and from the living room you could hear him gargling mouthwash. He combed his hair in a new way, to conceal his bald spot, his shoes weren't dull and scuffed, as they used to be, his suits were always pressed, and Marie no longer had to tell him when a tie and a sport jacket clashed.

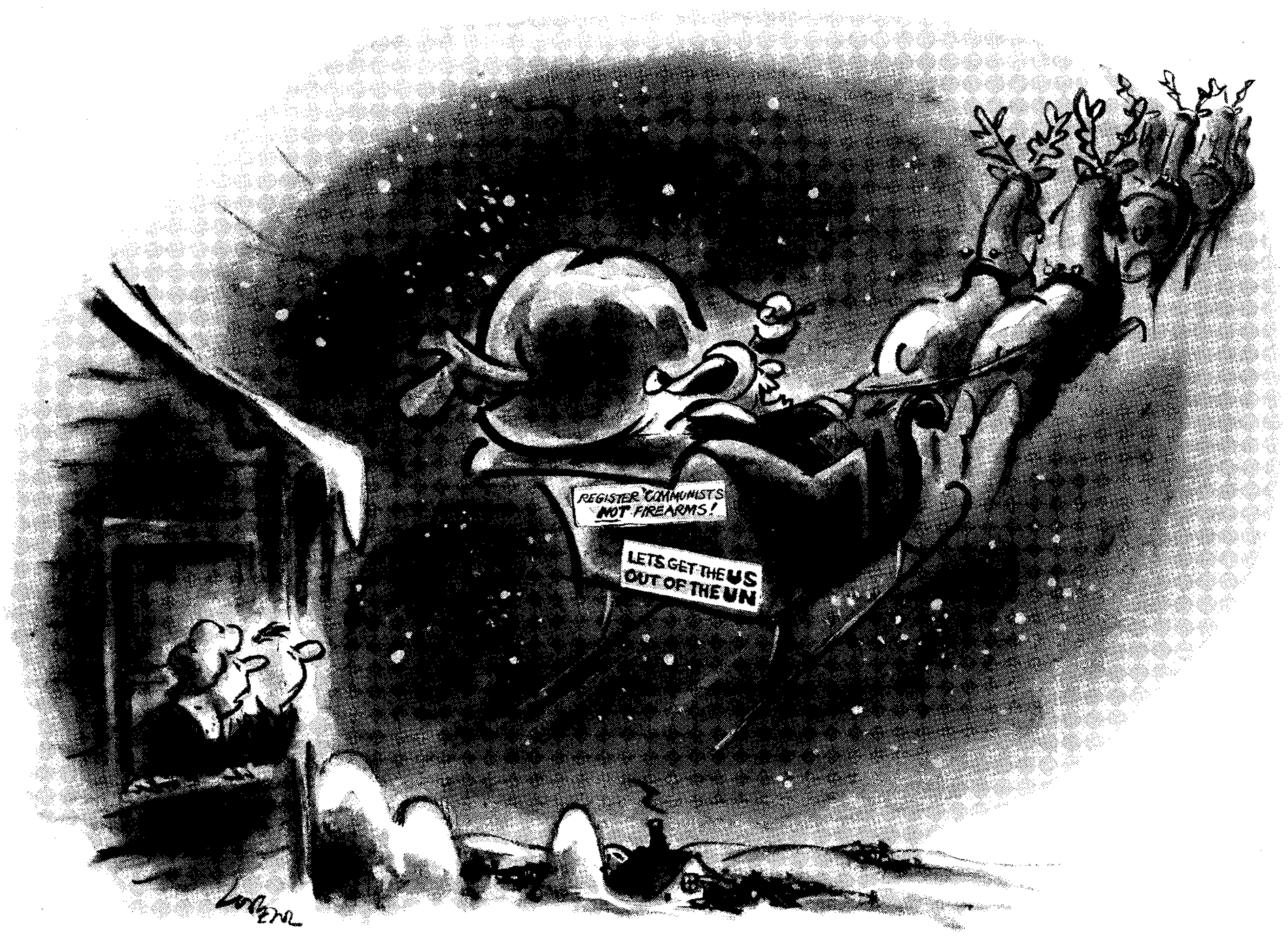
"The coffee will be done in a minute," she said. "Is there anything else I can get?"

"You can get me back that money you just spent," her father said.

Jerome looked up at Marie and smiled a faint smile, hardly moving his lips. He was so relaxed and easygoing about everything that Marie envied him. She smiled back, and then Jerome twisted up his lips as though he'd tasted lemon, shrugged his shoulders, and turned back to his cards.

Marie picked up her coat and went into the bedroom she shared with Susan.

IT was absolutely quiet on this side of the house. Every time Marie walked through the door of her room, she felt she'd stepped into a private hid-


REGISTER COMMUNISTS NOT FIREARMS!
LETS GET THE US OUT OF THE UN

"That's funny. For some reason, I always thought of him as a liberal."

• •

ing place of her own creation. She couldn't hear the television or the sound of voices, and all the clothes seemed to hold silence. They were everywhere. The doors of the closet were thrown back, and it was filled with clothes, and clean clothes and dirty clothes were piled on the dressers, on the chairs and the beds, which were unmade, and all over the floor; undergarments hung from dresser knobs. Her father often complained about the condition of the room, especially in the past few months, and last week he walked in on her when she was half dressed and shouted, "Gol*dammit*, get this crap cleaned up or I'm going to throw it out the door!" Which frightened her more than if he'd actually started throwing it; it was one of the few times she'd heard her father swear. His face was crimson.

She tried to clean it up then, and she'd made an effort almost every day since, but it seemed impossible. She felt comfortable here. Besides the quiet, it was well heated, always warm, not like some areas of the house, and now the room was filled with a shuddering glow from a candle burning on the vanity.

The candle was supposed to last for the twelve days of Christmas, but she doubted whether it would, since it already appeared to be about a half day ahead. Everything she got for herself was imperfect in some way, it seemed, or destined to break down, like the useless clock beside the candle. The vanity, which was her mother's, was still in good shape, and over the summer Jerome and Charles had stained and refinished it for her. Now it was the same shade of maple as the valet she'd got for her father. She sat on the vanity bench and put the tip of her finger into the pool of wax at the top of the candle, and its flame jumped higher. She held up the finger, turning it to allow the wax to harden, and then held it apart from her others as she pushed back her hair.

Her face bothered her; it always had. Aunts and older women said that she was "lovely" or "adorable" or "pretty as a picture," but she thought she looked awful. "Scary-Mare," Tim used to call her, and that seemed a perfect description. Her hairline was uneven, her upper lip looked swollen, her nose was too small, though not as small as Susan's, and her eyes were too big. It was mostly the eyes, moon eyes, as she thought of them. They were large and circular, like half dollars, larger even than her father's, which were enormous behind his glasses.

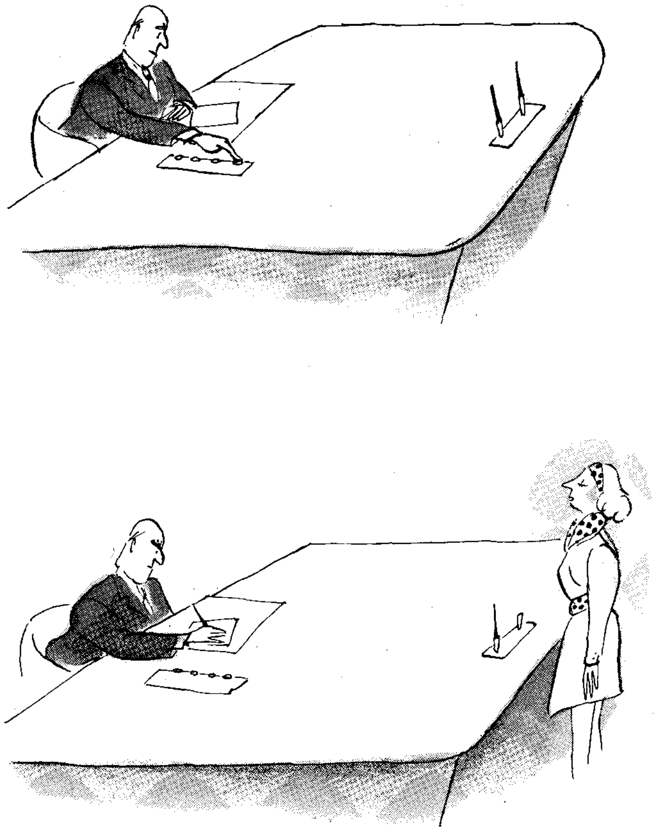
She looked at the photograph she'd placed, several years ago, under the molding at the bottom of the vanity mirror: her mother, standing in front of a snow-covered lilac bush, dressed in a dark suit, her hands hidden in a muff, was smiling broadly and looking directly into the camera. When was the picture taken? And where? It was Marie's favorite photograph of her mother, and she'd removed it from a family album and put it here to have it close, so she could remember how her mother looked. She died when Marie was three years old—"passed away," they said, gone. When Marie first put the picture on the mirror, she used to stare at it for long periods of time and whisper, as if she were praying, "Oh, Mom, come back, come back," until she began to cry; but after a few months she couldn't cry anymore, it was too difficult to keep doing, and that made her feel ashamed, unworthy of being her mother's daughter.

Marie's aunts would say, "Your mother was a wonderful woman—it's a shame you couldn't have known her better," and that made her feel worse. She didn't really remember her mother, and couldn't say what she was like at all. Tim, who was two years older, also had trouble remembering (though with him it sometimes seemed on purpose), and when they were children they tried to re-create their mother. Tim would pretend he was sick with rheumatic fever, and Marie would come into the room and minister to him as she felt their mother might. Or Tim would cover Marie with blankets and pat her back and sing a lullaby their mother used to sing, about waking from sleep and riding a silvery pony. He couldn't remember all of the words and invented phrases of his own. Or else he made up stories about what he and his mother had done together, the day before.

One afternoon when Tim and Marie were home alone, they shut themselves in the closet off the living room, and Tim began to tell stories about the past and their mother as he remembered her. All Marie could make out in the darkness was the shining wand of the vacuum cleaner. Tim was talking about a picnic, a blanket with pink stripes, pebbles around it, putting the pebbles into their mouths, their mother walking up, and the two of them being locked inside a hot, stuffy car in punishment, and suddenly it was as if the wand brightened and the closet filled with cotton. Marie could feel that day around her. Tim knocked open the door and ran outside, and he never talked about their mother again.

Marie looked at the photograph again. Was that you, she thought. Was it you who actually did that? Could you have? Her mother seemed to be smiling wider. It even seemed as though she'd shifted her position slightly, as though to remove her hand from the muff and reach out to Marie and say, "Oh, Marie, of *course* not." But how could Marie know? She couldn't even recall the sound of her mother's voice. She thought of Jerome at the kitchen table, with his thin face and faint smiles, holding secrets in his mind that she could never possess; of Charles, who was outspoken but hoarding of his deepest feelings, and wore all that hair as though to hide his memories; and of Tim, who wouldn't talk about what he did remember.

For her it was as though all of her early childhood had passed in darkness; there were no details. And every week she looked through the family albums, all three of them, hoping to find in their pages some clue to what it was like at that time. The photographs were like scraps of sewing material for a large and elaborate project, the pattern to which had been lost. The photographs were fascinating in themselves—she could look into a pair of eyes and wonder, *What are you thinking? Are you happy? Are you sad?* How is the day around you, and what happened next? And perhaps sometime in the future, if she kept at it, she could assemble all of the pieces into—into whatever it was they were intended to be.



She picked the wax off her fingertip, slowly, putting all of it back at the top of the candle, around the wick, and then went into the kitchen. Her father and the boys had taken down mugs and poured their own coffee. At her father's elbow was a loaf of white bread, the ketchup, and a jar of mustard with a table knife sticking into it—all of which Marie had neglected to put on the table.

"Would you like some rye bread?" she asked. "I bought some in town this morning."

"No, this is fine," he said.

"Do you want anything else?"

"Not right now."

"Who's winning?" she asked.

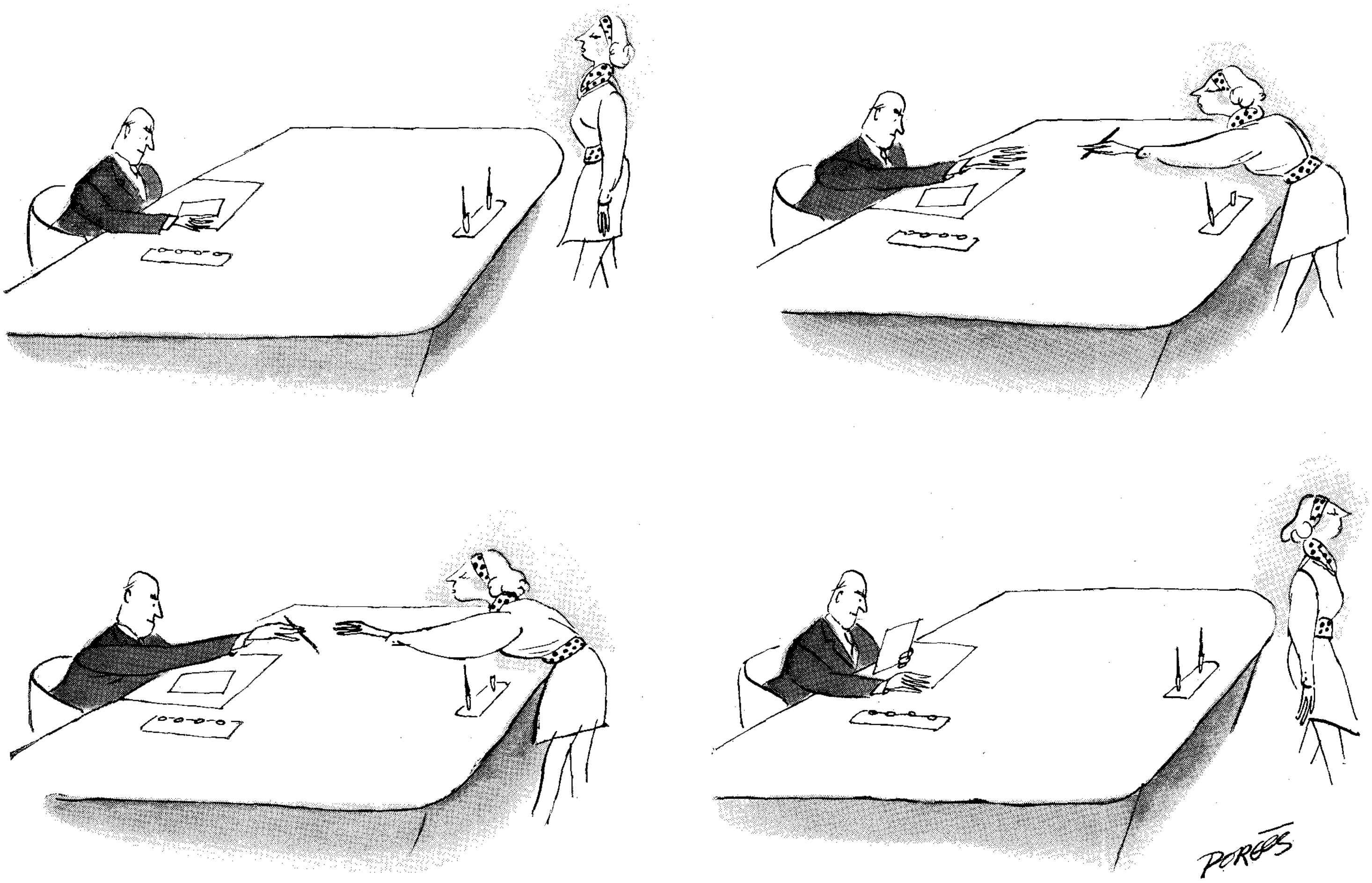
"Whom do you presume, Mistress Aberdeen-Anguish?" Tim said, referring to her eyes, and Marie saw the corners of her father's lips compress with the beginning of a smile. Tim and her father were winning.

"I'll make some popcorn later," Marie said.

"Great," Jerome said.

She went into the living room and found Susan on her knees beneath the Christmas tree, holding a package close to her ear and shaking it, her eyes still on the television. She turned and said, "Oh, God, you would have to come in just now." And then she tossed the package under the tree and went back to her chair and slumped down in it. Marie sat on the couch, behind Susan's chair, and stared at the television screen. She'd developed a habit of watching it out of the corners of her eyes ("Sidewatcher," Tim called her), because she'd sat in front of a television so much when she was a child she'd become skeptical of it. None of the programs were very plausible, and she couldn't look at them for long without wondering how it was possible for people in California or New York to appear inside her living room, engaged in performances that she could watch at the moment they were taking place, and this made her lose the thread of what they were doing.

She glanced around, checking again for any detail she might have overlooked. The gateleg table was exactly right with the rest of the furniture. A few months ago, her father had described it, and asked her if she'd seen it anywhere. He said it had been built by a neighbor, a carpenter more than eighty years old, as a gift for him and Marie's mother when they were married. Marie found it in the upstairs storeroom, underneath an old mattress covered with a tarp, and she cleaned it and rubbed it with oil until



her reflection appeared in its surface, as though deep beneath the grain, and then brought it down last week, along with the Christmas decorations, and set it up in the living room as a surprise for her father. He seemed very pleased.

"Ach!" Susan said to the television screen. "Baloney on you!"

She got up and stomped through the living room, through the kitchen, and then Marie heard the door to their bedroom slam. The program must have been a love story. Susan was in tears. It seemed that one of the two always was, and their tears had become so commonplace that Tim and her father hardly noticed them anymore. And she and Susan didn't pay that much attention to one another's tears. Susan would say, "Oh, for God's sake, Mare, are you *crying* again?" and then in a little while Susan would be crying.

Marie looked at the table. She liked the design cut out with a coping saw from its side supports, like two hourglasses set end to end, and the gold grain that lifted away from the darker wood in another dimension, and then, as Marie stared at the table, she remembered looking at it like this another time. It was a Christmas from her past. One of the leaves of the table was up, and a tiny Christmas tree, sprayed with silver paint, was sitting on it. There were strings of cranberries and popcorn on the tree. Had she helped string them? She couldn't remember any lights, any lights at all, and the tree was too small for icicles. Were they poor then? Was that in this house? Was their mother here?

She turned to the kitchen. Through the doorway she could see Tim and Charles and Jerome, but not her father. Even though all three were talking with expressions on their faces that meant their voices had risen, and were slamming down cards, her mind was so crowded she couldn't hear a sound. The kitchen was brightly lit, and from the darkness of the living room they seemed to be sitting inside a yellow cube, closed off from the rest of the house and her, and she was seeing them for the first time, as an outsider would: they were brothers, it was Christmas, their mother was missing, and she'd always be.

And then Marie had an image of her mother whipping batter in a bowl held tight against her side, bending to the oven to check on her baking, carrying a cookie sheet to the kitchen table, where rows of different holiday pastries were spread out on cooling racks, slapping her father's behind with a spatula when he tried to snitch one, and then her laughter at his startled expression. The house was filled with the sweetness of baking for days, and all the while her mother worked she sang Christmas carols and hymns.

There was a cry of triumph from Tim, and then Jerome tossed down his cards, shoved away from the table, and came into the living room and sat at the end of the couch. He'd brought along an ashtray from the kitchen (she'd *have* to remember to put out the ashtrays before tomorrow), and he placed it between them on the couch, and then lifted his chin to blow out smoke, and Marie saw that the cords of his neck were stiff with tension.

"Are you done playing cards already?" she asked.

"They're playing three-handed."

"Oh."

"It's harder to cheat that way."

Marie smiled. Jerome had known all along about Tim and her father. The light from the television set gave the side of his face a gray, statuelike cast, and Marie felt sorry for his bad feature—his big lips. They were very thick, not mobile or expressive, and it sometimes seemed that he talked so little because it took such effort to move them.

"The house really looks nice," Jerome said.

"Oh, thank you."

"I remember how it used to look two or three years ago," he said.

"I know. I'm sorry."

"It wasn't your fault. Nobody picked up after themselves."

"I was the worst."

"Mmmmm." His mind had jumped beyond the conversation and he was considering something else.

"How long has Dad been this way?" he asked.

"How?"

"Angry at you."

"All the time!"

"More, lately?"

"Yes, I guess."

"Mmmmm." Jerome put his cigarette to his lips several times and his exhaled smoke rolled in overlapping clouds toward the Christmas tree.

"Are you excited about Christmas?" Marie asked.

"Sort of," Jerome said.

"I am."

"You don't seem in a celebrating mood tonight."

"Oh—" Marie stared down and evened her skirt against her knee with her thumbs. "Oh, I've just been thinking."

"What about?"

"Oh, I don't know. A lot of things." Marie kept straightening her skirt. She was embarrassed to mention their mother in front of Jerome.

"About Mom?"

Marie looked up. The Christmas-tree lights were reflected in colored dots on Jerome's glasses and she couldn't see his eyes.

"Yes," Marie said.

"What about?"

"Just her. She made times like this so perfect. Even if I knew exactly how Dad and you boys wanted Christmas, I'd still ruin it."

"That's how you feel?"

"I can't do anything right."

"Everything you've done around here looks great to me," Jerome said.

"You're just being nice."

"Nnnn." There was a long silence, more clouds of smoke from Jerome, and then he said, "She made mistakes all the time." And after a moment added, "Mom."

"That's not so."

"Sure it is."

"It's not!"

"Sure. She made more mistakes than you."

"You're just saying that."

"Huh-uh. She had more opportunity to make them."

"What do you mean?"

"Five kids."

No matter how much Marie kept brushing her cheeks, left and right, with the back of her fingers, she couldn't keep them free of tears.

"When do you think it'll happen?" Jerome asked.

"What?"

"Dad get married."

"This summer," Marie said.

"Really? That soon?"

"He's practically said so to Susan and me. A couple of times."

"That's what I was thinking."

"Why?"

"Nobody seems too happy around here."

"*He* does."

"I'm sure he's worried about a lot of things—especially how we'll all take it."

"No, he isn't."

"Sure, Marie. Also, it's his second wife. He's probably afraid things won't work out as well."

"Why does he have to get married at all? After so many years? Why can't we stay the way we are? We get along just fine."

"He's probably been thinking about the rest of his life. I'm sure he doesn't want to spend it alone."

"But what about us?"

"I'm sure he's considered our feelings a lot."

"Not Susan's and mine."

"Especially yours."

"But he never really talks to us."

"He will."

Marie wanted to close her eyes and rest her forehead against Jerome. "I was just starting to find out where I belong in this family!" she said.

"You'll keep on finding out."

"I won't have a chance. There'll be too many others to think of."

"Just Laura. She's nice."

"She has three kids."

"Both of her sons are married."

"But her daughter will be here. Her daughter's younger than Susan."

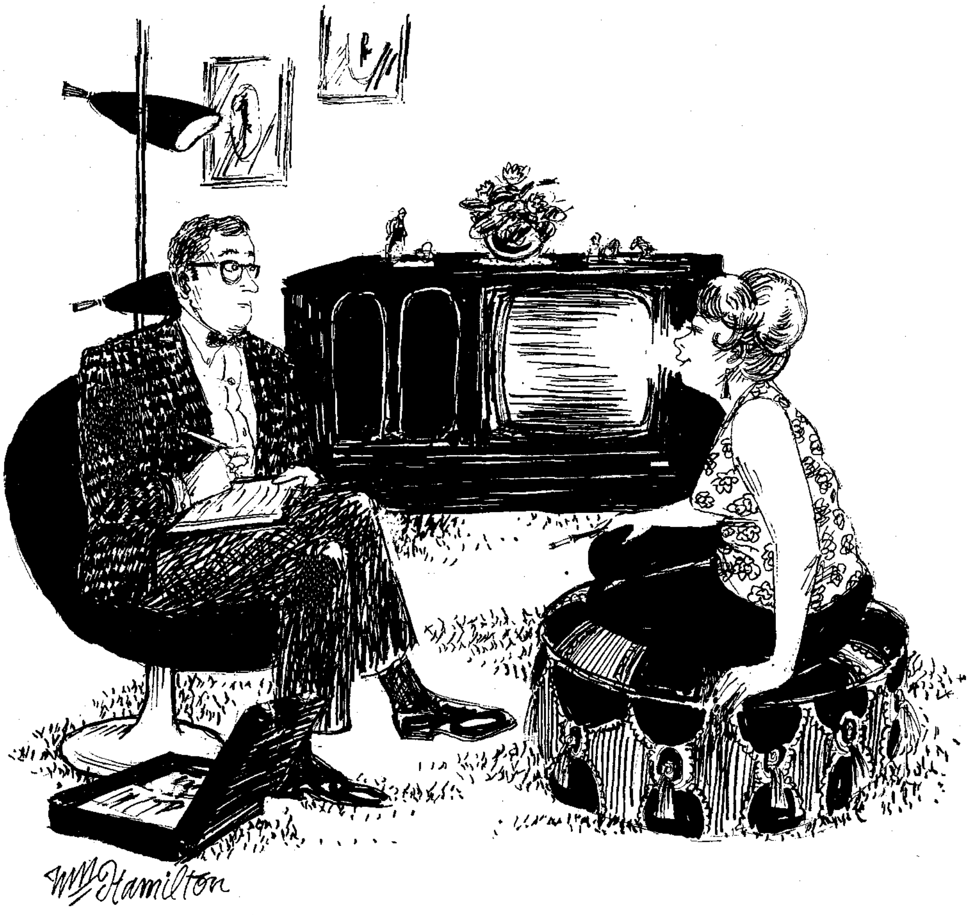
"Mmm," Jerome said. "Maybe you just don't want to give up the house."

"I don't! I'd never feel right about it! I'd feel like I let somebody else take it away from Mom!"

"She's been gone a long time, Marie."

"I know she has, I know she has! But I'm still here, aren't I?"

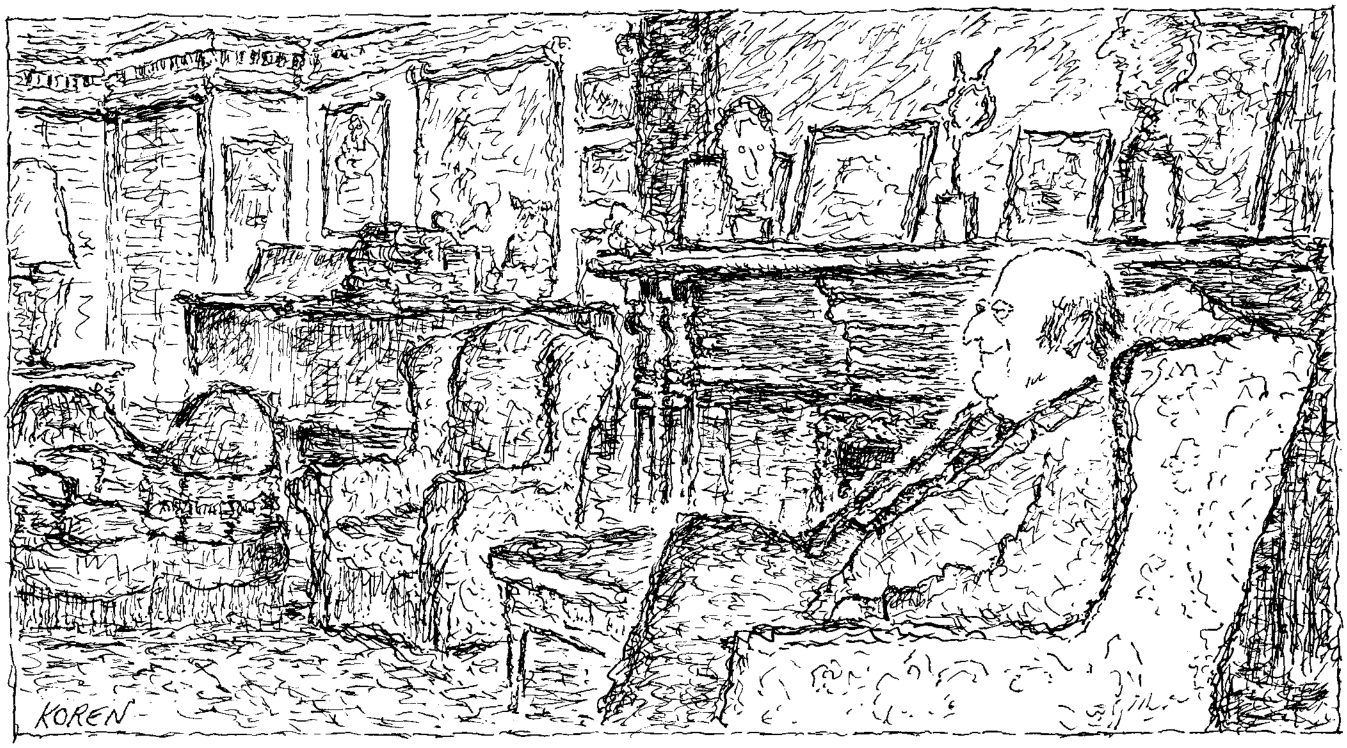
—L. WOIWODE



"I like 'The Mod Squad,' 'Primus,' and the 'Dick Cavett Show,' and I'm just crazy about President Nixon's bombshell announcements."

HOMAGE

VIRGIL THOMSON



Virgil Thomson at Seventy-five: He perches in the rich, dark, bright Victorian living room of his flat in the Chelsea Hotel, among the books, musical manuscripts, paintings, sculptures, and touch-for-luck mementos that make up the cherished protective debris of a lifetime, and even if he were alone he would give the impression that he was holding court. He is small and round, and bald save for a fringe of curly white hair that dawdles in monkish disarray over the back of his collar, and his eyes are large and merry, with formidably hooded lids, and his voice is as high and urgent and droll as that of some improbable extinct bird—a three-way cross between an owl for wisdom, a rooster for bawdry, and a thrush for song. He talks at a rate faster than most people can think, and the drumfire of his recollections rattles and snaps with famous names and occasions, for it seems he has known everyone in the world for fifty years and has forgotten no one; he is a master at spinning assorted threads of names, dates, and places into a single cable of anecdote stout enough to hang a moon from—or, in malicious mood, a man.

Mr. Thomson is engaged in presiding over an unprecedented series of private and public birthday celebrations—dinner parties, concerts, seminars, university convocations, radio and TV interviews—and it is plain that every moment of them gives him delight. The celebrations began several months ago and threaten to go on for years, and though some of the younger celebrants have dropped by the wayside from fatigue, the object of celebration remains undaunted; if anything, he is fresher now than he was at the start. This evening at the Chelsea, he bounces off a sofa that for as long as it has borne his weight has seemed a throne, and offers refreshments to a few guests before he and they set off to attend a birthday-party performance at St. Peter's Episcopal Church, on nearby Twentieth Street, of "The Mother of Us All," a pageantlike opera with music by Mr. Thomson and text by Gertrude Stein. Mr. Thomson is wearing a gray tweed jacket and buff-colored socks, and pulling the cork of a bottle of wine and passing a platter of turkey sandwiches do nothing to impede the enchanting torrent of his talk. "Gertrude was twenty-two years older than I," he says. "I made these sandwiches myself. That was a gap big enough to talk across. Anything less would have made for difficulties. Everyone in my family expects to live forever. We are *very* disappointed when things turn out otherwise. My mother lived to be ninety-two, and one of my grandfathers lived to a hundred. The other was killed in the Civil War—but for that, he might be with us still."

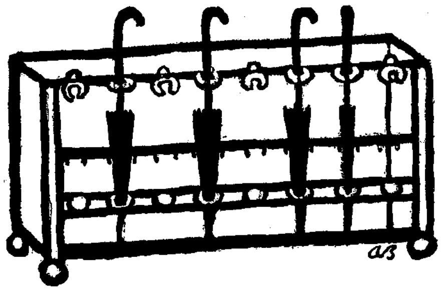
One of the guests asks which of his birthdays is the earliest that Mr. Thomson can remember. "I've a sister eleven years older than I," he replies, "and the curious thing is that I seem to remember her *constantly* having birthday parties when I was a little boy, but I have no recollection of *my* ever having one. The first birthday I felt strongly about was my twenty-fifth. I was living in Paris, in a *maison meublée* that was really a mild sort of whorehouse—very convenient for me, because the girls went out to work every night and I could work at the piano without annoying anyone. I remember having dinner by myself and then going back to the *maison* and writing a little piece—rather sad but very pretty—in honor of my birthday. I also remember people making lots of jokes about my getting to be thirty. I still had a baby face in those days, which led to my being thought to be even brighter than I was. A public fuss started being made over me at sixty-five, and then again at seventy. Heaven knows what somersaults I'll be expected to turn at eighty. Dear me, I must say I look forward to it! From everything I hear, the eighties can be very pleasant, though I'm none too confident about the nineties. Finish your wine, everyone, and off we go!" □□

A REPORTER AT LARGE

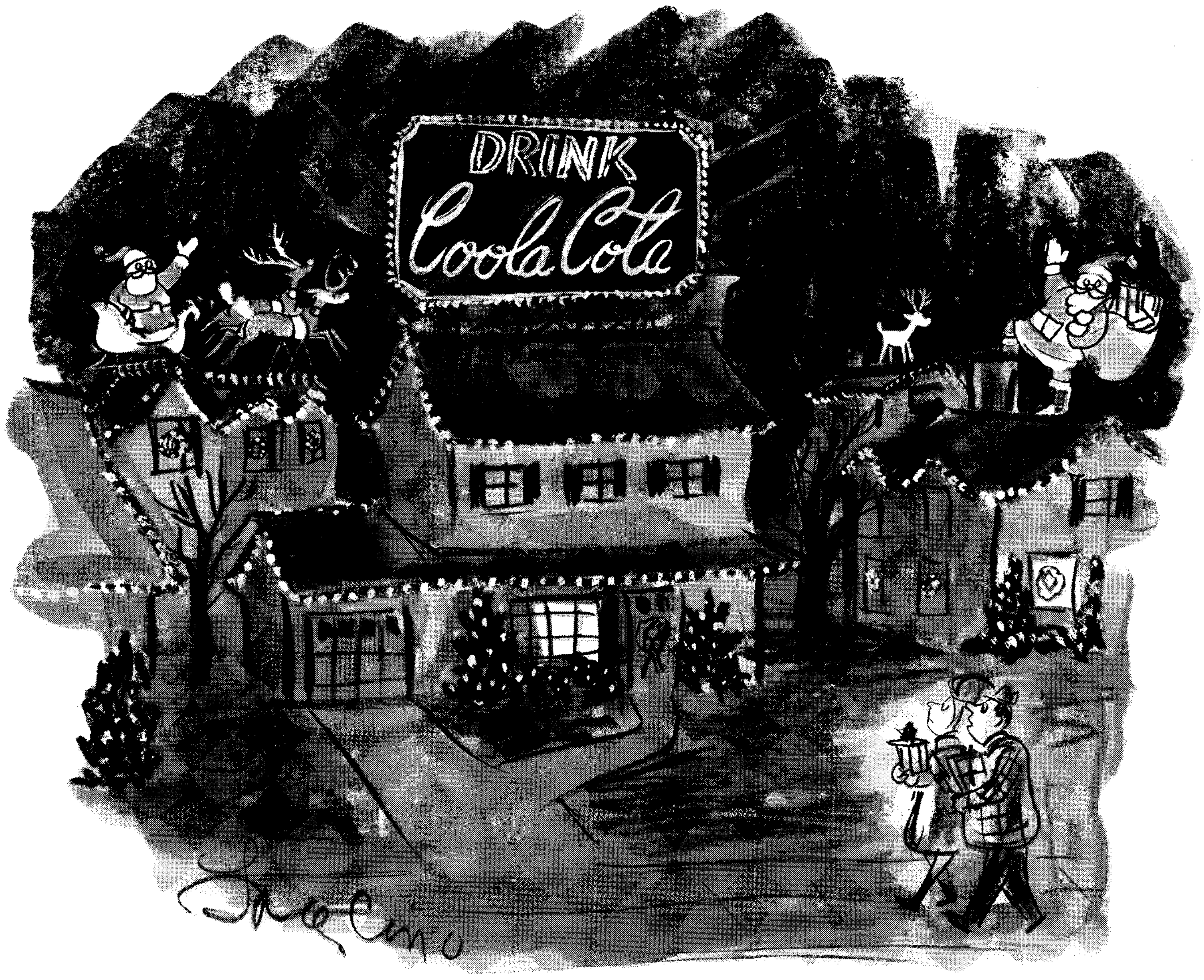
THE HOUSE AND THE HIGHWAY

FOR more than five years, I have lived in a place that is nearly unique. My house, which I rent, stands just eleven feet from a heavily travelled four-lane highway. (The only person I know who has lived closer to a major transportation artery is a woman who says that she once occupied a flat whose bathroom window opened directly on the London tube.) But "stands" is no longer the right word. When the oldest part of the house was built, possibly by the Rushmore family, between 1687 and 1725, it stood right by the dirt road now buried far beneath the highway. Houses were built to last forever then, and it stood in an immortal way and casually waited for wagons, the next generation, weather, the north-south stage, stray pigs, and neighbors cadging a pinch of salt. But now the house crouches behind its wooden fence, and in a very mortal fashion, for it is engaged in a death struggle with the highway, which is infinitesimally shaking it to pieces. The house cannot win. Its only weapons are dignity, beauty, age, and the phantasmagoric hope that in the nick of time the combustion engine and the standard-tread rubber tire will be outlawed. The highway is armed to the teeth. Each day, some forty-five thousand cars, buses, and trucks pass the house. The smallest do little harm, but the largest—the roaring thirty-five-ton tractor-trailers—make the end of the house nearer the highway literally tremble. And the traffic increases every year.

The house, which is in Old Brookville, on Long Island, *did* win its first battle with the highway, even if it turned out to be only a holding action. The highway, built in the early fifties, was planned to go through the middle of the house. Its owners, Cletus and Elizabeth Keating, were appalled. Move the house back, Albany told them. Experts were called in, and decided that because of its age and higgledy-piggledy construction (it has been reshaped and added to in every century) the house could not be moved. A classic fight ensued. Mrs. Keating, a thin, soft-spoken lady who nonetheless gives the impression of always talking through a megaphone, rounded up preservation people, the supervisor of the Town of Oyster Bay, and a sympathetic lawyer in the public-works department in Albany, and after some heavy bureaucratic breathing the route of the road was moved thirty feet west. (Long Island ladies of the old school tend to be inspired bureaucracy-tamers. Some years ago, the Long Island Lighting Company informed another local woman that a massive oak on one corner of her property was in the path of a proposed high-tension line. The tree was cut down, but she received a check for a thousand dollars from LILCO first.) This was the second time the Keatings had saved the house. When they bought it, in 1926, together with forty-four acres of farmland, it was a sight. It probably hadn't been painted since the previous century. The roof was full of holes (the Polish family that lived in it moved from room to room ahead of the rain), the floors sagged, the shutters were askew or gone, and the property was a clutter of ancient locust trees and rickety outbuildings, among them a pair of barns, a smokehouse, a chicken house, an outhouse, and a nineteenth-century playhouse. (Only the playhouse and a small barn, now the garage, survive.) There was no electricity and no plumbing, and the water supply was a pump fed by a spring. The house probably looked exactly as it had—its decrepit condition aside—a century before. The Keatings decided to leave the house alone for the time being and build on a pleasant rise a couple of hundred yards from the road. Then their architect, the late Bradley Delehanty, who served for decades as a court architect to well-to-do Long Islanders, took a close look at the house. He found an almost intact eighteenth-century living room, which had a pair of handsome twelve-on-twelve windows (one of them still flanked by its shutters and both of them with their original panes), a six-foot fireplace, wide floorboards, and a fine floor-to-ceiling-panelled wall. In the hall were hand-carved bannisters, leading to the second floor, and at either end of the hall were beautiful Dutch doors. The adjoining dining room appeared, along with the bedroom above it, to be the oldest part of the house. It had served as a Colonial "keeping" room (a kitchen-dining-living room) and later as the kitchen, and it was sensational. The unique yellow-brown paint on its panelling and its walls of vertical planks hadn't been touched in a hundred years, and the fireplace, though partly bricked over when it was discovered that smaller hearths gave greater heat, matched the statuesque proportions of the one in the living room. And its planed beams, covered by a nineteenth-century plaster ceiling, were intact. There were other niceties, inside and out—a stone-floored stillroom, where milk and such were kept cool, huge floorboards in all the upstairs rooms, and layer upon layer of ancient shingling. (The shingles, found on Long Island houses but rarely elsewhere, are six inches wide and three feet long, and have appealing toothy ends.) Delehanty pronounced the house a "jewel" (it was also an uncommon blend of homeliness and merchant grandness) and told the Keatings they would be foolish not to remodel it. The work was finished in eight months. (The cost mounted, and Mrs. Keating, who is now a widow, is still grumbling about it forty-five years later.) Eleven dormers replaced the old "eyebrow" windows on the second floor; electricity was put in; the chimneys, stone-on-stone, were rebuilt (a tricornered hat and a musket and bayonet were found on an inset in one of them, and, twenty-odd years later, when the attic was being insulated, a child's copybook full of eighteenth-century script and a child's homespun swallowtail coat with fabric-covered stone buttons were found under the eaves); some walls were rearranged on the first floor, to make room for a second hallway; a sleeping porch and two small bedrooms were tacked onto the back of the house; a forest of supporting posts and pillars was put in beneath the house; and four and a half bathrooms were installed. (The plumbing craze didn't wear off in this part of the country until the forties; most houses that were built or rebuilt at the time have a bathroom every fifteen feet.) Photographs taken inside and out after the renovations prove, in a gleaming, handsome way, that Delehanty knew his beams.



THE highway runs south-north, starting several hundred yards north of the intersection of Glen Cove Road and Northern Boulevard—or



"Every man has his price."

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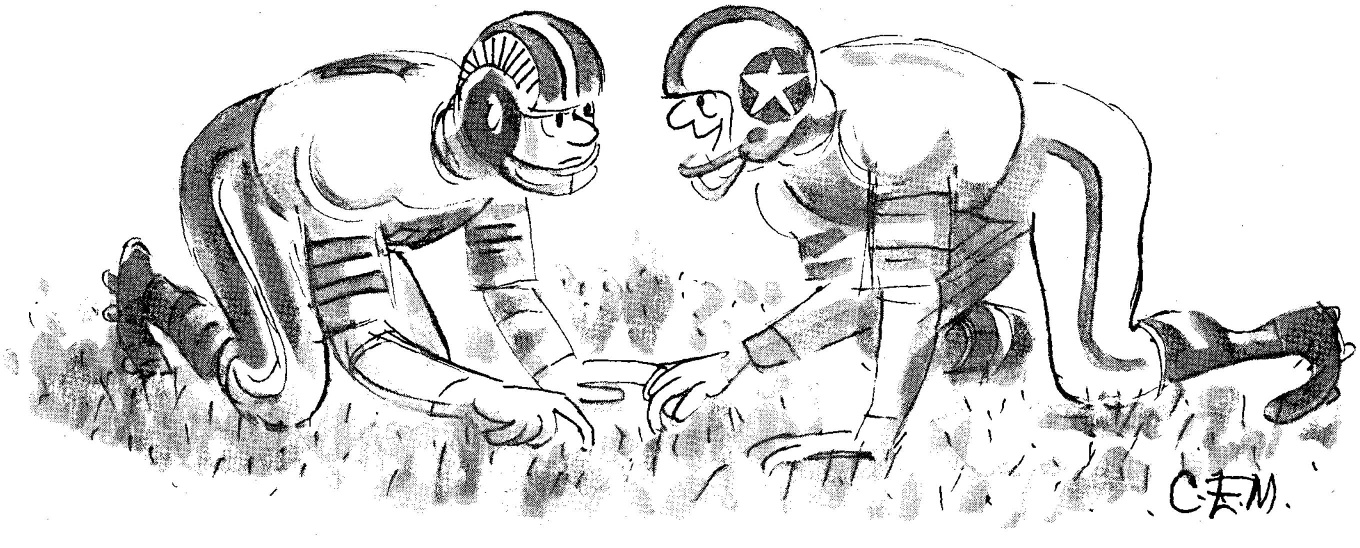
Bull's Head Crossing, as older residents call it—and ending in the heart of Glen Cove. It is a vest-pocket highway, for it is only 3.6 miles long. It has five traffic lights, and its longest unbroken lightless stretch is a mile and a half. It is generally known, in a resigned way, as the Glen Cove-Greenvale Highway or the Glen Cove Road, although the section the house is on is still called Cedar Swamp Road, after the two-lane tar road that buried the old dirt road and in turn was buried by the highway. (The nomenclature of old country roads is eternal. They bear the names of people no one can remember and the names of places that no longer exist. There is a glory of them within ten miles of the highway: McCoun's Lane, Chicken Valley Road, Factory Pond Road, Hegeman's Lane, Shelter Rock Road, Yellow Cote Road, Sugar Tom's Lane, Wolver Hollow Road, and Skunks Misery Road. Fortunately, housing-development builders are carrying on this tradition, though in a singularly Victorian fashion. Many of their road names ennoble what appear to be wives, daughters, sisters, and nieces: Helen Court, Doris Lane, Vicki Street, Beverly Place. I have never found a Sam Court or a Louis Lane.) Most highways and superhighways and turnpikes and expressways and thruways and freeways have unmistakable personalities. The New Jersey Turnpike is claustrophobic and threatening; the unchanged section of the Bronx River Parkway, the oldest landscaped highway in the country, is bucolic and meandering, and one always expects cows to be crossing around the next bend; the Northway gives one, with its swoops and climbs and lingering curves, the feeling of flying. And the new highway that runs from the state border to Montreal is hellish; it is flat and straight and passes through mile after mile of black, treeless tundra.

The Glen Cove-Greenvale was designed in a homespun, relaxed manner. It starts at its southern end in an almost accidental way, near the Greenvale railroad station, and climbs a gradual hill that passes, on the left, a Cadillac agency, several stores, and a Telephone Company building. On the right are sizable fields bordered by trees. So far, the highway has followed the old road beneath it, which, when it came to a potato field at the crest of the hill, took a sharp right. But the highway marches over the crest and through the field, and then, curving to the right, descends through a couple of housing developments. Twenty-five years ago, this stretch was a shallow, sleepy valley that fell away from behind my mother's house to a narrow, high-banked stream, went slowly up to a strip of dense woods, in which there was a tiny burying ground full of eighteenth-century Townsends, and ended at the railroad tracks. (This



"Don't mention it. You helped me find my contact lens once earlier in the season, remember?"

* * *

stream, ancient and dry most of the time, still somehow exists, and slavishly follows the highway for a mile, ducking under side roads and at one point under the highway itself, until it mysteriously vanishes near Glen Cove, where the highway passes over a pair of filled-in connecting ponds.) My bedroom looked across this miniature valley, and on winter nights I could see the train windows sliding cheerfully along the top of the hill, half a mile away. And when it rained I could hear the furious puffing of the locomotive when its wheels slipped on the wet tracks in the Glen Head station. Now the highway completes its descent at the intersection with Glen Head Road. It is a nondescript intersection (two catercornered gas stations), but I associate it with the innocent night in the thirties when my stepfather, a freakish driver at best, was coming home in his Ford coupé from a stag evening of hearts and, just east of the present intersection, leaned down to take a swig from a bottle of beer, veered off the road, knocked over a gas pump, backed up, and drove placidly on. On the north side of the intersection, the highway swings to the left, past a liquor store and a Pontiac dealer. (The few stores along the highway have a stranded, beseeching look, for they are at the mercy of the mesmeric, conveyor-belt effect that highways have on their riders. Getting off a highway before one's destination is like quitting smoking.) What is left of the original Cedar Swamp Road comes skinnying in from the south on the right of the Pontiac dealer, and before it melds into the highway it passes the East Hillside Cemetery, where Hessians are said to be buried and where Downings, who once lived in my house, are buried. I used to pedal past the cemetery very fast on my bike at dusk and sing loud, atonal gibberish to ward off whatever was watching. Next to the cemetery is George Wells' famous Ruggery, where Kennedys and Vanderbilts have had rugs made. (Wells, a short, funny, agitated man, is philosophical about the highway. Cars often skid on a small skating rink that forms on Cedar Swamp Road every winter just south of his house. Several have sailed through his fence, and one crashed into his living room and hit a breakfront desk, which did.) The Ruggery's previous owner made a rug for my mother to her specifications, and it was her most creative burst. (She regarded herself as a kind of rural Dorothy Draper.) It measured twelve by twelve, and had a jet-black background on which huge green-and-white maple leaves brilliantly floated. It upstaged the rest of the furnishings in every room it was laid in. Across the highway from the Ruggery are a small nursery, offering everything from rakes to cannel coal, and a steep, wild hill covered with evergreens. A white farmhouse once stood there, with big, gleaming windows and a driveway that swooped down to Cedar Swamp Road like a small ski run. But its owner died, and the house burned years ago. The driveway is a rubbish-filled hole among the trees. Opposite is Pound Hollow Road, which once led to the place where the local farmers are reputed to have hidden their horses when the Hessians arrived. Our house is next, and then a new yellow brick Catholic school. Across from the school, ten small, closely spaced houses stand near the highway, like a bus queue. The highway settles down to business after this, and suddenly is among a host of factories, most of them machine-tool shops or electronics firms. It goes over its only bridge and threads its only two underpasses (both bridges), runs across a barren area behind the main street of Glen Cove, where the connecting ponds were, and ends, as accidentally as it started, near the Glen Cove Library. That is, it technically ends, for, a couple of blocks beyond, a wide bypass has been built behind Glen Cove. This connects with Forest Avenue, which is being savagely widened. Dozens of huge trees have been felled, and lawns have been chopped off. So an ominous plan is beginning to materialize. The widened Forest Avenue connects with Lattingtown Road, which connects with Skunks Misery Road, which connects with Horse Hollow Road, which connects with Bayville Road, which would connect with the insane Rye-Bayville Bridge that Governor Rockefeller has been preaching for the past six years. The highway traffic, swelled by Westchester and Fairfield County license plates headed for Jones Beach and other Long Island magnets, would double.

LIKE many Colonial dwellings, my house, which resembles a modified saltbox, faces south, and is at right angles to the highway. It is seventy-five feet long and thirty feet wide, and is separated from the highway by a flimsy frontier fence, scattered ailanthuses and Norway maples, and a short, thick belt of Christmas trees planted by provident tenants. The property runs along the highway for three hundred feet and is nearly square. It must have been something in the thirties, when the Keatings had it going full tilt. Their offspring outgrew the house, and they moved in 1935. The north side of the land was taken up by a huge vegetable garden and an equally large flower garden. There was a rose plot in the middle of the south lawn, and to the east were the playhouse and a tennis court; beside the court was a bowling green, where on Sundays the Keatings and their neighbors played lawn bowls. But nature and neglect have turned the place into the sort of tangled bird-drunk dell Romantic poets exulted in. The lawn is a quilt of wild grass, onion grass, crabgrass, ailanthus seedlings, and patches of dirt. Dozens of prehistoric daffodils come up every spring, but only six or seven bloom. The vegetable garden is a Hilton-size rabbit warren, and the flower garden, which still produces brave clumps of peonies and iris, is filled with briars and rotting firewood. The playhouse, whose inside walls are covered with marvellous crayon drawings of animals done by some child who is probably getting Social Security now, is literally disappearing beneath a crush of maples and evergreens. The rose garden is memorialized by a birdbath and a large rectangular depression in the ground, but the bowling green has vanished. Saplings walk up and down the tennis court, and one of the posts supports a thick vine. (A huge rust-frozen roller sits in the back of the garage.) Beyond the tennis court, a junglelike wood, a hundred yards deep, shuts the property off from a housing development. (Mrs. Keating, bowed down by taxes, finally sold all but two acres of her land to a builder six years ago.) I have found an old rutted road in the woods that led back to the farm fields, and further beyond, way back in, a foundation, now all loose stones, that is large enough for a small house or a big outbuilding. I can see only woods and birds when I look out the east window of our bedroom (though we are just nine miles from the New York City line), and they don't look diminished, let alone suburban. The trees on the property offset this genteel decay. A Norway maple planted in the nineteenth century has become a towering beauty, and there are around seventy-five other trees, among them magnolia, cherry, maple, dogwood, blue spruce, the ailanthus, and ship-mast locust. Some of the locusts—and locusts seem to live forever—are close to a hundred years old. By June, when this arboretum is in full panoply, the house becomes invisible from the highway, and inside, shielded by tons of green, we live in a cool deep.

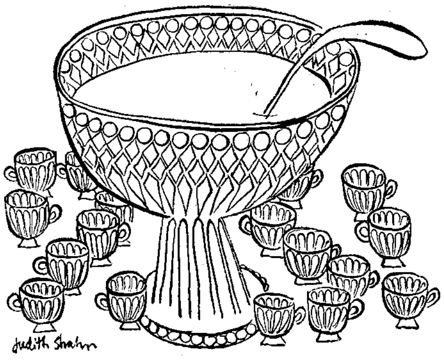
THE highway created its own raison d'être; many of the factories and housing developments and shopping centers it feeds followed it. (The shopping centers, clustered northeast of Glen Cove on Forest Avenue, have turned Glen Cove itself into a near ghost town. It is full of empty stores and the kind of dusty, creaking shops, usually owned by ancient Jewish couples, that one still finds on upper Broadway.) But, interloper or not, its very presence throws into relief the hodgepodge of old and new it cuts through. A good deal of the area around it is like seeing William Sidney Mount and Jackson Pollock chatting together. (Mount, the great Stony Brook genre painter, visited the old Searington house, a few hundred yards up the highway from us.) The glass-and-brick Pontiac agency sits two hundred feet from the Hessian soldiers. A housing development rings the little Townsend burying ground. (I say this hopefully, for I haven't seen it in twenty years, and I haven't trespassed enough to see if it is still there.) A mysterious swamp across the highway from the house now supports black oaks but might have given Cedar Swamp Road its name. The railroad, running further away and to the west of the highway, but parallel to and then finally crossing it, is ninety years its senior, and so is the fine rococo Sea Cliff station, which presides over the machine-tool factories. There are at least half a dozen pre-Revolutionary houses on or very near the highway, and, within a mile or two, twice that many. Sea Cliff itself, a mile west, above Hempstead Harbor, is an extraordinary museum of gingerbread houses (probably the biggest and finest in the country), and there is a thriving and largely eighteenth-century street in Roslyn, at the head of the harbor, that rivals Williamsburg. Between the villages, and visible from both, are the bullying two-hundred-and-thirty-foot-high Long Island Lighting Company plant and a new, graceless New York Telephone Company tower. The tower looks down on Roslyn Cemetery and on William Cullen Bryant and Frances

"Mrs. Gordon, I want you to come out from behind your mask."

Hodgson Burnett and Christopher Morley. The Glen Street station, in Glen Cove, a few hundred yards east of the highway, is surrounded by squat, square nineteenth-century buildings that were once hotels. (In 1867, Glen Street was one stop from the terminus of the Oyster Bay line.) One of them is cheek by jowl with a Dairy King. On Glen Head Road, just west of the highway, a new American Legion hall and a new fire station share the site of the old Post brickyard. I hung around it as a kid, and the temperature in the baking room was a sensational hundred and fifty. Further up the street, near the Glen Head station and next to a used-car lot, is the Gideon Frost house, one of those handsome, tall, heavy-eaved houses built in the eighteen-thirties and forties. It was abandoned a couple of years ago, and is falling to pieces. Its generous windows gape, its doors are gone, and rubbish spills up out of the cellar. But its lines and proportions and grace—a handsome young man peering out of an old man's eyes—are intact and hypnotic. Frost himself travelled three miles along Cedar Swamp Road to the Friends' meetinghouse that stands, unchanged, in Locust Valley. It was built in 1725, and houses the oldest Friends' meeting in the country. And several hundred yards east of the meetinghouse is the grave of Messenger, an English thoroughbred trotter brought over in 1788 to sire the first good breed of American harness-racing horses.

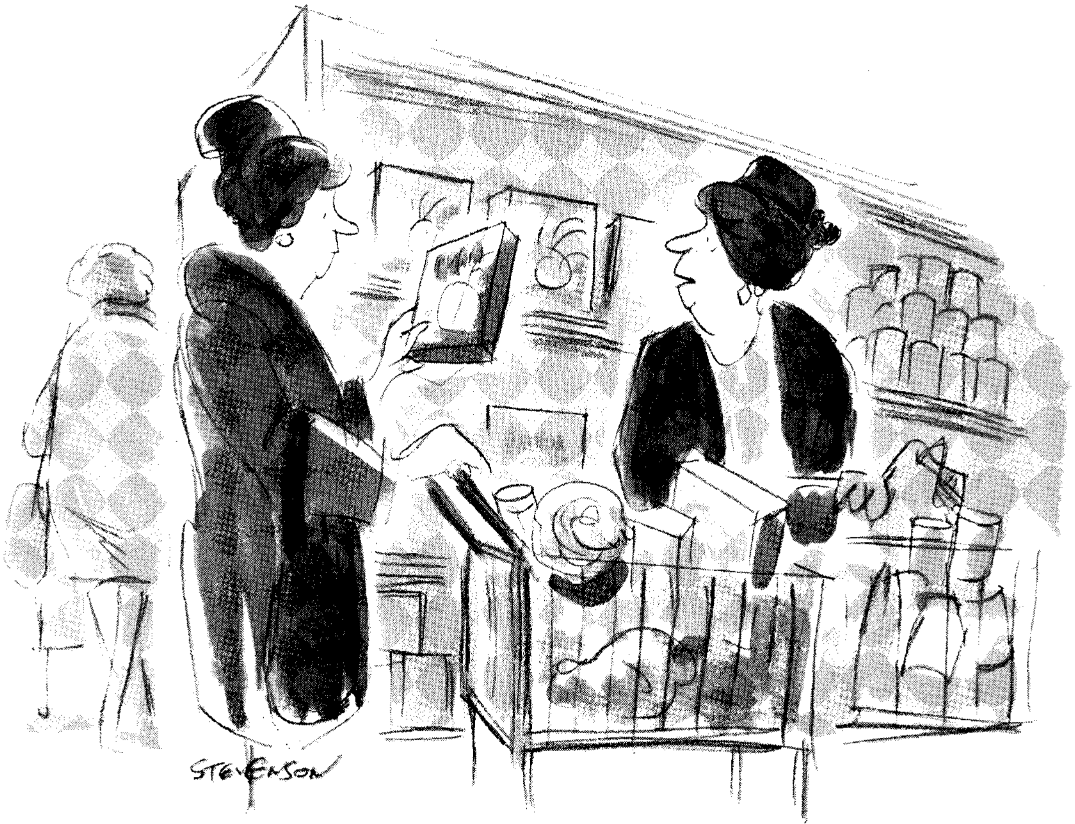
The highway, like a chronic cough, is an indivisible part of my family. The traffic stops only between two and five in the morning, and never for more than a few minutes, and it is audible in every room in the house. It has been absolutely quiet only twice since we moved here—during a seventeen-inch February blizzard, and when the local fire company parked all over the highway during the rush hour to do battle with a blaze in an empty barn on the hill down the way from us. The highway often gets attention in sly, nagging ways. Trailer trucks, storming past at fifty miles an hour, suck the curtains out of the windows, and once they sucked the mail out of our box, which is at the edge of the shoulder. Most of it was scattered over the highway, but one piece turned up, a month later, in the brambles next to the playhouse, two hundred feet away. In heavy weather, the trucks send up a bow spray that douses one end of the house and that must have something to do with the inward list the fence develops every winter. The highway halloos down the living-room chimney when the flue is opened, and during the afternoon rush hour it often takes us five full minutes to break into the seamless flow of traffic in front of our driveway. And, of course, one *must* turn right, which may explain why, when my wife and I entered the celebrated maze at Williamsburg last year, we were the only members of our tour who perversely turned left and within moments were at its heart. The highway's newest trick is a sizable ripple in the right-hand lane twenty feet north of our driveway. Whenever an empty trailer truck or car carrier goes over it, there is a split-second pause as it sails into the air and then a rattling, house-shaking crash.

The highway has no use for walkers. When I occasionally see one as I drive, he looks defenseless and wholly out of place—a solitary figure in the middle of a battlefield. And I know that he *feels* that way, too, for several times I have left my car down the road at the repair shop and walked home, and it is an unnerving experience. It is not just the terrific noise and wash of the cars and trucks. It is the feeling of walking down Fifth Avenue at noon without a stitch on. One forgets at a time like that how absurd the highway is. More than once, I have counted a dozen cars in succession carrying just one person. The solution for such waste is simple: Close the highway to motor vehicles and open it to bicyclists, lay a pair of railroad tracks down on the median, and let the trains roll. (Seventy years ago, the area was a transportational marvel. There was, in addition to the fast, frequent trains, a network of trolleys, one of which ran from Roslyn to Flushing, and there were daily steamboats that picked up passengers in Sea Cliff and Glen Cove and carried them, weather permitting, to New York in an hour and three-quarters. It has taken me during the evening rush hour two and a half hours to drive out from the city.) Thirty or so twelve- or fifteen-car trains could handle the forty-five or fifty thousand souls that rip past every twenty-four hours, and half a dozen freight trains the truck traffic. If the trains were spaced around the clock, there would be one train every forty-five minutes. If they were bunched in the rush hours, there would be long silences at night and in the middle of the day. Anyway, the sound of a train is chamber music compared to the sound of the highway.



LIVING in an old house lightens one's sense of mortality. It was there before you were and it will probably be there after. It has outlived ideas and movements and institutions. Our house existed before George Washington (he never slept there, but he probably passed by one April morning in 1790 on his way from Oyster Bay to Roslyn), and it exists during the Presidency of a man Washington would find unfathomable. The most affecting thing about an old house, sheer staying power aside, is the subtle veneer it takes on. Something of each of those who have lived in it rubs off, and an almost palpable atmosphere, a continually recharging sense of the beings of others, accumulates. And I do not mean ghosts. (We may have a couple; I'm not sure. My wife swears she has twice seen during the night the face of a gray-haired man ten feet from our bed, and several times I have gone through the pantry, which was the old stillroom, and distinctly smelled hot starch: some ancient Hannah's fanaticism about her ironed linen.) What I mean is the difference between a new house, which is absolutely empty, save for its smells of wood and paint and varnish, and an old house, which is not. All the edges—figurative and literal—have been worn off in the house, and I walk around through this sanded atmosphere once a day, just to savor the sunlight turning on the yellow-brown dining-room walls; the five-foot-ten-inch kitchen door, with its massive lintel forever proclaiming that men shall be five feet eight and no more; the treasures dimly visible through a knothole opening into a crawl space under one of the bedroom floors—buttons, beads, pins, coins, lockets: the calling cards of generations of children; and the rooms, upstairs and down—all small, like the people they originally held—which seem to follow one another around.

WE get the sounds of the highway full in the face, for the house, which is at the middle of a half-mile curve, is in a completely open area. New York City traffic sounds are continually fragmented by the buildings.



"If it says a dollar on it, then you pay a dollar, because a dollar is *still* *a dollar, isn't it?"*

The highway's sounds are not comparable. They do not resemble a river, which is even and sotto voce. They do not resemble the swinging, Jovian roar of the ocean. They do not resemble the monolithic boom of a waterfall. They form a unique, almost perpetual undulating noise. (Noise is generally defined as any sound that goes over the seventy-five-decibel mark. A heavy truck reaches ninety-two decibels at twenty-five feet, and we are half that from the highway.) The noise includes the high, abrasive, power-saw sound of motorbikes, the relatively bearable *hum-swish* of automobiles (the souped-up jobs excepted), and the deep roar of trucks. Often, we get all these in three-part harmony. The worst noise is the trucks—particularly cement mixers, flatbed trucks, and sand trucks. Their unmuffled engines give off a roar that is accented by the higher whine of the tires. (Tire whine, according to the experts, is caused by the regularity of the treads, and it resembles the sound of a siren. Irregular treads, which would probably be regarded as subversive, would tone the whine down considerably.) Sometimes the engines and tires combine in such a way that their noise not only blinds the ears but goes at one's very marrow, jarring bones and teeth and flesh and not letting go until the truck is a quarter of a mile down the road. When two of these mastodons go by together, the effect is not doubled but compounded. (The drivers are not safe, either; deafness in the left, or window, ear is an increasing occupational hazard.)

The effects of noise on people are myriad and proved: sleeplessness, headaches, ulcers, tension, dizziness, heart seizures, and brain fatigue. My wife and I haven't suffered from any of these, except for the disruption of sleep (a small, fighting-noise-with-sound air-conditioner in our bedroom helps), but we probably have tinnitus. I quote from Theodore Berland's recent "The Fight for Quiet":

> With noise deafness, as with other forms of nerve deafness, there often comes a maddening ringing in the ears, known medically as *tinnitus*. It has been described as being inside the head and sounding like a whistle or high ring. . . . Dr. Davis [has] suggested that it "probably represents a local irritation, the first stage of a degenerative process that has already destroyed some of the neighboring sensory cells."

But we were not really aware of our tinnitus until last summer, when, after we had been on Cape Cod for a week or so, it suddenly stopped.

FIVE years ago, some friends gave us two male springer-spaniel puppies. We named them Sidney, after the drummer Sidney Catlett, and Monk, after the pianist Thelonious Monk. Their grandfather, I think, had won the Westminster show several years before, and they turned into remarkably good-looking dogs. Sidney was the more beautiful and more dominating of the two. His liver patches were almost black, and he had very long ears and a heavy, perfectly proportioned head. His head and face reminded me of George Eliot—George Eliot spruced up by a Vidal Sassoon. Yet he would not have made a show dog. When he trotted, his legs pumped briskly but his midsection waddled. He had a sense of humor along with his clownish gait. When I got up from a kitchen chair, he would plump his elbows and chest down on the seat, and, watching me out of the corner of one eye, open his mouth and hum softly in falsetto. And when he was bawled out, he sat in a corner and stared evilly. The two dogs kept tabs on each other, and were probably as close as animals can get. But every six months, just to keep their egos in trim, they had a terrific fight—generally over a bone—and after one of them Monk went into shock. His eyes rolled back in his head and he couldn't sit up straight, and we had to bring him around with an ice pack on the head. One spring night, I let them out around midnight, and fifteen minutes later Monk, who was the wanderer of the two, came back. Sidney didn't, and for ten days we didn't know where he was. I put an ad in a local paper, and a neighbor called and said that he had read an item in another local paper we never get about a big brown-and-white dog's being hit on the highway at two-thirty in the morning. I got in touch with the Nassau County policeman who had picked the dog up, and he still had its collar and tag, which were badly mauled. They were Sidney's.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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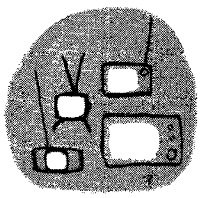
Beame, however, said that current legal gambling activities such as the lottery bingo and both on-track and off-track betting has shown that legalized gambling can be a good revenue source "to pay for vital services which the public sorely needs" as well as a detergent against crime.—*The Post.*

Low-phosphate, we hope.

THE AIR

Concentration, Squares, Jeopardy, and Bouillon Cubes

IT would take only a few hours of watching daytime television to realize that the quiz shows have stumbled into very strange territory, and very far out. Ever since early radio, there has been some variant of what seemed to be the quiz-show principle: knowing or doing something, on the spot, and getting paid for it. The Quiz Kids, in their time, put the emphasis on precocity, on knowing things young; people who were not impressed by Margaret O'Brien and Peggy Ann Garner for being so cute on the screen were meant to be in awe of Joel Kupperman for being so smart on the air. There was also the aged, mellow, omniscient Answer Man, with listeners sending their hardest questions in. It was, anyway, the time of the spelling bee, the Amateur Hour, the Eagle Scout, and the 4-H Club. There were "contestants" in everything from playing a tune on a wax-papered comb to recognizing a song from its opening bars, through raising a cow, having total recall, or doing a sum in one's head. It had its own sense.



Now it hasn't. The respect for "answers," for seeing instant information rewarded with grand sums of money, fell apart—a while after the $64 Question had escalated to the $64,000 Question, and up, and the great quiz-show scandals had hit. The thing went all to pieces, and the scandals of 1959 don't explain it by half. Payola in popular music, after all, surfaced the same year, and though there have been less evident forms of corruption in the pop-music field ever since (bribes of small-time disc jockeys on local radio stations, to affect national hit-record charts; an occasional jukebox-syndicate murder, which gets a few lines in the press; the fact that even big-city radio stations have to guard against attempted payoffs by limiting disc jockeys' contracts to thirteen weeks at a time), the music has flourished. The audience's taste in pop music just turned out to be stronger than the industry's ethical problems.

But the quiz shows. The respect for encyclopedic minds conjoined with limitless money naturally declines when the thing is exposed as a fraud. Very odd scraps remain. What the "questions" are, what the "answers" are, what is the *point* become more peculiar every year. There was until recently a quiz program in which three celebrities were given both questions and answers; the object was for each of the celebrities to guess which of the answers one of the other two, or another celebrity entirely, had given to the questions. It was strange, but one could understand it. The celebrities got publicity. The writers-in, on whose behalf they were playing, got prizes. The prizes, which were explicitly brand-named and described, got under-the-table commercials. The audience got to watch celebrities and prizes. Another show had two teams, each with a "celebrity captain." The object was to give, in a sort of limited free word association, the same answer as your teammates. If, for example, the question was "I screamed when I saw the burglar climbing in the . . ." and you answered "spoon" or "twilight," you were both an eccentric and not a good player. The answer—if the whole thing can be described in terms of question and answer—would more likely be "window," since that's what your teammates' answers were likely to be. Strange, but still plausible. A premium on being the samest. A long way, though, from the really big money and the encyclopedic, rewardable mind.

NOW. If you turn on your set at ten-thirty in the morning, you are likely to get "Concentration," a game on the order of the card game that children are so good at, only easier and with odd additions. In the child's game, fifty-two cards are laid in rows, face down, on the table. When a child turns up one card, perhaps a queen or a nine, he is supposed to remember where there is another queen or nine, lying face down, to match it. The more pairs he remembers, the closer he is to winning. In the adult "Concentration," there is a board of numbers, 1 through 30. Behind each number there is a prize, which matches the prize behind another number. If you choose the number 3, behind which there is a washing machine, and if you try to match it with a 5, behind which there is a toaster, you lose. But if, later in the game, you choose 11, behind which there is a toaster, you are meant to remember the 5, and the toaster is yours. So far so good. One has the feeling that if television could come up with a panel-audience version of slapjack, it would do so. But there is more. First, behind some numbers there are "wild cards," so you get whatever prize there is behind the other number you have chosen. A slight whiff of poker. Then, some prizes are jokes. On a recent show, there were such "prizes" as "two duckpins," "twenty-two duckpins," a "catfish," a "dogwood," a "horsefly," and a "duck call." Whatever these prizes were, if you matched the two numbers behind which they were, you got them. There are also always two numbers behind which there is the word "Forfeit." If you match two numbers concealing "Forfeit," you have to give up one of your prizes—presumably, in the recent case, your horsefly or duck call. But the final innovation—what is called in the game-show business the Moment—consists of something entirely other. Behind each number, in addition to a prize, there is a line or a component of a rebus. Each time two numbers are matched correctly, two portions of the rebus are exposed. "The Moment" comes when a contestant guesses the whole rebus. On the show that contained the duck call, the portions of the rebus were these: a picture of a toe, the letters "nt," a picture of a bee, a picture of a seal, and the letter "e." The rebus, in other words—or in words at all—read "toe nt bee seal e": Don't be silly. Another was "wh," a picture of an ear, a picture of a shoe, a "d," a picture of a tie, a picture of a book, and the letters "in." "Wh ear shoe d tie book in": Where should I begin? All right. Still nearly sane. Ed McMahon, of the Johnny Carson show, was once master of ceremonies on this program. Again, the rewards are not money but prizes—each prize described in the terms of a very dreary but direct commercial for it, quite aside from the commercials for the advertisers who actually sponsor the show.

At eleven-thirty (and also one night a week) comes "Hollywood Squares," the seventh-most-popular program in daytime television. The first six are soap operas, the best of which are in the afternoon, when there are more viewers and fewer quiz programs of any sort. "Hollywood Squares" is ticktacktoe, but the differences border on insanity. In each box of the ticktacktoe grid there sits a celebrity. One contestant has the "x"s, the other the "o"s. The contestant picks a celebrity (Charlie Weaver, Wally Cox, Paul Lynde, Star Trek's Mister Spock, and someone called just Rose Marie have been fairly regular among the nine) in his box. The celebrity is asked a question. He answers. The contestant is asked whether the celebrity's answer is true or false. If he is correct in thinking that the celebrity's answer is true, or if he is correct in thinking that the celebrity's answer is false, he gets the square, for his "x" or his "o." If he is wrong, the other contestant gets it. The object is to be right about three celebrities in three boxes in a row—vertically, horizontally, or on the diagonal. Just so the audience does not lose its grip on the point of the game, the contestant usually announces his intention—say, "Charlie Weaver, to block," or "Rose Marie, to win." There is an added fillip: the Secret Square. One box, with its celebrity in it, is worth a mine of prizes if the contestant is right in believing or disbelieving the celebrity's answer to the question posed. Only the audience at home knows which is the Secret Square. The prizes attached to that box are again described in pure advertising detail, *whether the contestant wins them or not.* The secret ad.

But here is what is oddest: The show used to have the implication that the celebrities answered to the best of their knowledge, and the contestant's problem was to discern which celebrities were best informed—unless, of course, he already knew the answer himself. The show was, in essence, based on a condition of trust. But in the course of time the celebrities, in their boxes, began to make so many ad-lib jokes that the jokes began to be part of the show. Now the ad libs are written by joke writers in advance. The audience is warned that the celebrity may or may not be trying to mislead the contestant. The honesty—more on the order of sincerity—of the whole program is called into question here, although, of course, sincerity is hard to measure, and impossible to monitor in investigational terms. Even the questions, although they are sometimes on the order of "Do both male and female reindeer have antlers?," often specifically mention a current book, writer, or magazine. On one recent show, there were, among others, the following three questions: whether, according to *Glamour*, there is any difference between jogging outdoors and jogging in place, at home; why, according to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, there are so few male secretaries; and what, according to *Cosmopolitan*, the value is of rubbing a frog on one's face. The whole thing has become an utter muddle of trust, ethics, joking, advertising, and quizzing. Nobody seems to mind.

At noon, there is "Jeopardy." This show was conceived in 1964, as incorruptible, quiz-disguised comedy; but the audience's disappointed feeling for some combination of mind and money, for getting ahead in some reasonable way, was apparently such that "Jeopardy" gradually did become a conventional quiz show. Except that what is given is the answers, and the contestants are meant to formulate the questions. That was where the comedy used to come in—on the order of: What is the question to which the answer is 9W? "Is your last named spelled with a 'V,' Richard Wagner?" It could not be kept up. The contestants, who used to be stars but are now civilians, go for straight answers, some simple, some extremely difficult, and are rewarded for correctness with money. Not great sums, but money. I don't know who watches "Jeopardy;" surveys show, in addition to housewives, a high proportion of both college students and people over sixty-five. About half the answers for which contestants find the questions are too difficult for, for example, me. "Jeopardy" receives little of television's ethnically bewildered, psychotic, or hate mail, but there was one letter complaining that so many contestants were Jewish the program ought to be renamed "Jewpardy," and another—from someone who apparently misunderstood one of the program's categories, "Potpourri"—expressed a distaste for this reference to "Popery," as "ridiculing the head of one of the great religions of the world, 'The Pope,' the head of the Roman Catholic Church." "Jeopardy" ranks ninth among the daytime programs—slightly ahead of "The Newlywed Game," "Let's Make a Deal," and "The Dating Game." With *those* shows one gets into another world entirely, closer to and yet farther from the Moment and the point.

DAYTIME television, strangely, accounts for seventy-five per cent of a network's profit. The production costs are low, the addiction tends to be daily, and a single hour of soap and/or quiz can bring in seven million dollars a year. There used to be two weekend conventional quiz programs: "The College Bowl," in which college teams answered what turned out to be increasingly difficult questions, and "It's Academic," in which high-school teams competed. "College Bowl," after more than ten years, has gone off the air, maybe partly because the students were beginning to answer and behave with a certain radical, or just antic, irreverence, but mainly because the football games were on at the same hour. "It's Academic" remains, and local high-

Wm Hamilton

"Hari Krishna."

"Thanks, Pal. Merry Christmas to you, too."

school teams are apparently still quiz kids enough to compete straight. But “The Newlywed Game,” “The Dating Game,” and, most particularly, “Let’s Make a Deal” have become (with the possible exception of political press conferences) the most bizarre question-answer sessions in all of television.

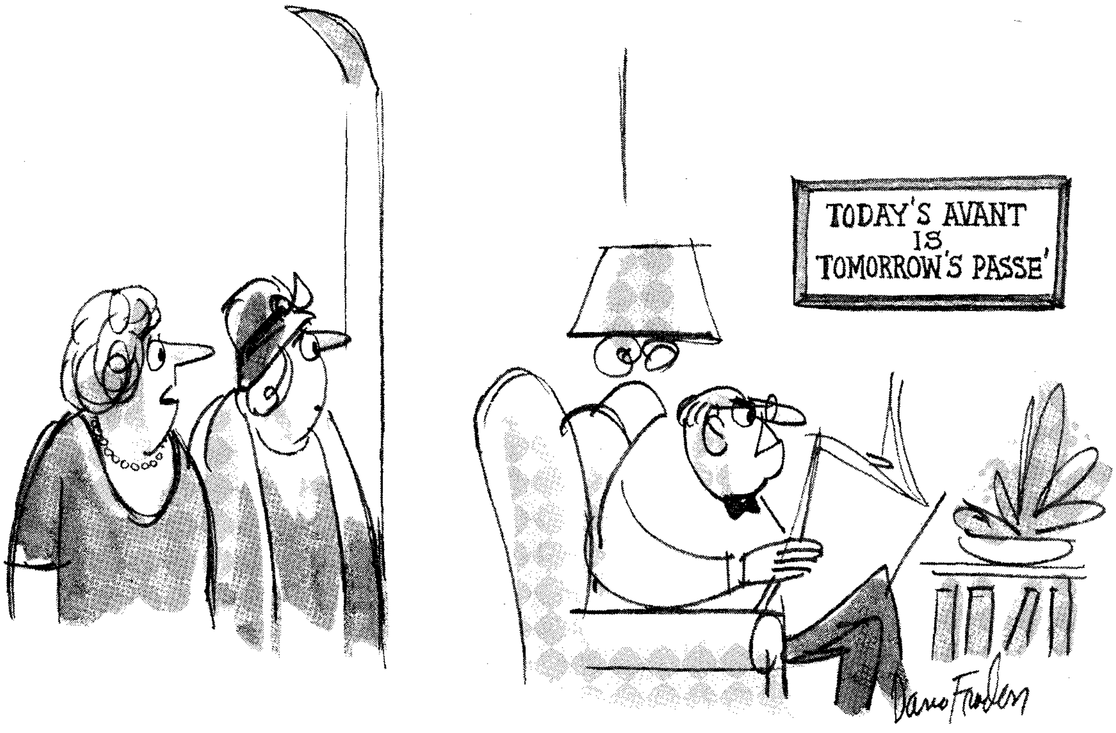
“The Newlywed Game’s” appeal to its audience seems fairly clear. Four couples—now usually three white, one black—are slid around on two platforms. The men are asked what their wives would reply to certain questions. Then the wives, who have been out of hearing, are slid forward to reveal what their replies actually are. Then the men are slid out of hearing, and the wives guess what the men would answer, and the men slide back and answer for themselves. If a husband’s and wife’s answers match, they win points. If not, they don’t. The questions, like the name of the game itself, are usually loaded with sexual innuendo. There can also be questions like “Where did your husband eat his last baked potato?” or “What is the steepest hill near where you live?” In fact, on a recent program those questions were asked. But more common are questions about how many parts the bed has, or what the first marital quarrel was about, or what the husband would say was his worst fault or biggest blunder (“Would he say it was something he did, or something he did not do?”). The answers are usually embarrassing in the extreme: somebody mutters something, in terms that seem to him elliptical, about his “wedding evening” or his “manual dexterity.” The mysterious thing is why the newlywed couples should choose to appear on the program at all. When their answers disagree, they look at each other with absolute loathing, and often quarrel. (The audience enjoys this, and the announcer looks at the couple as though he had no idea that anything of this sort could occur.) But when their answers agree, about no matter what, they embrace. One has the feeling that if the wife in one of these newlywed couples said that her husband thought his worst fault was impotence, and if he did in fact give that answer, they would be more delighted than if she had said singing off-key in the shower and he had said biting his nails. The prizes—each, again, given an elaborate brand-name commercial—do not seem worth this public wrangling and mortification. Perhaps just being seen by a public seems worth it and blessed.

“The Dating Game” resembles “The Newlywed Game,” in a crazier key. Three bachelors are separated from a girl, by their anonymity and a wall. She asks them questions and decides, on the basis of their answers, which one she will date. There is a lot of sexual innuendo here, too, and sometimes, among the bachelors, wit. Occasionally, the three bachelors and the girl are black. Sometimes, a star and her daughter appear on the same program. That is, one day one of one set of bachelors got to date the daughter of Gloria de Haven and one of another set got to date Gloria de Haven herself. “Bachelor Number Two,” the daughter asked, “what does ‘intimate’ mean?” He paused. She said, “Uh-oh.” He said, “That’s it, ‘intimate’ means uh-oh.” “Bachelor Number Three,” her mother asked of the later set, “how much sex appeal do you exude?” He replied with something about not wanting to know too precisely for fear of “deviating from the paths of rectitude on which I tread.” Winning bachelors get a date—a chaperoned trip to somewhere, a named resort, by means of a named airline. Losing bachelors get prizes, again described in commercial detail. References to race and to color occur on the show. When one of the black bachelors was asked to describe himself, he said he looked like John Wayne, if John Wayne were not missing something. Blackness, presumably. The audience laughed. The only quandary, again, is why anyone would appear on the show, why anyone would watch it, what (resorts being what they are) the black couple were going to do with their chaperoned skiing trip, and what Gloria de Haven was going to do with her twelve-day chaperoned trip to Curaçao.

“The Newlywed Game” and “The Dating Game,” both on A.B.C., are in the afternoon, where they are up against N.B.C.’s superior soap operas “Days of Our Lives” and “The Doctors.” But at one-thirty “Let’s Make a Deal,” known in the trade as LMAD, is up against C.B.S.’s soap opera “As the World Turns,” the most popular program in daytime television. LMAD may be the most disgusting but somehow most puzzling and poetic program on the air. It used to be on N.B.C., but Monty Hall, its announcer, wanted to move to the evenings, to have prime time. N.B.C. didn’t give it to him. A.B.C. gave him, in addition to the daily program, one night a week. LMAD moved, leaving, according to an N.B.C. executive, a “tremendous hole” in N.B.C.’s afternoon programming, which six or seven successive shows—including an Art Linkletter program and a fine soap, “Hidden Faces,” later known in the trade as “Hidden Ratings”—have tried, unsuccessfully, to fill. C.B.S. has its supersoap at that hour, N.B.C. has its hole, and A.B.C. has “Let’s Make a Deal.”

“Let’s Make a Deal” is the disintegration of the quiz shows, pure. It moves so fast that it is nearly impossible to follow, but the upshot of the whole thing is a manic conjunction of risk, exhibitionism, and greed, and the whole program is nearly solid with prize-commercials, interrupted only by the commercials of the sponsors themselves. The only “questions” are who will be chosen for the program and whether they will barter what they have been given for something unknown, hidden behind a curtain or in a box. In order to be chosen for the program, the audience dresses in a lunatic fashion, and screams. A recent program began when three contestants—one of them a man fantastically made up and wearing a conical hat, the others women in unmemorable costumes—were asked to assess the value of a shaving kit, whose brand was named. People in the audience were screaming answers, but somehow the lady who came closest to guessing the real price won five hundred dollars, the man won a hundred and fifty dollars and a pipe, and another lady won a “consolation prize.” Then the lady who had won the five hundred dollars was asked whether she would trade her five hundred dollars for whatever a curtain concealed. Since what is hidden behind the curtain is often a joke prize, and worthless, there is a little cruelty here. At some point, the whole thing was interrupted by a real commercial, apparently designed to make the Man from Glad’s image more male. Then the lady, with screamed encouragement from the audience, did trade her money for the becurtained unknown. She seemed to have won only a collection of food for dogs and cats (brand-named), but then, just as she was getting depressed, a curtain behind the original curtain revealed a living-room set. She jumped and screamed.

At one point in the program, the announcer began offering people a small container of bouillon cubes. They all traded it in. Suddenly, the announcer pointed out that there might be money concealed inside. Somebody soon won, by trading in a paper box that had a hundred and fifty dollars in it, a kitchen range, hams, and a trash-disposal unit (all brand-named), total retail value $959.59. She screamed. Somebody narrowly missed trading a product in hand for what was behind another curtain: a joke prize—a battered, worthless old wooden station wagon. Then somebody quite outlandish, a woman, began to outscream the rest. The announcer read out her name from a card she was wearing. "I'm not picking you. I'm just looking at you," he said. "But you said my *name*," she said hysterically. "Oh, all right. I'll take her," the announcer said. She shrieked. She was wearing an A.B.C. sweatshirt, homemade, and was otherwise dressed as a cheerleader, and waved pompons about. She traded the bouillon cubes for what lay behind the curtain and won American Tourister luggage (American Tourister luggage and items from the Spiegel mail-order catalogue appear as prizes, consolation or real, on almost all game shows) and a stereo set (brand-named), total retail value $592.95. "Hi, kids," she screamed, waving toward the camera.


TODAY'S AVANT IS TOMORROW'S PASSE'

"It's the one thing that sustains him."

• •

Then the announcer approached a black lady, conventionally dressed, and said it was a relief to have a quiet lady for a change. He offered her the bouillon cubes. She traded them for the curtain and won a player piano, value $1,281 (brand-named). There were screams and kisses. Nobody seemed to wonder what use a player piano was going to be. What they screamed at was the price. The last person to be offered the bouillon cubes was costumed and screaming. "What am I going to do? What am I going to do? Shall I trade? Shall I trade?" she shrieked, as though the drama of her life were at its crisis. Everyone shouted "Trade!" "I'm gonna keep it," she finally said. The jar contained fifty dollars, and behind the curtain she had rejected there were prizes, all brand-named, whose total value was $1,824. Part of the genius of these programs is the explicit mention of all the prizes, won or lost. Those prizes totalling $1,824 were described as carefully and lovingly as though someone were not actually stuck with her fifty dollars and her bouillon cubes.

Then came the Moment—the "Big Deal"—in which nearly everyone who had won something was asked to trade. A couple who had previously won a trip to Paris stayed with what they had. The man with the pipe and the hundred and fifty dollars chose one of three curtains, and got a $33.50 shaver and a $438 sewing machine. The black lady, with much encouragement from the audience, traded her player piano for another curtain, and got twenty-five dollars' worth of olives. While she was coping with her disappointment, the olives slipped aside to reveal what was, after all, the Big Deal—a car, retail value $4,175. The announcer forgot to ask the lady with the original consolation prize, an iron, whether she wanted to trade it. (Some matters are often forgotten on the game shows. The runner-up couple on the "Newlywed Game," for example, also wins prizes, but these people are nearly always forgotten as the show comes to an end.) As "Let's Make a Deal" was ending, and the credit lines were beginning, the announcer was shouting "One hundred dollars for a bar of soap"—if anyone in the audience had happened to bring one—"one hundred dollars for a playing card, two hundred dollars for a lemon." As it turned out, someone *had* brought a playing card, and was given a hundred dollars as the half hour of LMAD came to an end.

THE question is what it can mean. In the course of trying to eliminate the corruption of coached answers in the conventional question-answer-money format, the programs have succeeded only in muddying the point of the questions, the point of the answers, and have come up with uninvestigatable non-contests of non-cash cupidity for prizes that serve as unacknowledged ads. It is bizarre. And not the least bizarre thing is that the contestants and the audiences, too, now seem to prefer prizes, however peculiar, to cash; and exhibitionism, or simply appearing, to demonstrated competence of any sort. It may mean something about the economy, but it doesn't seem so. People go off with their unearned, unneeded products, their living-room sets (were their living rooms empty?), their luggage, their trip to Las Vegas, even their electric organ, as though they had hit a jackpot, a grand surprise, more tangible than money, more satisfying than real winning. It is weird. It will probably not go on much longer. The soaps are gaining on the quizzes all the time. But in the hands of some highly austere dramatist that choice between the perhaps rich bouillon cubes and the perhaps cruel mystery behind the curtain might be life's main proposition. The audience, almost to a man or to a screamer, agrees almost always, and volubly, that whatever is behind that curtain *must* be preferable to the object, or perhaps the life, one already has, and with which one might, conceivably, be content to be stuck.

—RENATA ADLER

AROUND CITY HALL

THE VIEW FROM ROOM 9

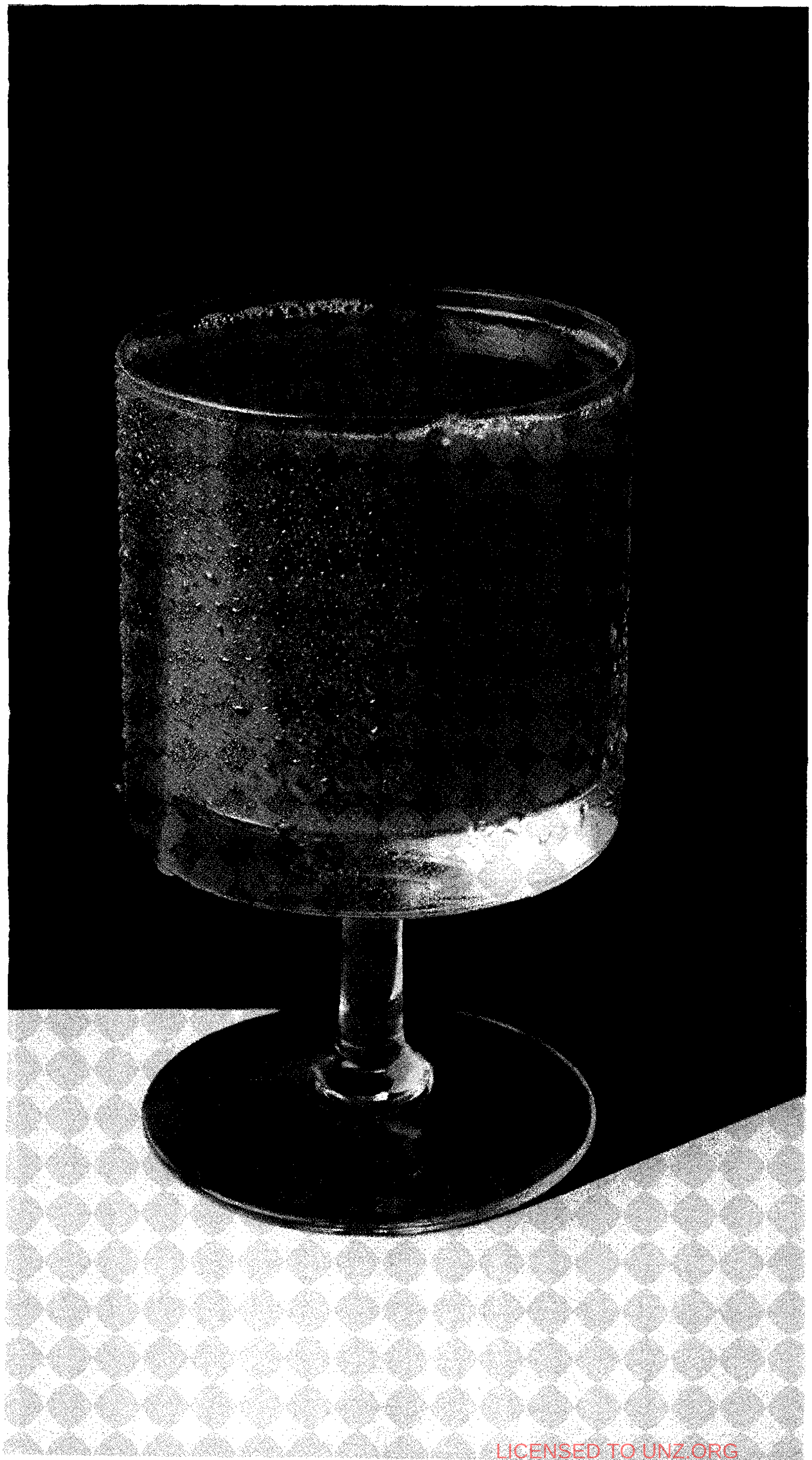
ONCE again, the biggest hit of the Broadway season is by Neil Simon. In this year’s Simon smash, “The Prisoner of Second Avenue,” the hero is driven to the point of mental breakdown by life in this city, which is portrayed as an unrelieved nightmare of polluted air, lost jobs, strikes that cut off essential services, burglaries that leave apartments stripped to the walls, violence between neighbors, muggings and kidnappings in the streets, and a mass conviction on the part of New Yorkers that none of these conditions will ever get any better. (“No *way*,” as they keep saying at Danny’s Hide-A-Way after the show.) Yet the Eugene O’Neill Theatre, where this comedy is playing, rocks each night with laughter, led by the city’s resident-victims. Simon is also the author of the film “The Out-of-Towners,” the story of a young Midwestern couple who come to New York for a festive weekend and barely escape with their lives. A few weeks ago, Simon was one of the guests who joined John Lindsay on his weekly television show to help the Mayor make the point, among others, that during his period in office, while he has been continually accused of presiding over conditions that drive business from the city, New York has become the movie capital of the nation, two hundred films having been made here in the last five years. When Simon was asked why he writes about the city as he does, he explained that he does it out of affection. “I was born in New York, and I’m sure I’m going to die in New York,” he said. “It is the most exhilarating and most exciting place in the world, and I have no intention of ever leaving it.” He sounded taken aback that anyone would suspect him of favoring any other course.

During the rest of that week, as every week, television comedians and talk-show nabobs rattled off one joke after another based on the most dismal catalogue of the drawbacks of New York life. When these entertainers play other cities, most of them freely admit, they tell the same urban jokes—about New York. Any gibes at the imperfections of the town they’re in are prudently limited to a few yaks over traffic snarls or the aggressiveness of local used-car salesmen. The guiding principle here is the knowledge that when a visitor to New York tells a local resident all that’s wrong with his city, the New Yorker will nod vigorously and remind him of some atrocity he has missed, whereas similar behavior in, say, Toledo, Ohio, may well insure the visitor’s involuntary departure on the first bus out of town. Civic chauvinism is so unfashionable in this city, in fact, that it is almost impossible to imagine a banner across lower Broadway reading “New York’s Own!”—a form of courtesy that is routinely available to a celebrated hometowner almost anyplace else. No doubt sociologists have from time to time examined this New York eccentricity as a supreme example of inverted municipal arrogance. Such studies, however, offer little comfort to a local politician tentatively campaigning for the nomination for President of the United States—for which, at some point, he will presumably require an uninverted endorsement as his city’s favorite son.

Another special problem confronting Presumptive Candidate Lindsay is that wherever he goes on the road (and he has been on the road a lot lately) his retinue nearly always includes several members of the New York press—specifically, the habitués of Room 9, the City Hall pressroom, most of whom bring not only their share of the New York anti-booster attitude but also their own fraternal stipulation that of all New Yorkers the one least worth boosting is the present mayor of the city. Not that there is anything novel about an absence of mutual admiration between a mayor and the men in Room 9. On one wall of this grubby, crowded chamber just east of the central rotunda, which has been City Hall’s press headquarters since the last century (at one point in the nineteen-thirties, when the city administration threatened to move the re-

“I had a dress once.”

RUM BLOODY MARY IT'S CATCHING ON.



People don't drink Bloody Marys just because they like the taste of snappy tomato juice. Yet there isn't much else to taste.

So it's only natural that these people would turn by the thousands to Bloody Marys made with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum.

Because Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof and aged and filtered with charcoal to be smooth, dry, light, clear, with no strong aroma and no sweet, syrupy taste.

But Puerto Rican Rum doesn't just sit there and soak up the Worcestershire Sauce either.

It has the taste, ever so subtle but with a little something extra, to give a snappy Bloody Mary just a little more snap.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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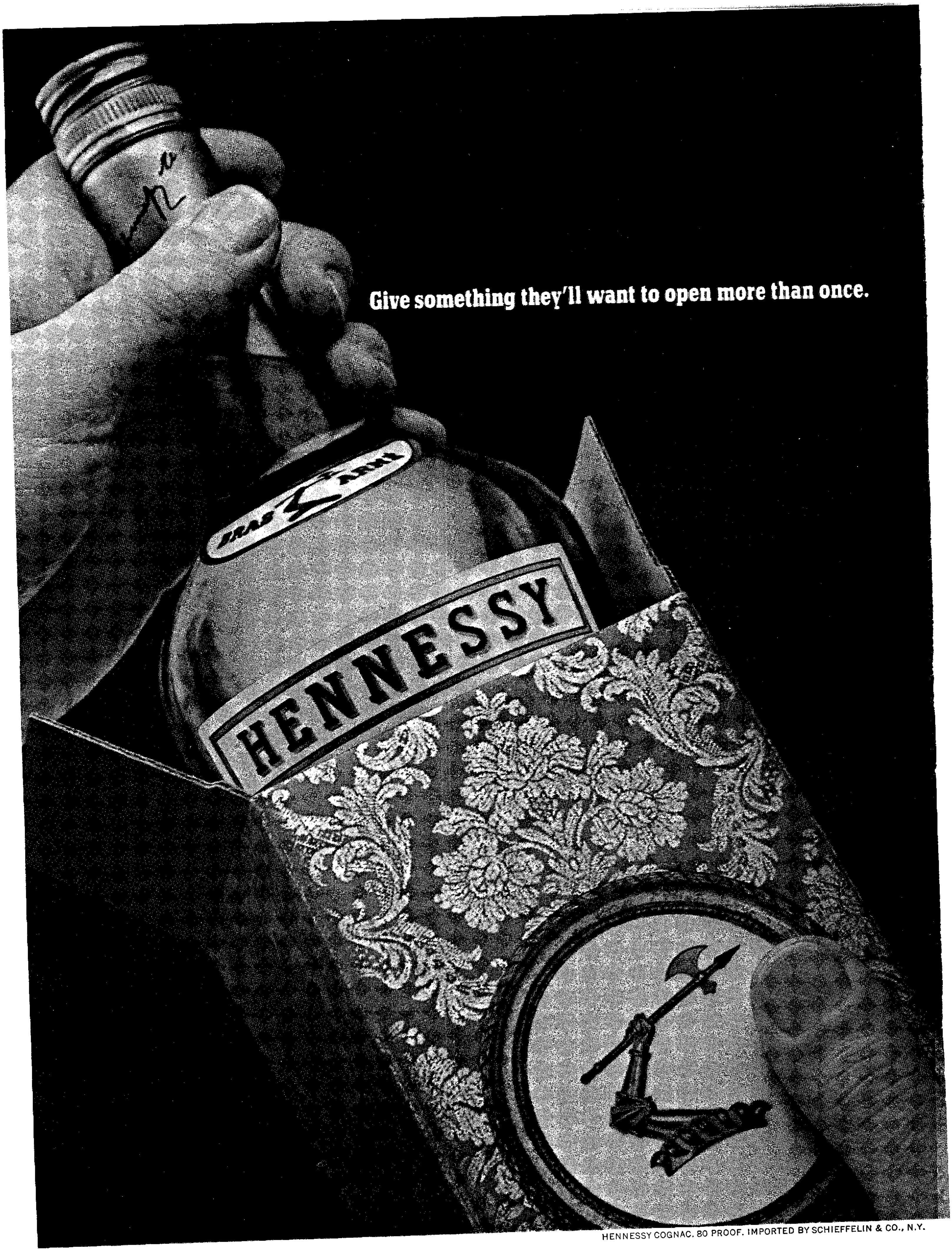
A Rum Bloody Mary is made like any other Bloody Mary, except with rum. For a free book of the many drinks you can make with rum, write: Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.


Give something they'll want to open more than once.
BRAS ARMÉ
HENNESSY

HENNESSY COGNAC. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY SCHIEFFELIN & CO., N.Y.

Hennessy Because there's a little connoisseur in everyone.

porters out to make room for the City Planning Commission, they barricaded the door with a strand of barbed wire and physically held their ground until the enemy retreated in confusion), there is a portrait of Mayor William James Gaynor, who took office in January, 1910. No one seems to know who decided that his dour, bearded countenance should look down on the occupants of Room 9 or whether it was done out of a sense of antiquarian fun, since of all New York's mayors Gaynor displayed the most open contempt for the press. At frequent intervals, resorting to his ample vocabulary, he referred to local newspapers as "corrupt," "lying," "degenerate," "ragbag," and "blackleg," and supplied picturesque variations on these terms. When, in August, 1910, he was shot in the neck by a recently discharged city employee—an attack that he survived—he insisted that the event was a direct result of provocative lies published about him by William Randolph Hearst's *American*. Word that the man who shot him was in fact an inveterate reader of the *Times*, which had attacked the Mayor somewhat less virulently, seemed only to confirm him in the view that one New York newspaper was as bad as another. The portrait isn't the only picture of Gaynor in Room 9. Over a scarred, nonworking marble fireplace is a framed copy of a photograph, celebrated in newspaper history, that shows him, splattered with blood, a moment after he was shot by the would-be assassin as he stood near the rail of a ship, about to sail for Europe. The other news photographers had done their work and left, but, as a reward for being late, the man from the *Evening World* got the picture of Gaynor just before he slumped to the deck. It was reported at the time that when Charles Chapin, the *Evening World's* city editor, saw the print, he clutched it to him and cried happily, "Blood all over him—and exclusive, too!" In the view of many of the city's chief executives through the years, no doubt including Lindsay, Chapin's attitude is typical of the tender solicitousness with which a mayor's misfortunes are greeted by the New York press.

EVEN observers who understand that local newspapermen have been giving the city's mayors a hard time for generations sometimes conclude that the particular animosity that many of the current crop of Room 9 reporters seem to feel toward Lindsay is above and beyond the call of tradition. It is understandable, of course, that, far from being impressed on a daily, down-the-hall basis by the movie-star looks and manner with which the Mayor's staff expects him to dazzle the provinces, members of the local press are more likely to count these against him. In addition, many of them, along with a considerable percentage of the city's ethnically motley population, tend to mistrust him on the ground that he is one of those rich Wasp types whose ancestors got here first and who, as later-arriving New Yorkers believe, have been getting the long end of the stick ever since. (And never mind that when Lindsay's grandfather arrived here, late in the last century, from the Isle of Wight, he had little more than the clothes on his back.) In Room 9, such ethnic suspicions don't merely dissipate themselves in gamy jokes. During the protracted controversy over the Lindsay administration's fondness for hiring outside consulting firms, for example, some reporters spread the word that not only did the practice represent an affront to local civil-service unions and a burden on the city's budget but that it was also the Mayor's way of dodging the city's political realities and dispensing Wasp patronage. As a result, when the executives of one of the major consulting firms involved—McKinsey & Co.—appeared before a City Council committee to defend their firm's contribution to the efficiency of local government, they found themselves, to their obvious astonishment, answering

I have created a
perfume without
alcohol, so that it can-
not evaporate swiftly
from the skin and
leave a woman with
only the memory of
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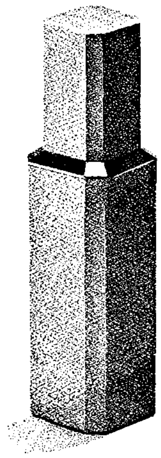

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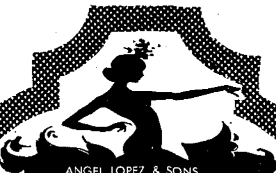

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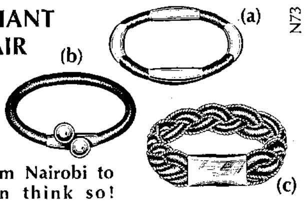

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questions about how many Jews they had on their staff.

Intramural relations at City Hall were hardly improved last year when Woody Klein, Lindsay's onetime press secretary, noted in a book he wrote ("Lindsay's Promise," to which he gave the subtitle "The Dream That Failed") that the Mayor had made numerous disparaging remarks about the "quality" of Room 9 reporters. Klein, himself a former reporter, added that when they kept agitating to see the Mayor at frequent intervals during the thirteen-day transit strike, which began a few hours after he took office, Lindsay called them "just a bunch of goddam animals." He was not the first public official to resort to this metaphor, or one much like it. (John Kennedy is said to have referred to reporters, in private, as "the crocodiles.") Any official might lay it on an assistant when he was being badgered by reporters during a crisis, especially if he felt he could count on his listener not to rush into print with it. ("I'm getting to the point where I don't trust anyone" is a Lindsay remark that Klein used as the title quotation of one of his chapters. The Mayor was talking about the members of the state legislature, but as the memoirs of politicians' former staff assistants proliferate on the book counters, the preference of government leaders for spending their relaxed moments with old friends and close relatives becomes increasingly understandable.) The reason the reference to "goddam animals" still rankles in Room 9 is apparently that the regulars there have an idea that Lindsay meant it, more or less—that if he doesn't think of them as an entirely different species, he does consider them not the sort of people he would care to spend much time with on a social basis, or any other basis, if he could avoid it. Unlike city councilmen, many of whom are in and out of Room 9 several times a week to exchange political gossip (often about the latest Lindsay outrage) and to pass out their mimeographed press releases, Lindsay stops by there only a few times a year, usually under staff escort. Some observers, of course, might deem it to his credit that he doesn't try to cozen the press with a lot of backslapping and extracurricular elbow-bending. Others are convinced that his stubborn refusal to make cronies of the resident press, which can do him so much damage, has probably worked out well for the city: Jimmy Walker, who was always giving the Room 9 boys the big hello, got away with, if not murder, considerable political mayhem, they feel, before his pals in Room 9 finally stopped protecting him. But, once again, long-range theorizing of this kind is of little help to Lindsay as he stumps the country trying to persuade important Democrats in the boondocks that he has the power to sweep the voters before him. Out-of-town writers may report that he looked very powerful indeed ("boffo in Elmira"), and even indicate that they personally were delighted with him. ("Not to know John Lindsay is to love him," says Manhattan Representative Edward Koch, who, like nearly every other prominent Democrat in the city, has plans to run for mayor in 1973.) But what counts most is the fact that New York City newspapermen, many of them the Mayor's relentless detractors, often return to the nation's communications center (whose direct lines to Elmira, New York, are minimal) and report that he pretty much bombed all the way.

The rave notice for Lindsay's performance in Elmira appeared on the Op-Ed page of the *Times* last week in an admiring article by Tom Cawley, a reporter for the Binghamton *Press*, which was flanked by a large, smiling picture of Lindsay giving the peace sign, and was headed, in twenty-six-point type, "In the Sugarbush They Are Talking a Great Deal About the Lindsay Effect. He's the Mayor." No newspaper in the area had failed to mention that he had got a standing ovation in Elmira, Cawley noted, and he got it, the reporter marvelled, at a Rotary Club affair after attacking Richard Nixon, "which in Elmira is akin to advocating non-celibacy in St. Peter's Square." And, if that wasn't impressive enough, later that same afternoon the Mayor was boffo in Binghamton. A few pages farther on in that issue of the *Times*, however, an article by Frank Lynn, who has accompanied Lindsay on several of his recent trips, noted that some politicians believed the Mayor might cancel his ambitious political plans "in the face of the apathy that has greeted his cross-country treks."

IN the view of the Mayor and much of his staff, apathy is what some local reporters are looking for in his campaign—and with little interest in the self-fulfilling powers of such verdicts—whereas more optimistic developments are only grudgingly acknowledged, often in final paragraphs. It was presumably this kind of judgment that moved Lindsay to remark during a Chicago stopover that one of the big pluses in being on the road was the chance it gave him to get away from the New York newspapers. He and his supporters would naturally have been happier during these trial campaign runs if those papers had given more weight, and space, to the two thousand mostly Polish workers who greeted him after a three-hour wait in East Chicago, Indiana ("One of the biggest Democratic rallies ever held in the city," the Calumet *News* reported); the hundred and fifty thousand dollars that he raised in Indiana for the state's mayoral campaigns; the tears in the eyes of some of the thousand citizens, black and white, who tried to crowd into a Laurel, Mississippi, church to hear him endorse Charles Evers' hopeless campaign for the governorship (the Chicago *Tribune* man seemed almost moved to tears himself by this affair); and the judgment of a non-City Hall reporter on the scene that his appearance in Los Angeles "generated more public interest than any political event since the Robert Kennedy campaign of 1968." (Many of the more enthusiastic accounts compared his appeal, or "aura," with Kennedy's, although, ironically, when Kennedy was alive a typical encounter between the two men called for seconds and a choice of weapons at six paces.) Rather curiously, some of the most grudging accounts of the Lindsay campaign have appeared in the *Times*, which supported him in both mayoral elections and seems editorially to look upon his Presidential aspirations with some favor. Quite a few reporters who have accompanied the Mayor on his preliminary junkets around the country claim that when they read the *Times* reviews of these trips they sometimes find it hard to believe that they and the *Times* reporters have been covering the same events. Although the *News* editorials have never ridden a politician harder than they have Lindsay, the *News* accounts of the kind of welcome that the Mayor has encountered on his travels have been closer to those of the out-of-town-based newspapermen on the scene—or, in the minds of Lindsay supporters, generally much fairer. Perhaps to make up for this anomaly, the *News* greeted last month's announcement of the resignation of Richard R. Aurelio as Deputy Mayor in order to mastermind Lindsay's still unofficial campaign for the Presidency ("LINDSAY TOSSES AURELIO IN RING" was the front-page headline) by declaring that the fact "that the oftener Lindsay absents himself from the city the better off the city will be seems beyond dispute—especially if Council President Sanford Garelik and Controller Abraham Beame do most of the City Hall store-minding," and going on to say, "And then, if somehow Lindsay could be eased out as mayor without being eased into the Presidency, the whole country, if not the whole world, should be better off." The editorial-page cartoon that day showed Lindsay as an idiot-faced Don Quixote with Aurelio as Sancho Panza, both headed for Washington.

When Lindsay doubles back toward City Hall from time to time, he may find further reason to complain of the double standard that local reporters sometimes apply to him and to other members of the city government. Some of Lindsay's complaints could concern matters that might well be used against him in a Presidential campaign—police corruption during his administration, for example. The Knapp Commission, which Lindsay set up to investigate such conditions, last week heard testimony by present and former members of his staff who have been accused of having deliberately ignored available evidence of corruption in order to avoid getting the police stirred up in a period when City Hall was concerned about the danger of rioting in black neighborhoods. Chairman Whitman Knapp has said that the Commission had not planned to deal with these events at City Hall, since they went back several years, but that the steady agitation of the press had persuaded the Commission that such hearings were necessary. Whatever deficiencies on the part of Lindsay's staff are brought out, however, no press group has publicly called for testimony from Sanford Garelik—whom the City Charter designates as next in line for mayor if Lindsay should remove himself or be removed for any reason—although Garelik was serving as Chief Inspector of the Police Department throughout the period in question until April 26, 1969, and opposed a Board of Estimate appropriation for the Knapp Commission. There is also the matter of the five John V. Lindsay Associations, which served the Mayor as patronage and money-raising arms in the five boroughs during his time between parties. After Lindsay's switch to the Democrats, City Councilman Matthew Troy, who is also Queens

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County Democratic leader and a Room 9 favorite, found himself circumvented on patronage, and indicated that he was going to get back at the Mayor one way or another. One thing he did was to call for an investigation of the John V. Lindsay Associations for not filing financial reports with the Secretary of State in Albany—something that the law requires of all political organizations. With an absolutely straight face, Aurelio argued that the clubs were really public-service agencies, but the attorney general started an investigation anyhow. Both the *Times* and the *News* displayed this latest embarrassment to Lindsay on their front pages. No reporter asked Troy whether or not *his* county organization had filed such reports. It hadn't, he finally announced himself. Nor, as it turned out, had any of the county Republican or Democratic organizations, it appeared. None of these corollaries received front-page notice, however. The Lindsay Effect may qualify a man for national attention, but there are penalties to be paid along the way.

Meanwhile, as Lindsay moves toward the front of the room at his one-night stands around the country, the band invariably breaks into "The Sidewalks of New York," which was the theme song of Al Smith, the last born-and-bred New Yorker who was nominated for the Presidency by a major party. That was back in 1928, of course, when a big-city candidate was something of a political freak, and long before a politician could declare from the platform, as John Lindsay has been doing a dozen times a week, "Urban America *is* America. . . . This nation *is* its cities." Some nights the response is boffo, and some nights it's more like "No *way*," no matter what paper you read.

—ANDY LOGAN

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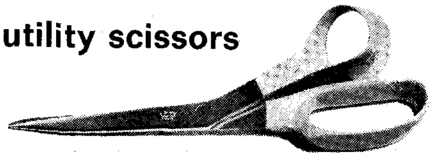

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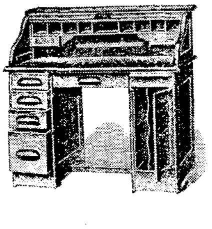

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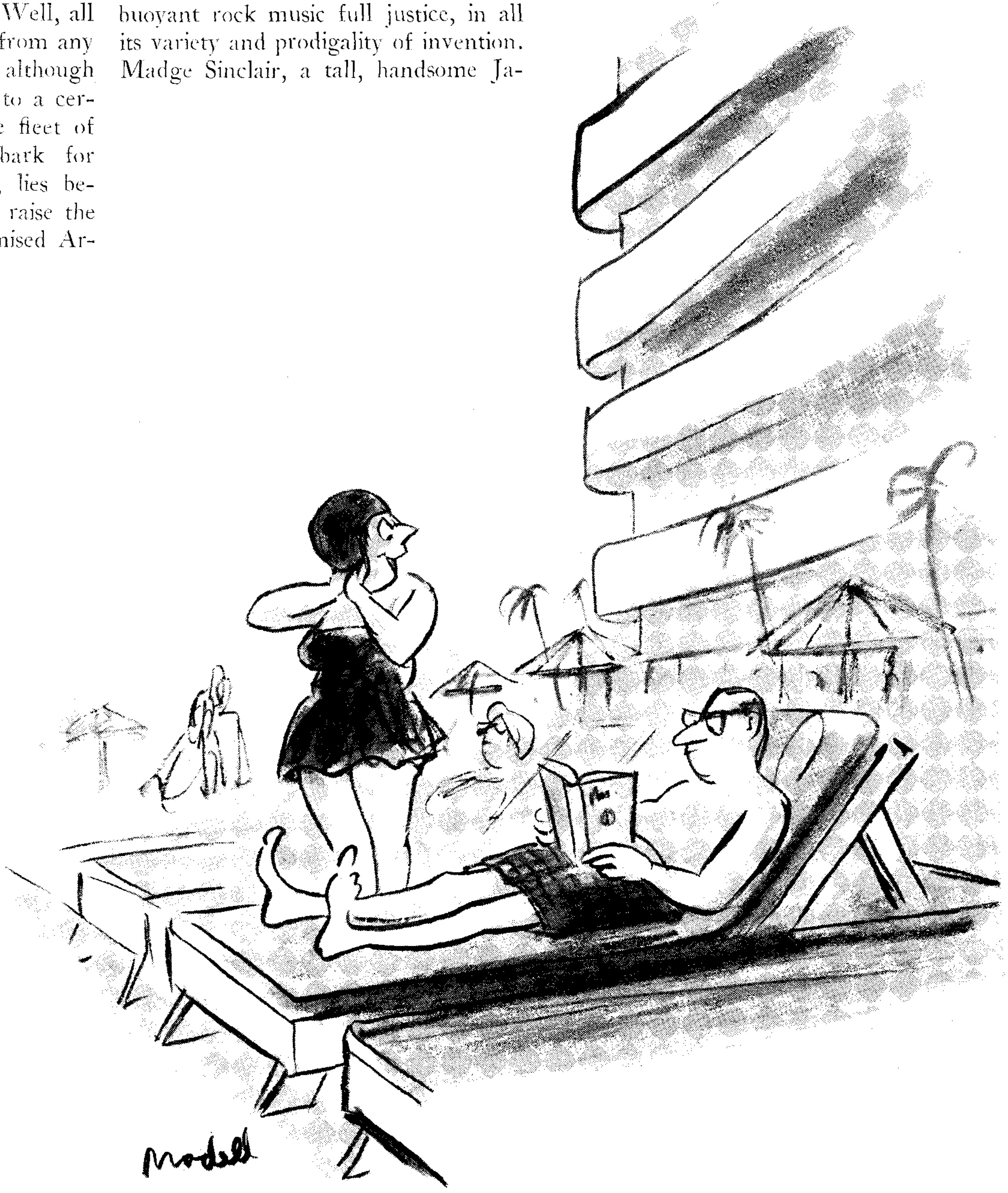
THE THEATRE

OFF BROADWAY

Peter Link, who wrote the enchanting rock score for "Salvation" a couple of seasons ago, has written one just as enchanting for "The Wedding of Iphigenia plus Iphigenia in Concert," a new production down at the Public. Most of the delight of the show is in the music and in the performance. According to the program, the book was adapted from Euripides by Doug Dyer, Mr. Link, and Gretchen Cryer. (Miss Cryer, you may remember, wrote the good words—book and lyrics—for "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac.") Well, all right, if they say so, but not from any translation I've ever read, although they and Euripides do agree to a certain extent on the plot: The fleet of Agamemnon, about to embark for Troy to fetch Helen home, lies becalmed at Aulis. In order to raise the winds, Agamemnon has promised Artemis that he will sacrifice his elder daughter, Iphigenia. Iphigenia, prepared to marry Achilles, arrives with her mother, Queen Clytemnestra. Her father does attempt to kill her, but at the last moment Artemis snatches her away, leaving a goat in her place at the altar, and takes her off to a temple at Tauris, where she is put to work preparing men to be sacrificed. After nineteen years, her brother Orestes rescues her, and, according to the script, they "live happily ever after." The teasing fun of that last phrase almost swept away all my reservations about the show.

Not quite, though. The production is an odd one. There are a dozen Iphigenias, each presumably expressing some aspect or other of her character, and each of the actresses who play the role is gifted enough and attractive enough and graceful enough and tuneful enough to have taken it on alone. The lines are in modern English—often colloquial English—and the actresses frequently step out of character to speak in their own persons. The script is used as an occasion for sporadic discussions on the position of women in the world and on men and war—discussions that diminish and dilute Euripides, of course, but that also, in their spurts of earnestness, have a kind of daffy charm. Significance aside—and I think it can be said that the show has no significance whatever—there is much that does work. The singing and the choreographed movements do that buoyant rock music full justice, in all its variety and prodigality of invention. Madge Sinclair, a tall, handsome Jamaican who plays Clytemnestra, is a beautiful dancer, and Manu Tupou makes a powerful Agamemnon. The Iphigenias are Nell Carter, Margaret Dorn, Leata Galloway, Bonnie Guidry, Patricia Hawkins, Marta Heflin, Lynda Lee Lawley, Andrea Marcovicci, Julienne Marshall, Pamela Pentony, Marion Ramsey, and Sharon Redd. Bless 'em all. The musicians—four guitarists, a cellist, and a man on percussion—who call themselves Goatleg, sounded good to me. Mr. Link, by the way, is one of the guitarists. Theoni V. Aldredge's costumes—tunics for Act I (Aulis), modern clothes for Act II (Tauris)—are, as usual, very effective, and so is Douglas Schmidt's setting, a circular stage at floor level with ramps rising into the auditorium.

—Edith Oliver



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Couples

"NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDRA" is as obsequiously respectful as if it had been made about living monarchs who might graciously consent to attend the first performance. The seven other movie versions of the fall of the Romanovs that have played in this country have all concentrated on that mystic voluptuary Rasputin, for the good reason that he was the most dramatic character in the story. The new Sam Spiegel production, directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, sticks to those two royally dull people. Can one make a film about a stolid, well-intentioned couple whose self-preoccupation and need to prove themselves the leaders they weren't precipitated the butchery of millions of people in a war and a revolution—can one make such a film *without irony* and expect the audience to become involved in the fate of the unfortunate couple? The picture moves in a stately progression from one fond smile they exchange to the next. Ah, yes, they care for each other—we can certainly see that. But, far from developing sympathy for them, we get so fed up with their mediocrity that we wait for their execution to liberate us from the theatre. We quickly perceive the film's point of view—that they are a decent, neurotic pair who might have been mildly happy (in a domineering-wife-and-henpecked-husband way) if only Nicholas hadn't been the head of state. But that seems to be the film's one point of view. Their lack of judgment and imagination is treated not as a horrible black joke of history—two dunces sitting on a volcano—or as a key to the eruptions but merely factually, without interpretation.

The 1932 version, featuring the Barrymores, was painfully stuffy, too, but not so epically long, and when Rasputin, after being poisoned and shot and beaten, still refused to die, there really seemed to be something vile and supernatural about him. And since it was John Barrymore playing the Romanov who, after all other measures failed, tried to choke Lionel Barrymore, done up in long, straggling whiskers as Rasputin, there was also some humor to it, especially since Lionel's Rasputin looked so much like John's Svengali of the year before that the brothers seemed to have swapped beards. The new version provides no such divertissements. Rasputin was unquestionably the funkiest monk in history, and if you're not going to interpret the historical events—if you're not basically serious anyway—why not use the one wild joker in your hand and let the audience enjoy a fantastic character? Since Rasputin (Tom Baker here) did have mesmeric gifts, why not show them? In the 1938 French version, Harry Baur as Rasputin danced so orgiastically that the whole crazy, fetid period came alive. You could feel his powers, and they were sly and dirty; you knew why the Russian people hated him. This movie skips the triumph of that crude peasant libertine over the court; it *avoids* drama, and Rasputin's death is so badly staged that it seems not that he is hard to kill because he has so much rotten life in him but that his murderers are incompetent.

This Russian court must surely be the least scintillating court in movie history. Before seeing the movie, I had always felt sorry for the Romanov family, simply because they were powerless and helpless when they were murdered. But when one is asked to witness over three hours of Russian history with no object but to feel sorry for them one's sympathies dry up. Besides, leaden-spirited authenticity can kill sympathy fast. And is there not a calculated attempt to flatter the audience by showing the Romanovs to be one man's family in trouble—the four pretty, obedient daughters so witless a troupe of princesses they seemed to have grown up next door to Andy Hardy? It's hard to see how one can fail to be moved by a sick child on the screen, but the movie's assumption that we in the audience are more interested in the Czarevitch's hemophilia than in the way that Rasputin, who treated the boy, became a ruinous political influence stifles feelings of pity. The condescending assumption is that we're celebrity-royalty lovers who hunger for details of a sick boy's bleeding and don't care about the disintegration of a society. It's offensive to be put in the position of status-hungry voyeurs eager to partake of the home life of the dullest of the Czars; I think we're meant to revel in the imperial pomp and to identify with the little people wearing the jewelled crowns. But when the First World War and the Russian Revolution are reduced to events going on in the background of the stodgy life in the royal apartments, even if the intention isn't satirical the results become so.

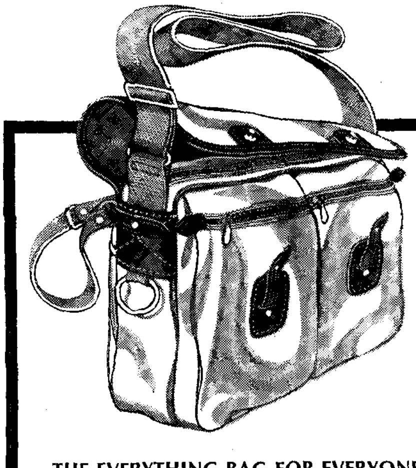
Of the directors who came from TV, Franklin J. Schaffner has seemed to have the greatest sense of sweep and spectacle, and in "The War Lord," the first three-quarters of an hour of "Planet of the Apes," and "Patton" he showed a marvellous command of large-scale visual imagery. No one in recent years has used the wide screen more effectively. But this picture, big though its effects often are, is visually square and solemn; the compositions are head on and centered and lifeless. This may be a result of the conception or it may be the inevitable consequence of the employment of the cinematographer Freddie Young, who has worked so long for David Lean that everything he does looks static and framed for hanging.

Janet Suzman has a grave elegance as Alexandra, and one senses the presence of a fine actress, but her role is written so impersonally that we get very little insight into Alexandra's character or into what her husband sees in her. Of why he calls her "Sunny," there is no hint. Quiet, refined Michael Jayston is submerged in the character of weak Nicholas; though it may be unfair to Jayston to say so, it does seem as if the least charismatic of monarchs were being impersonated by the least charismatic of actors. For emotion, Jayston widens his tiny eyes from time to time. In minor roles, Laurence Olivier, Harry Andrews, and Alan Webb show their professional stature, but Irene Worth, like Janet Suzman, is forced to show hers mainly by the regal assurance with which she wears her gowns. The two ladies are superbly accoutred; their dresses (by Castillo) may be the only trace of art in the entire production.

The script is the heart of the trouble; it's a lame script, lamely directed. You never believe anything that's going on—not the princess exposing herself to a soldier, not the transvestite luring Rasputin. You don't even believe in the Revolution. One hesitates to blame the scriptwriter (James Goldman, with additional dialogue by Edward Bond), because in a Sam Spiegel production (this one originated in Spiegel's enthusiasm for the popular biography by Robert K. Massie) the conception may be his. There's no point in belaboring the writers for the clunky lines that get laughs; they must have heard the laughter, too, and if Lenin and Trotsky and Stalin sound as silly as ancient Greeks passing the time of day in a movie epic, how *should* revolutionaries talk in a movie in which they are walk-ons? (Michael Bryant's tight-faced Lenin is photographed so that he looks like the statues of Lenin, and this Lenin behaves like a statue.) When it is decided to concentrate on the family life of a family of dullards, how should *anybody* talk? When Nicholas of Russia asks his Alexandra "How did I go wrong?" we don't know where to point.

SO far, it has never failed that when you're depressed after a bunch of expensive clinkers—this time after "Nicholas and Alexandra," "Happy Birthday, Wanda June," "$," "Star Spangled Girl," and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight"—a little picture sneaks in from left field. Renée Taylor and her husband, Joseph Bologna, are a comedy-writing team with a talent for revealing the emotional desperation of loudmouthed characters. The Bolognas' comedy is a variation on the skit style of Nichols and May, but applied to the psychological patterns of ethnic groups. They don't seek merely to entertain you with the absurdities of Jewish and Italian misbehavior; their object (possibly their unconscious object) is to find the beauty under the ugliness. It's not easy to find. That they succeed is what makes "Made for Each Other" the most satisfying comedy of the year.

There hasn't been much competition, though the first half of "Bananas" was almost up with the best of the Marx Brothers. Woody Allen's style of comedy overlaps that of the Bolognas, but he turns being Jewish into a hangup, while they satirize ethnic hangups for remedial purposes. They are perhaps the ultimate idealists among comedy writers: they want people to come clean with each other, and they assume that there is a naked honesty that can be reached. The movie is conceived as if it were an extended encounter session; its rationale is that if you tear away neurotic defenses you will get to the true person, who will be free to love. This is a less sophisticated approach than Woody Allen's gamesmanship about those defenses, but it has a romantic appeal. The Bolognas' naïve view of character could, a few movies hence, turn into soggily sentimental fake "depth," but it nevertheless gives this work unexpected sweetness. A



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psychological view doesn't have to be large—or sensible, either—to function in drama, especially in comedy. At this point in their writing careers, the Bolognas' belief in the dignity of psychological nakedness is what saves their work from grossness. The grossness is an omnipresent threat. The people in this movie have a lot of lungs, and they yell and stumble around and make fools of themselves, but our laughter at them isn't cruel, because it's the laughter of recognition of what—in the Bolognas' view—makes them behave like maniacs.

As a writing team, the Bolognas are a balancing act. Their comedy has the advantage of a double sexual perspective. Since their subject here is the coming together of a man and a woman (played by themselves) who haven't been able to find a way to live with themselves or anyone else, the balancing keeps the story in motion. Each character in turn messes things up and is seen through by the other. The lovers are in their thirties—Pandora Gold, a tatty, bleached-blond failed actress who tries to be sprightly, and Giggy Pinimba, a seminary dropout, a grubby misfit in personnel work. Pandora has been dumped on so many times that she looks older than she is, and Giggy is so frightened of everything that he looks younger. The background to their problems is the lunacy of their families. The Bolognas' technique is to turn psychodrama into vaudeville, to show us the comic side of suffering, but not as a put-down. The burlesque is a clarification of the characters' mechanisms—psychodrama heightened. I prefer Woody Allen's throwaway style and the jokes from out of nowhere, but he sets up comic situations, such as the courtroom scene in "Bananas," and walks away from them, so "Bananas" doesn't build, and by the end everything has run down. "Made for Each Other" is fully worked out and grows in feeling, so that by the end the comedy has become bigger, not smaller. The clowns have become people, and the audience goes out smiling. It's Frank Capracorn updated.

The writers' attitudes are Freudian—sub-Freudian, really, since the movie accepts the neurotic person's simplified view that he has been molded by the madnesses of his parents—but their observation has a quirky particularity that saves them from the mechanical use of this dogma, which has become standard in TV drama. In the movie of "Lovers and Other Strangers," for example (which they wrote and, after its purchase, lost control of), the Italian father, played by Richard Castellano, was sexually frustrated by his stony wife, who, however, enjoyed stuffing him, so he ate his way through life. So far, orthodox sub-Freud. But when his second son was getting married, the father, handing him a present of money, explained that though it might appear to be more than the first son had received, it wasn't; he had taken inflation into account, so the sums were really equal. As he awkwardly explained this, the overstuffed, sad-eyed man's feelings of love and his consideration for his sons came out in the clumsy, prosaic words. You couldn't help laughing, and yet your laughter brought you closer to him. That's the distinctive quality of the Bolognas' comic style. Though *in toto* "Lovers and Other Strangers" was not much more than a pleasant entertainment, it had scenes that showed a special feel for ethnic comedy and for family life. In that movie, the material was shoved into old movie formulas—the best characters deëmphasized and the ethnic tones confused by Hollywood-style casting. "Made for Each Other" is clearly not just remnants of the writers' intentions but their intentions realized.

Joseph Bologna acts "natural," and is acceptable because he handles the material so well; Renée Taylor, however, is a gifted and accomplished performer with a five-octave emotional range. She has appeared in movies before, in small roles, but she was deployed so unattractively that it was impossible to guess that she was a knocked-out original. No woman onscreen has ever done anything quite like Pandora's expression of stupefied disbelief at what a fast nothing it was after she and Giggy have had sex in his car. Her "Who Am I?" nightclub routine is so rambunctiously awful and yet her face while she's doing it is so eager to please that the sequence is reminiscent of Marilyn Monroe's "That Old Black Magic" number in "Bus Stop." Renée Taylor's greatest asset in this role is the Cinderella-like transformation of coarseness into soft-

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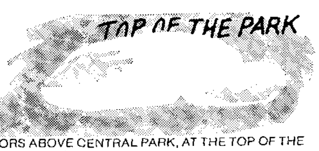

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ness. The term "vulnerability" can't be avoided here, because it is essential to the theme—which is the necessity for these two to stop protecting themselves in the clinches, to be vulnerable and to help each other be vulnerable. The movie believes that there is a Kingdom of Heaven you get to if you open yourself to it. If "Made for Each Other" seems to belong to Miss Taylor and to be her personal triumph, it is because she expresses this theme so deeply, in her very bones, and makes you believe in it—for the duration of the movie, anyway.

Up until the fifties, although color was being used for Westerns and spectacles and musicals, comedies could be shot in black-and-white in a simple, functional manner that brought out the style of the performers. Now that the future sale of movies to TV is a prime consideration in movie financing, color is almost mandatory, yet no one seems able to find a visual style in color that helps to bring out comic values. Even our best comedies tend to look shoddy and fancy, like TV commercials, because the color and the color design aren't organic to the material. You can see the cinematographer desperately blurring a foreground here and a background there, trying for movement and pleasing tones and variety while the characters talk in bed or walk along a dirty, dark street. The simplicity and stylization of black-and-white made it easy for the director to control the situations and eliminate everything he didn't need (great comedies, such as Keaton's, often look startlingly abstract); now comedy is drowned in colors that distract from it, and the actions lose their clarity. In the case of the Bolognas, the comedy depends on the exactness of their ethnic idioms. "I'm *entitled* to be loved," Pandora says in her encounter group. There's not much that color can do for this kind of comedy (or black-and-white, either, except to allow one to listen in peace). Robert B. Bean, who directed the picture, also shot it; though he has done his best to keep his eye on the action, and has shot the picture expertly, he hasn't solved this problem. He gets some scenes to work well by using realistically tight space—a family dining room at New Year's, with the extra chairs that no one can get past; the shoebox-size night club—and the décor in the homes is blessedly uncondescending, but the busywork of razzle-dazzle effects to keep the picture from being visually monotonous is merely an acceptable style, not one that grows out of the material.

The material here is so organically developed in every other way, with characters who are emanations of the actor and actress playing them, that the movie almost qualifies as a minor comedy classic. It's when the other elements are so right that one regrets the peculiar problems of modern American color comedies. I don't think the all-purpose solution now would be to go back to black-and-white, even if there were no TV sale to worry about, and even if the large audience hadn't grown to expect color and to prefer it. A big-city comedy such as this one might seem too drab in black-and-white; it might even be intolerable, because the color helps to gloss over the urban ugliness and the caricatured urban types. Chances are that if it were made in black-and-white the cinematography would need *more* razzle-dazzle to make it visually bearable. A simplified spectrum might work for some types of comedy, or perhaps a stylization emphasizing primary colors, like the stylization Godard used in some of his sixties films—though that certainly wouldn't be right for this particular film. It may be that in emphasizing or, more exactly, exploiting grossness, the modern urban comedies have created an authentic problem that can't be satisfactorily solved. As comedy has become harsh and freaky, colors have become an enrichment system, yet color used as prettification is a commercial solution, not an aesthetic one. That's why "Made for Each Other" is an emotionally satisfying comedy but is not aesthetically satisfying.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

> POMONA, Calif. (U.P.I.)—You've heard of the water bed, now meet the mud bed, which its developer describes as "incredibly comfortable."
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THE RACE TRACK

Quintuplets

IF you were to ask one of the Off-Track Betting Corporation's actuaries what the odds are against a trainer's saddling five winners in an afternoon, no doubt he'd put the question to one of his computers in the Paramount Building, and the thing would probably burn out a few bearings and blow a few fuses trying to come up with an answer. Indeed, nobody had ever brought off a quintuplet on a New York track until Frank Martin—they call him Pancho Martin on the backstretch—did it on the closing day of the season at Aqueduct last week. What's more, though Martin trains for several owners, the five horses all belong to the same man—Sigmund Sommer. That's a record, too. Actually, four were first past the post; the other, Kubalai, finished second and was moved up after Dark Destiny was disqualified for crowding. Kubalai, who paid $32.20, started the parade, and was followed by Izadore, at $6.40, the only favorite to win; Prince Color, at $15.40; Trying Times, at $9; and Canning, also at $9. Martin and his string of horses, which includes Hitchcock, Paraje, Autobiography, and Chauffeur, have taken off for Santa Anita.

Most of the racing on getaway day was shrouded in the gloom of fog, along with a drizzling rain, but few in the crowd of 25,380 appeared to mind. They bet $3,626,047. Attendance for the year was 6,354,076, and the betting totalled $741,639,753. For the third quarter at Aqueduct, by the way, the gate was off eleven per cent, the handle off ten. What price off-track betting?

BY and large, this was hardly a vintage year, and the track was strewn with broken idols. It's hard to say just how good Hoist the Flag might have been if he hadn't fractured a leg in a workout last April. Happily, he was saved for the stud. Then, there was Canonero II, who won the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness but went lame in the Belmont. I saw him just before he left for Santa Anita the other day, and he looked good, but he still had leg trouble. And there was also Ack Ack, who won almost everything worth winning in California. (I'll remember his race in the Hollywood Gold Cup for many a day.) He might have done as well at Belmont in the autumn if an attack of colic hadn't stopped his training. He's gone to the stud, too. Old Fort Marcy wasn't what he used to be; still, Paul Mellon's Rokeby Stable racers, and Elliott Burch, who trains them, didn't do too badly. For one, Run the Gantlet won the United Nations Handicap, the Man o' War, and the Washington, D.C., International. On the record, Riva Ridge was the top two-year-old colt and Numbered Account the top two-year-old filly. Nevertheless, I have more than a passing fancy for Key to the Mint, Fort Marcy's half brother. The best horse I saw all year was John Hislop's Brigadier Gerard, winner of his ten starts in two seasons. I've never seen Mr. Mellon's Mill Reef, who must be something extra, since in England and France they say he's pounds better than Nijinsky and almost as good as Ribot. Still, the Brigadier beat him in the Two Thousand Guineas at Newmarket. I want to be in England when they meet again, as they may in the Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park next summer.

AS for off-track betting, you can have a flutter on your fancy at Laurel at any of the OTB shops around, and the same goes for Bowie, beginning on New Year's Day—with live telecasts, maybe. Though the Florida Department of Business Regulation's threatened injunctive proceedings against taking wagers on the races at Tropical Park didn't come off, OTB discontinued the operation in order to do business with Laurel. It handled $46,657 the first day it took bets on Tropical; on the third day the handle dropped to $33,786. On Laurel's first day, it was $124,303. Last Saturday, it was $181,456. The night before, it took in $640,902 on the trotting races at Monticello. Heigh-ho, Las Vegas!

COLONEL MARTINGALE joins me in wishing you three hundred and sixty-six lucky days in 1972.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

WASHINGTON—U.S. Rep. William Stanton, (R-11) said today construction of a proposed $6.2 million nuclear power plant will be a "Great Boom" to Lake and Ashtabula Counties.—*Painesville (Ohio) Telegraph.*

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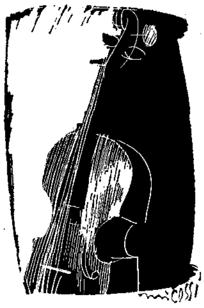
MUSICAL EVENTS

Tale of Two Cities

LEONARD BERNSTEIN'S thousandth concert with the New York Philharmonic, which took place in Philharmonic Hall last Wednesday night, was an imposing affair attended by a packed house that contained many composers whose works he has performed, as well as a large contingent of other prominent figures of the musical profession. There was a standing ovation as Mr. Bernstein walked onstage, a good many people were in black tie for a reception that followed the concert, and the Philharmonic was on its best behavior. The program was devoted entirely to Mahler's "Resurrection" Symphony (No. 2 in C Minor), a work with which Mr. Bernstein has been at pains to identify himself, and it is indeed a monumental score. Amyas Ames, chairman of the board of Lincoln Center, made a speech in which he said that the thousand concerts conducted by Mr. Bernstein constituted almost an eighth of all the concerts the Philharmonic had given during its hundred and thirty years.



The soloists in the symphony were Martina Arroyo, soprano, and Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and the admirable chorus of the Camerata Singers, trained by Abraham Kaplan, also participated. Mr. Bernstein handled the performance with his usual highly developed technical flair, and the enthusiasm of the audience was boundless. I hope, however, that I may be forgiven a slight deviation from the general reaction. The occasion was momentous and the symphony is a great one. But I have heard Mr. Bernstein conduct this very symphony much better than he did the other night. Perhaps it was a matter of nerves overreacting to the spirit of the evening, or a wish to do that spirit justice by presenting the symphony in the most stirring manner possible. The fact is that Mr. Bernstein's tempos both at the start of the work and at the great choral finish were so slow as to defeat the impression of grandeur that he was undoubtedly aiming at, and many points were terribly overdramatized—especially the initial entrance of the strings, which was treated as if it were a climax instead of merely the first statement of a theme. These, you might say, were small flaws. But the element of magic that the symphony can possess was lost—at least, for me.

MR. BERNSTEIN is more impressive, and in a different way, in a documentary entitled "Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein," which will be broadcast by the Columbia Broadcasting System on Christmas Eve, and which I saw at a screening last Friday morning. This affair is noteworthy not only for the music, in which he conducts the Vienna Philharmonic, the Vienna State Opera Chorus, and various international soloists, but for the numerous closeups of his earnest face and for his remarkable command of language in his commentary. Vienna has taken Mr. Bernstein to its heart, and the setting of the old city, which had been host to Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Bruckner, and Mahler, among many others, adds no end to the colorfulness of the documentary. Views of "Fidelio," both front- and backstage at the Teater an der Wien, where the opera was first done, are presented, and Mr. Bernstein confesses to a particular thrill at standing just where Beethoven stood when he conducted its première. There are vignettes of rehearsal, in one of which Mr. Bernstein advises Gwyneth Jones, the Leonore, and there is a skillfully cut performance of highlights from the opera, with James King as Florestan, Theo Adam as Don Pizzaro, Franz Crass as Rocco, Lucia Popp as Marcellina, Adolf Dallapozza as Jacquino, Karl Ridderbusch as Don Fernando, and, of course, Miss Jones. Mr. Bernstein also appears as soloist in Beethoven's C-Major Piano Concerto (No. 1) while he conducts the Vienna Philharmonic. And the whole thing winds up with a performance of the last movement (considerably cut) of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, by the same orchestra and chorus, plus Miss Jones, Miss Verrett, Placido Domingo, and Martti Talvela as vocal soloists. The entire program is a masterpiece of propaganda for music and for Beethoven, and it will undoubtedly be much appreciated by those who do not attend concerts. For those who do, there will be some irritations: nothing is performed in its entirety, Mr. Bernstein often talks while the music is in progress, and there is a disconcerting frequency of change of scene. As an example of "music appreciation," however, the documentary is a complete success.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, at somewhere around the age of ninety, is still one of the best program builders in the field of symphonic music, and his concert last Tuesday night with the American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall was a good example of his skill in this respect. It started off with a pleasing contemporary work, "Mantrajana," by the Swiss-born Clevelander Matthias Bamert, continued with a performance of Brahms' superb Concerto in A Major for Violin, Cello, and Orchestra, with Ruggiero Ricci and his brother Giorgio as soloists, and ended with what was probably the New York première of the complete work by Charles Ives entitled "A Symphony: Holidays," single movements of which have been heard here in the past.

"Mantrajana" is the Sanskrit word for the Buddhist belief in the attainment of nirvana by the repetition of sacred formulas. According to a note by the composer, the composition contains no Oriental motifs but is merely inspired by Oriental philosophy. The most prominent of its features is the use of four Balinese gongs, from Mr. Stokowski's own collection, which are placed before the orchestra and are sounded from time to time. Otherwise, the music is made up mainly of twittering strings and perfectly tonal chords played by two solo violins at the back of the stage. It is not important music, but it has a certain charm. It was conducted by the composer, a dark young man with sideburns and a very serious demeanor. It is astonishing how popular Sanskrit and ideas expressed in Sanskrit are becoming in the West. I am, incidentally, reminded of a couplet by Mahler that forms part of the text of the choral part of the symphony Mr. Bernstein conducted—"All that has arisen must pass!/ All that has passed must rise again!"—which is, intentionally or not, a translation of a couplet from the Bhagavad Gita. The Ricci brothers performed the solo parts of the concerto beautifully. I am well acquainted with the sterling accomplishments of the violinist Ruggiero, but I had never before encountered his younger brother, the cellist Giorgio, who is an excellent performer—a virtuoso of outstanding gifts, with a lovely tone, perfect intonation, and obvious musical sensibility.

The Ives symphony consists of four loosely related movements, each of which commemorates an American holiday—Washington's Birthday, Decoration Day, the Fourth of July, and Thanksgiving (or Forefathers' Day). The last of these employs a chorus, and this role was filled by the American Symphony Chorus, which is trained by Ainslee Cox. The work is characteristic of Ives—playful, slightly chaotic, and full of quotations from old American hymns and folk songs. The typically Ivesian effect of several bands playing different things at the same time is prominent, and there is a beautiful pentatonic melody in the "Thanksgiving" movement that may, for all I know, be by Ives himself. At any rate, the work is good fun and was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

LAST Thursday night, I went to the Juilliard Theatre to hear a performance—part student, part professional—of Mozart's "The Magic Flute." The sets for this production, by Ming Cho Lee, were simple but serviceable, and the young singers sang without a flaw—particularly notable among them being John Seabury as the Papageno, Syble Young as the Queen of the Night, Michael Best as the Tamino, Willard White as the Sarastro, and Jacquelyn Benson as the Pamina. Mr. Seabury has a large voice that should sound good in a big opera house, and Miss Young's difficult *fioritura* was done without missing a bull's-eye. But the direction, by George London, disappointed me. It was highly conventional and unimaginative, and certain episodes were all out of character—the enormous noise backstage that heralded the appearances of the Queen of the Night, and the behavior of the animals in Act I, which was appallingly gagged up (monkey pulls lion's tail, lion pulls own tail, etc., etc.). The conducting, by Theodore Bloomfield, was sluggish and none too steady, and the orchestra often had the fuzzy tone in the strings that indicates a lack of unanimity where pitch is concerned. The Henry Reese English translation appeared graceful when I could make out the words. The enunciation of all but a few of the cast (notably Mr. Seabury and Mr. Best) was not altogether distinct, even in the small auditorium where the performance took place.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

The screening committee is charged with compiling a list of no more than eight and no fewer than 15 possible replacements for former President John C. Weaver.—*Columbia (Mo.) Missourian.*

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Design Building. John's Island maintains its own construction company, Town Island Builders, exclusively for the property owners' use. James E. Gibson, A.I.A. is resident architect. Complete maintenance service is available for the absentee owner. Property owners are guaranteed the highest standards of design and materials.

Residents. The average age of the John's Island property owner is 52. You probably know someone who lives at John's Island. Either on a personal basis or by reputation.

Zoning. Zoning at John's Island limits building height to 3 stories. Strong deed restrictions further protect property owners.

Management. John's Island is owned and administered by E. Llwyd Ecclestone and Roy D. Chapin III. A detailed and illustrated brochure on the property may be obtained by writing Mr. Chapin, John's Island Drive, Vero Beach, Florida 32960.

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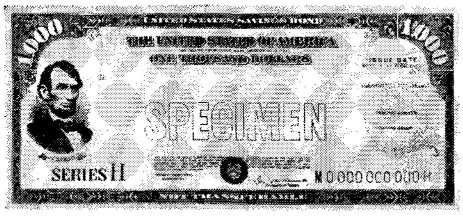

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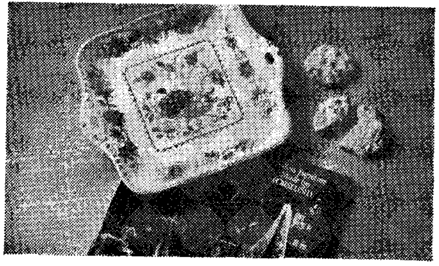


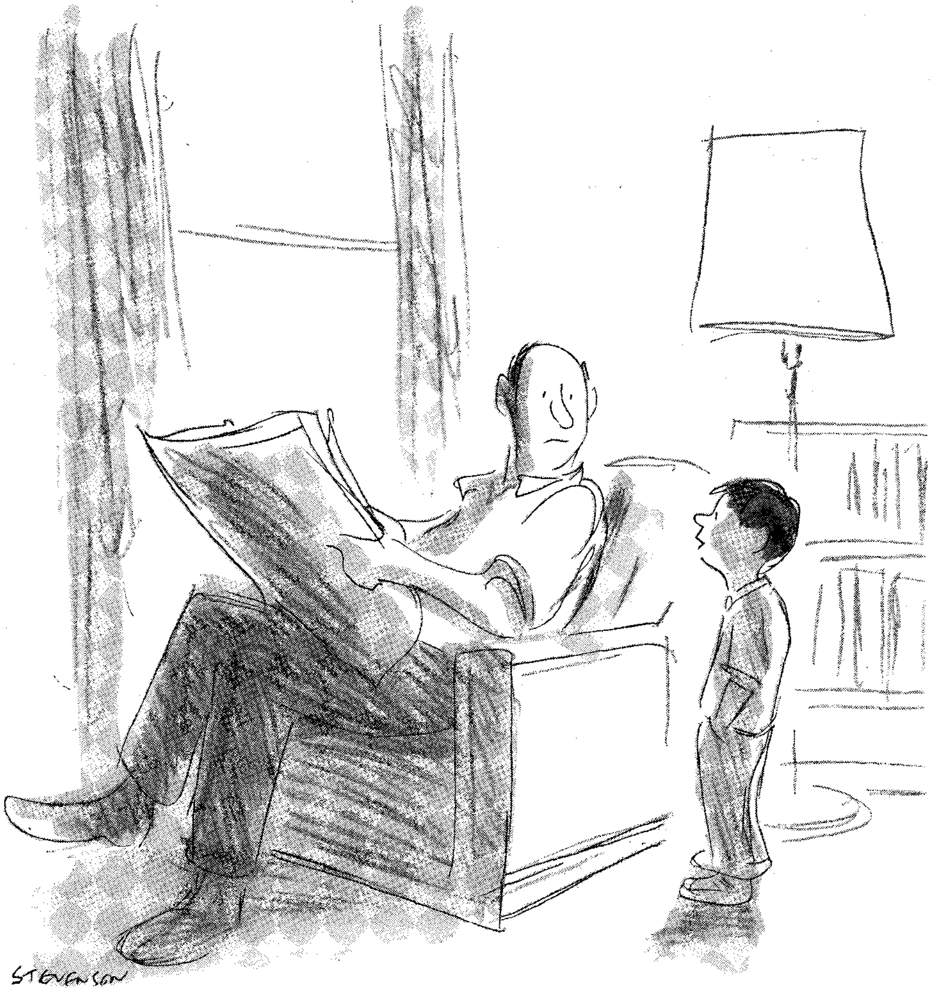
BOOKS

The Inconstant Past

Eudora Welty's "One Time, One Place" (Random House) is a little book as nearly perfect as can be. It consists of a hundred photographs, chosen from among several hundred that Miss Welty took in the early nineteen-thirties, when, fresh out of graduate school at Columbia, she returned home to Jackson, Mississippi, and got a job as a publicity agent, junior grade, in the state office of the Works Progress Administration. (The W.P.A. was a New Deal enterprise that provided work for the unemployed and was reviled by the conservatives of the time for encouraging boondoggles. Its fortunate consequences are to be seen all round us even today.) One used to speak of being "on" the W.P.A., and in some places in the South one spoke of being on the W.P. and A., a jaunty emphasis on "and" turning it into an ampersand and making the enterprise itself seem something akin to a prosperous railway line. Miss Welty tells us, in a brief foreword, that her W.P.A. job required her to write up the multifarious projects—farm-to-market roads, airports gouged from cow pastures—that were being carried out in one or another of the eighty-two counties of the state, all of which she came to know. Her picture-taking was given direction by her job, but it was not a part of it: "I took picture after picture out of simple high spirits and the joy of being alive. . . . I can add that in my subjects I met often with the same high spirits, the same joy. Trouble, even to the point of disaster, has its pale, and these defiant things of the spirit repeatedly go beyond it, joy the same as courage."

"One Time, One Place" is subtitled "Mississippi in the Depression/A Snapshot Album," and if Miss Welty were not constitutionally incapable of disingenuousness one would be tempted to accuse her of it here, for how odd it would be to encounter a book worthy of being called nearly perfect that was in fact almost a snapshot album! An editor at *Holiday* used to take pleasure in trying to put down Henri Cartier-Bresson with a brisk "O.K., Hank, let's look at the snaps" (as it happened, Cartier-Bresson was not put down, since he regarded the words as characteristic of informal American good-fellowship); "album" is every bit as depreciatory as "snapshot," implying that what it contains is precious for personal reasons alone. When one observes in a family album that the shadow of a thumb along the edge of a lens has obliterated Aunt Maud's face just at the point where it becomes most deserving of study, as the chins fold intricately down into each other like sections of a collapsible metal picnic cup, or when one notes in a snapshot purportedly of Chartres that the huge white disc in an upper corner is not a symbolic Host but simply the unreckoned-with sun, one forgives the poor devil of a family photographer: like the pianist of legend, he has been doing the best he could. Miss Welty is not that sort of amateur memorialist. She learned her craft early and well, printing and enlarging her negatives herself, and if any of her photographs of that long-ago time are marred by flares, smudges, or faulty focus, they do not appear in the present selection; these pictures, taken for the most part with an inexpensive Kodak, achieve their high quality intentionally and not by chance. Granted that such quality is easier to manifest on a small scale than on a large one and that the book is, by design, as light in the hand as it is unpresuming—still, one must be more than modest to be masterly, and back of the camera's eye has been an eye exceptionally sympathetic and imaginative and discriminating.

The possessor of that eye has had the further advantage—for a photographer, perhaps the supreme advantage—of seeming not to be present at the moment of picture-taking, or, rather, of being so intensely present as to be totally ignored. Miss Welty writes, "A better and less ignorant photographer would certainly have come up with better pictures, but not these pictures; for he could hardly have been as well positioned as I was, moving through the scene openly and yet invisibly because I was part of it, born into it, taken for



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granted. . . . The photographs of black persons by a white person may not testify soon again to such intimacy. It is trust that dates the pictures now, more than the vanished years." Armed with this clue, we begin to perceive the means by which Miss Welty's pictures achieve their double distinction as works of art and as important documents in history. It was trust that brought them into existence and has kept them alive across the decades and promises them their appropriate pinch of immortality. We riffle the pages, the first time rapidly and then each time more slowly and with greater wonder, for it is clear that, remarkable as the pictures may have been when they were taken, they have grown more remarkable with age. Much has altered in the South since the thirties; the gains have been many and so have the losses, including the loss of trust that Miss Welty speaks of. For that reason, among others, it is doubtful whether we will ever again see faces like these in "One Time, One Place"—faces that in a period of the gravest national and individual misery and self-doubt could raise to the young girl moving quietly among them eyes full of confidence, humor, and pride. Do such attributes strike us as unlikely? Do we suspect them of being retroactively imposed on the thirties by the conventional fantasizing of our guilt-ridden, sorely beset seventies? Well, but here are the faces, staring up at us from the page. We can judge for ourselves what these eyes hold, meeting our eyes for the first time, after nearly forty years. If anyone has changed expression, it is we and not they.

True. And false. For the awkward fact of the matter is that the past is not fixed, as we would like it to be and for our convenience pretend it is; the past is feverishly inconstant and duplicitous. Even a photograph, which appears to render a given moment immobile and therefore unalterable, varies from day to day and from year to year, according to the events that succeed it and the emotions that are brought to it. All pictures, being by nature optical illusions, are subject to what amounts to magical manipulation, both conscious and unconscious. Presto chango! Now we see it and now we don't. One thinks of the celebrated drawing of a pretty woman seated in dishabille before her mirror; stared at long enough, the drawing becomes that of a hideous skull. Less innocently, pictures are transformed by what we look for in them and find in them. If we pore over the photographs in "One Time, One Place" with fasci-

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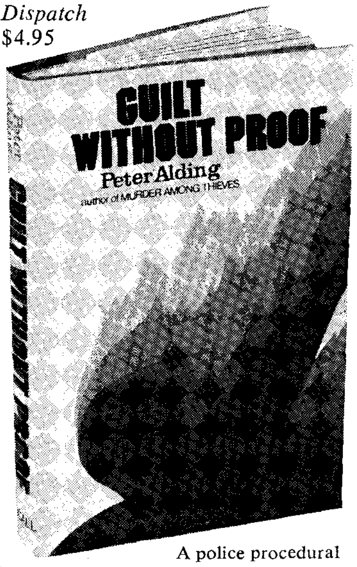

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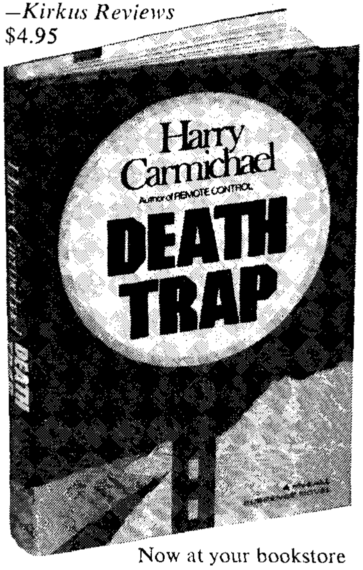

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nation, it is in part because, aesthetic pleasure aside, they *are* of one time and one place, and that time and place are gone. A hog-killing in Hinds County, a fat old lady bootlegger flourishing an icepick, a beggar at a fair with his fiddle and some jigging dolls—the subjects in the foreground are enough to arrest our attention, but we find ourselves striving almost physically to force our way into the open space behind them. We ransack the sunny, dusty background for details that Miss Welty herself may have paid small heed to when she developed these pictures after work at night, on the long kitchen table at home. The back-yard and roadside litter of that vanished Mississippi—a thin carcass of tire, a battered culvert used as a chimney, a washtub on its nail by the kitchen door—have become the trophies of our Troy. "Every feeling," Miss Welty says, "waits upon its gesture." This is a book of gestures and therefore of feelings. It is also, by indirection, a manual. It teaches us how to slip out of time not by dying, which is so tiresome, but simply by meeting a girl with a camera. Something extraordinary may happen then. We may find ourselves entering history through the pages of a book that nobody has yet thought of; we may be consenting to be stared at by people not yet born. "Trouble, even to the point of disaster, has its pale." These are hard times, and hard in a fashion that no W.P.A. can mitigate, but Miss Welty is, as usual, perfectly right; perhaps it will be wisest, as well as bravest, if, when the girl with the camera approaches, we look straight into her eyes and smile.

—Brendan Gill

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Event 1000, by David Lavallee (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). Mr. Lavallee, an underwater technician and former naval officer, has been occupying himself with the interesting question of how to escape from a disabled submarine. The Lancerfish (as his fictional present-day example is known) has collided with a freighter off New York and has sunk, with sixty-one surviving crew members still inside, in twelve hundred feet of water. The air scrubbers are still working, but the vessel is too damaged to float again. Landlubberly readers, who may have no idea how to bring the men up from those depths, will be impressed by Mr. Lavallee's inventiveness as he makes use of an extensive Navy search, a diving bell, a downhaul cable, a number of other submarines, and several weeks of trying, trying, and trying again. Even then, it is not at all clear that the men will be saved. A first novel, and an informative one.

GENERAL

The Wreck of the Penn Central, by Joseph R. Daughen and Peter Binzen (Little, Brown). Two assiduous reporters for the *Bulletin*, published in Philadelphia, the home town of the Penn Central conglomerate-merger, and the town that suffered the most grievous consequences of the famous downfall, have explained precisely how a huge corporation that could distribute a forty-three-million-dollar dividend one year (and without paying any federal income taxes) could go bankrupt a year later. Their explanation is principally a matter of contrasting the statements of the involved officials (present and dismissed) with what was recorded in congressional hearings run by Senator Vance Hartke and Representative Wright Patman, and of adducing a number of documents that in their authors' view might better have remained out of the public domain. The hearings indicated that more than a hundred and fifty million dollars of the railway's money went into other ventures—some of them exuberantly unsuccessful and one of them illegal. The result was the embarrassment of non-riches that led to the asking of half a billion dollars from Congress to forestall the collapse of the railway's operations; it became an embarrassment of another sort when it was discovered that a member of President Nixon's old law firm had had a hand in the asking. Even so, the Penn Central got a hundred and twenty-five million dollars of federal tax money, and it will probably soon be asking for more. Taxpayers, button up your overcoats.

No Cause for Indictment: An Autopsy of Newark, by Ron Porambo (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). A chilling account of life in Newark in the weeks before the 1967 riot and immediately afterward. Hundreds of people—ghetto residents, lower-middle-class whites, police, and politicians—figure in the author's episodic treatment. Mr. Porambo seems to have talked with all the people in any way involved, and to have recorded their experiences with precision, compassion, and—as a truth-seeker above all—dispassion. As a history of the troubles in Newark, it doesn't quite do, for Mr. Porambo's approach is not chronological. It is factual and analytical, though, from beginning to end, and it is probably the most moving and instructive book yet written on any of the bloody civil disturbances of the sixties.

Duce! A Biography of Benito Mussolini, by Richard Collier (Viking). The author's approach to the task of biography recalls old-fashioned feature-story journalism: one sleeve-plucking, lapel-grabbing paragraph after another in an attempt to dramatize or make important a series of events that are, in themselves, already dramatic and of immense historical importance. This is too bad, since Mr. Collier presents a lot of research material that illuminates some of the more perplexing aspects of Mussolini's personality, but the author's unfortunate style makes all his serious work read trivially.

Places, by Colette, translated from the French by David Le Vay, and with a foreword by Margaret Crosland (Bobbs-Merrill). Considering that the project of translating the whole of the Fleuron edition of Colette had to be abandoned some years ago by both the American and the British publishers because it was unprofitable, there is reason to be grateful when any part of her work is brought over into English for the first time. This collection of descriptive essays and fragments taken from her journals contains all of "Trois . . . Six . . . Neuf," which is about the considerable number of houses and apartments she lived in until she was dispossessed or found a better place—forty-six pages of pure delight. The rest is lifted from "En Pays Connu," "Journal Intermittent," "Prisons et Paradis," and "Paysages et Portraits," and the result is one more example of the ungifted anthologist producing from several books that are full of variety and richness of every kind one thin, disappointing volume that does the author an injustice.

•

Sammy Davis Jr.'s set for six concerts on as many consecutive nights starting Jan. 21 in Switzerland, a small landlocked kingdom virtually surrounded by South Africa but not subject to its segregation laws. So, plenty of well-heeled whites will trek a couple of hundred miles to catch Sammy's act.—*Hank Grant in the Hollywood Reporter.*

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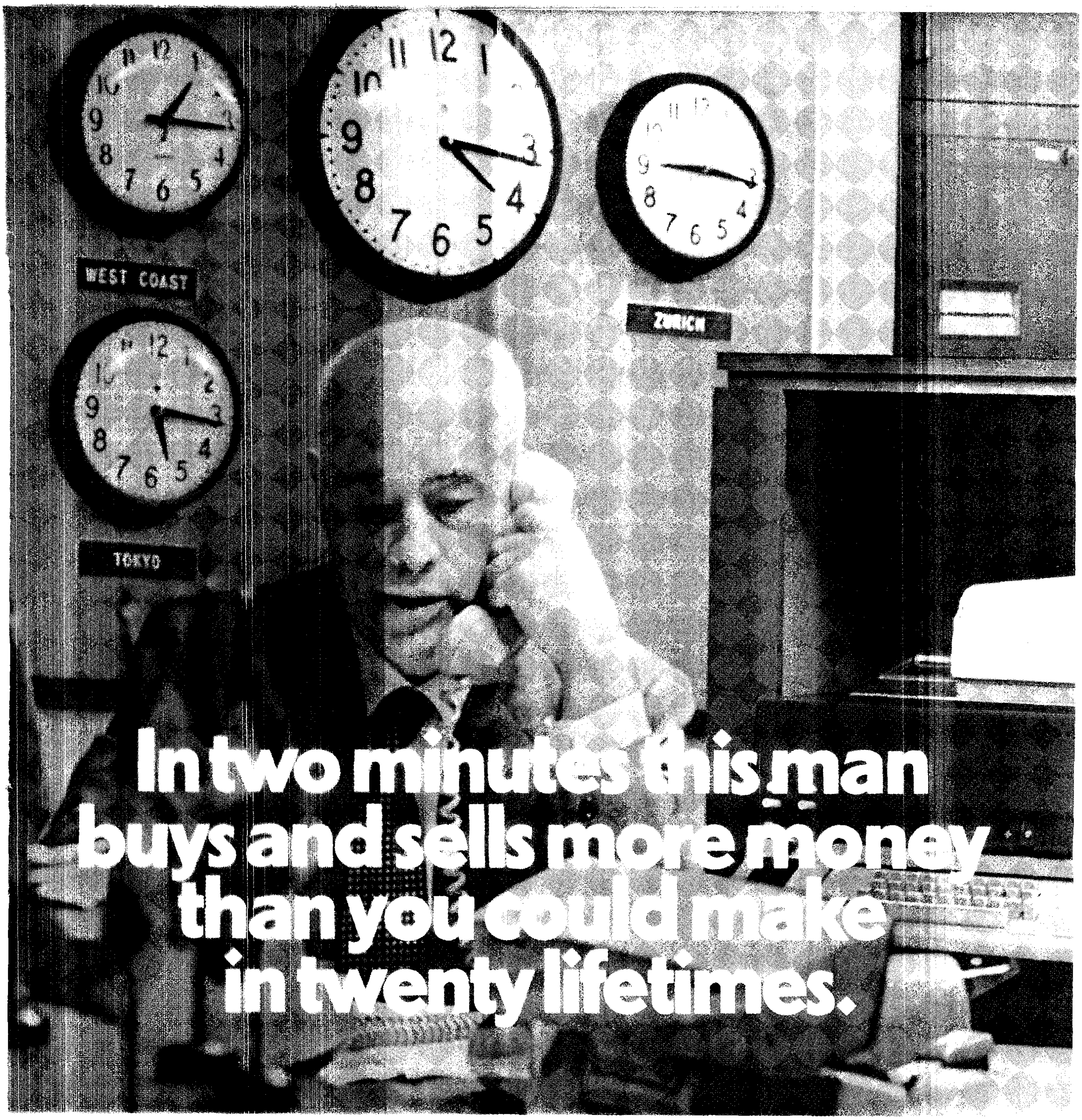
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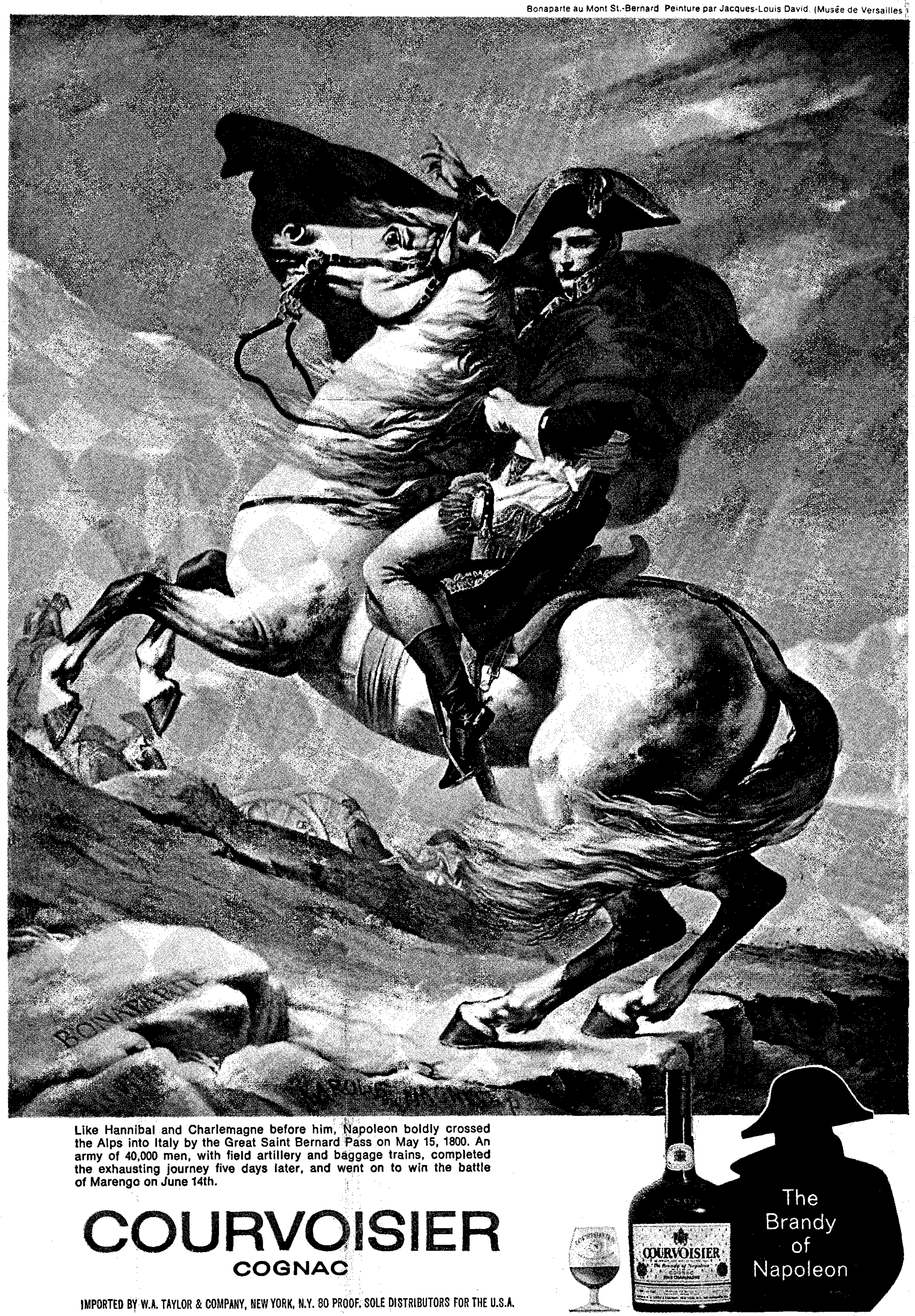

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

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